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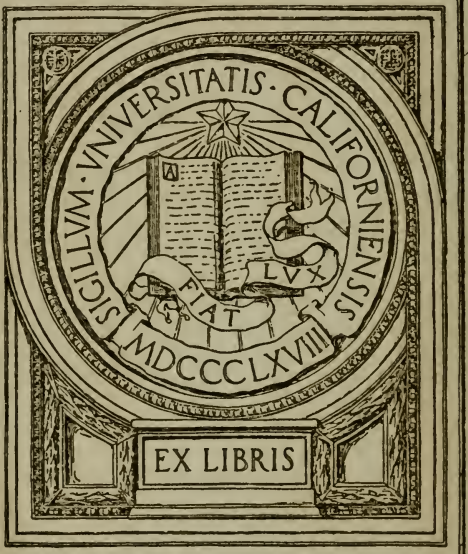

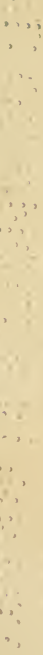

E.Kirkall Sculp

The FOURTH PART of

Miſcellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

ANCIENT POETS:

Together with Several

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Moſt Eminent Hands.

Publiſh'd by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

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TO

TO

Sir *Godfrey Kneller*,

Principal Painter to His MAJESTY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her Kind;
(And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind:)
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue:
But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the Prize;
I only have transfer'd it to her Eyes.
Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller*: Such thy Skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy Will:
Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught:
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy Pictures look a Voice; and we
Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but Privations of the Light,
Yet when we walk, they shoot before the Sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy Pieces; imitating Life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;

And from their animated Canvaſs came,
Demanding Souls; and looſen'd from the Frame.
Prometheus, were he here, wou'd caſt away
His *Adam*, and refuſe a Soul to Clay:
And either wou'd thy Noble Work inſpire;
Or think it warm enough, without his Fire.
But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeneſs raiſe,
This is the leaſt Attendant on thy Praiſe:
From hence the Rudiments of Art began;
A Coal, or Chalk, firſt imitated Man:
Perhaps, the Shadow, taken on a Wall,
Gave Out-lines to the rude Original:
E'er Canvaſs yet was ſtrain'd: before the Grace
Of blended Colours found their uſe and place:
Or Cypreſs Tablets firſt receiv'd a Face.
By ſlow degrees, the Godlike Art advanc'd;
As Man grew poliſh'd, Picture was inhanc'd;
Greece added Poſture, Shade, and Perſpective;
And then the Mimick Piece began to Live.
Yet Perſpective was lame; no diſtance true;
But all came forward in one common View:
No point of Light was known, no bounds of Art;
When Light was there, it knew not to depart:
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd:
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive;
And with Old *Greece*, unequally did ſtrive:
'Till *Goths* and *Vandals*, a rude *Northern* Race,
Did all the matchleſs Monuments deface.
Then all the Muſes in one ruin lye;
And Rhime began t' enervate Poetry.
Thus in a ſtupid Military State,
The Pen and Pencil find an equal Fate.
Flat Faces, ſuch as wou'd diſgrace a Skreen,
Such as in *Bantam*'s Embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of Brutal Nations, only born to Fight.
Long time the Siſter Arts, in Iron ſleep,
A heavy Sabbath did ſupinely keep;

At length in *Raphael*'s Age, at once they riſe;
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.
Thence roſe the *Roman*, and the *Lombard* Line:
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like *Homer*'s, was the nobler Part;
But *Titian*'s Painting, look'd like *Virgil*'s Art.
Thy Genius gives thee both; where true deſign,
Toſtures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language dreſt.
Where Light to Shades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives;
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought:
Thy Pictures think, and we Divine their Thought.
* *Shakeſpear*, thy Gift, I place before my Sight;
With awe, I ask his Bleſſing ere I write;
With Reverence look on his Majeſtick Face;
Proud to be leſs; but of his Godlike Race.
His Soul inſpires me, while thy Praiſe I write,
And I like *Teucer*, under *Ajax* Fight;
Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntleſs Breaſt
Contemn the bad, and Emulate the beſt.
Like his, thy Criticks in th' Attempt are loſt:
When moſt they rail, know then, they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl a-loof; a noiſie Crowd,
Like Womens Anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren Induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure; and mind the Goal before:
Old as ſhe is, my Muſe ſhall march behind;
Bear off the Blaſt, and intercept the Wind.
Our Arts are Siſters; tho' not Twins in Birth;
For Hymns were ſung in *Eden*'s happy Earth:
But oh, the Painter Muſe, tho' laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the Bleſſing firſt, like *Jacob*'s Race.

* Shakeſpear's *Picture drawn by Sir* Godfrey Kneller, *and given to the Author.*

Apelles Art, an *Alexander* found;
And *Raphael* did with *Leo*'s Gold abound;
But *Homer* was with barren Laurel crown'd.
Thou hadst thy *Charles* a while, and so had I;
But pass we that unpleasing Image by.
Rich in thy self; and of thy self Divine,
All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine.
A graceful Truth thy Pencil can Command:
The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand:
Likeness appears in every Lineament;
But Likeness in thy Work is Eloquent:
Tho' Nature, there, her true Resemblance bears,
A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.
So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous Frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild Nature we ingraft our Skill:
But not creating Beauties at our Will.

But Poets are confin'd in narr'wer space,
To speak the Language of their Native Place:
The Painter widely stretches his Command:
Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land,
From hence, my Friend, all Climates are your own;
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All Nations, all Immunities will give
To make you theirs; where-e'er you please to live;
And not sev'n Cities, but the World wou'd strive.

Sure some propitious Planet then did smile,
When first you were conducted to this Isle:
(Our Genius brought you here, t' inlarge our Fame)
(For your good Stars are ev'ry where the same)
Thy matchless Hand, of ev'ry Region free,
Adopts our Climate; not our Climate thee.

* Great *Rome* and *Venice* early did impart
To thee th' Examples of their wondrous Art.
Those Masters then but seen, not understood,
With generous Emulation fir'd thy Blood:

* *He travell'd very young into* Italy.

For what in Nature's Dawn the Child admir'd,
The Youth endeavour'd, and the Man acquir'd.
If yet thou hast not reach'd their high Degree,
'Tis only wanting to this Age, not thee.
Thy Genius, bounded by the Times, like mine,
Drudges on petty Draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted Work, and more Divine.
For what a Song, or senseless Opera
Is to the living Labour of a Play;
Or, what a Play to *Virgil*'s Work wou'd be,
Such is a single Piece to History.
But we who Life bestow, our selves must live;
Kings cannot Reign, unless their Subjects give.
And they who pay the Taxes, bear the Rule:
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a Fool:
But so his Follies in thy Posture sink,
The senseless Ideot seems at least to think.
(Good Heav'n! that Sots and Knaves shou'd be so vain,
To wish their vile Resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own Request,
To future Days, a Libel or a Jest.)
Else shou'd we see, your noble Pencil trace
Our Unities of Action, Time, and Place.
A Whole compos'd of Parts; and those the best;
With ev'ry various Character express.
Heroes at large; and at a nearer View;
Less, and at distance, an ignobler Crew.
While all the Figures in one Action join,
As tending to compleat the main Design.
More cannot be by mortal Art express;
But venerable Age shall add the rest.
For time shall with his ready Pencil stand;
Retouch your Figures, with his ripening Hand;
Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint;
Add every Grace, which time alone can grant:
To future Ages shall your Fame convey;
And give more Beauties, than he takes away.

A Translation of all VRIGIL's *Fourth Georgick, except the Story of* ARISTEUS.

By Mr. Jo. ADDISON, *of* Mag. *Col.* Oxon.

ETherial Sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, *Mecænas*, claims your Patronage.
Of little Creatures wondrous Acts I treat,
The Ranks, and mighty Leaders of their State,
Their Laws, Employments, and their Wars relate.
A trifling Theam provokes my Humble Lays,
Trifling the Theam, not so the Poet's Praise:
If Great *Apollo*, and the Tuneful Nine
Join in the Piece, to make the Work Divine.

First, for your Bees a proper Station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the Wind;
For Winds divert 'em in their Flight, and drive
The Swarms, when loaden homeward, from their Hive.
Nor Sheep, nor Goats, must pasture near their Stores,
To trample under foot the springing Flowers;
Nor frisking Heifers bound about the place, [Grass:
To spurn the Dew-drops off, and bruise the rising
Nor must the *Lizzard*'s painted Brood appear,
Nor *Wood-peckrs*, nor the *Swallow* harbour near.
These waste the Swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender Morsels to their Young. [Moss,

Let purling Streams, and Fountains edg'd with
And shallow Rills run trickling through the Grass;
Let branching Olives o'er the Fountain grow,
Or Palms shoot up, and shade the Streams below;
That when the Youth, led by their Princes, shun
The crowded Hive, and sport it in the Sun,
Refreshing Springs may tempt 'em from the Heat,
And shady Coverts yield a cool Retreat.

Whether the neighbouring Water ſtands or runs,
Lay Twigs acroſs, and Bridge it o'er with Stones;
That if rough Storms, or ſudden Blaſts of Wind
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly Stone,
And dry their reeking Pinions at the Sun.
Plant all the flowry Banks with *Lavender*,
With ſtore of *Sav'ry* ſcent the fragrant Air,
Let running *Betony* the Field o'erſpread,
And Fountains ſoak the *Vi'lets* dewy Bed.

Tho' Barks, or plaited *Willows* make your Hive,
A narrow Inlet to their Cells contrive;
For Colds congele and freeze the Liquors up,
And, melted down with Heat, the waxen Buildings
The Bees, of both Extreams alike afraid, [drop.
Their Wax around the whiſtling Crannies ſpread,
And ſuck out clammy Dews from Herbs and Flow'rs,
To ſmear the Chinks, and plaiſter up the Pores:
For this they hoard up Glew, whoſe clinging Drops,
Like Pitch, or Birdlime, hang in ſtringy Ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark Retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous Caves their Cell;
At other times th' induſtrious Inſects live
In hollow Rocks, or make a Tree their Hive.

Point all their chinky Lodgings round with Mud,
And Leaves muſt thinly on your Work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful Eugh-Tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten Marſhes ſend out ſteams of Mire;
Nor burning Crabs grow red, and crackle in the Fire.
Nor neighb'ring Caves return the dying ſound,
Nor Ecchoing Rocks the doubl'd Voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd-----
When th' under-World is ſeiz'd with Cold, and Night,
And Summer here deſcends in ſtreams of Light,
The *Bees* thro' *Woods* and *Foreſts* take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry Flow'r, and lightly skim
The Cryſtal Brook, and ſip the running Stream;

And thus they feed their Young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding Wax, and work the ſlimy Sweet.
But when on high you ſee the Bees repair,
Born on the Winds thro' diſtant tracts of Air,
And view the winged Cloud all blackning from afar;
While ſhady Coverts, and freſh Streams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common *Honey-ſuckles* bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their Hives the fragrant Juice.
On Brazen Veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the Cymbals of the Goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding Hollow of their Cell.
If once two Rival Kings their Right debate,
And Factions and Cabals embroil the State,
The Peoples Actions will their Thoughts declare;
All their Hearts tremble, and beat thick with War;
Hoarſe broken ſounds, like Trumpets harſh Alarms,
Run thro' the Hive, and call 'em to their Arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring Wings,
And fit their Claws, and point their angry Stings:
In Crowds before the King's Pavillion meet,
And boldly challenge out the Foe to fight:
At laſt, when all the Heav'ns are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join; the Air [War.
Swarms thick, and Eccho's with the Humming
All in a firm round Cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With Heaps of little Corps, the Earth below;
As thick as Hail-ſtones from the Floor rebound,
Or ſhaken Acorns rattle on the Ground.
No ſenſe of Danger can their Kings Controul,
Their little Bodies lodge a mighty Soul:
Each obſtinate in Arms, purſues his Blow,
'Till ſhameful Flight ſecures the routed Foe.
This hot Diſpute, and all this mighty Fray,
A little Duſt flung upward will allay.
But when both Kings are ſettl'd in their Hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and leſt he live

Idle at home in Eaſe and Luxury,
The Lazy Monarch muſt be doom'd to Die;
So let the Royal Inſect rule alone,
And Reign without a Rival in his Throne.
The Kings are different; one of better Note
All ſpeckt with Gold, and many a ſhining Spot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded Coat;
But love of Eaſe, and Sloth in One prevails,
That ſcarce his Hanging Paunch behind him trails:
The Peoples Looks are different as their King's,
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their Wings;
Others look loathſom and diſeas'd with Sloth,
Like a faint Traveller whoſe duſty Mouth
Grows dry with Heat, and ſpits a maukiſh Froth.
The firſt are Beſt-----
From their o'erflowing Combs, you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious Sweets, that mingling in the Glaſs,
Correct the Harſhneſs of the Racy Juice,
And a rich Flavour through the Wine diffuſe.
But when they *ſport* abroad, and *rove* from home,
And leave the cooling Hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd Comb;
Their Airy Ramblings are with eaſe confin'd,
Clip their King's Wings, and if They ſtay behind,
No bold Uſurper dares Invade their Right,
Nor ſound a March, nor give the Sign for Flight.
Let flow'ry Banks entice 'em to their Cells,
And Gardens all Perfum'd with Native Smells;
Where Carv'd *Priapus* has his ſix'd abode,
The Robber's Terror, and the Scare-crow God.
Wild *Tyme* and *Pine-Trees* from their Barren Hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe 'em in the Neighbouring Soil;
Set Fruit-Trees round, nor e'er indulge thy Sloth,
But Water 'em, and urge their ſhady Growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o're,
And ſtriking Sail, and making to the Shore,
I'd ſhew what Art the Gard'ners Toils requite,
Why Roſy *Peſtum* Bluſhes twice a Year;

What Streams the verdant *Succory* supply,
And how the Thirsty Plant drinks Rivers dry;
What with a chearful Green does *Parsley* grace,
And writhes the bellying *Cucumber* along the twisted Grass;
Nor wou'd I pass the soft *Acanthus* o're,
Ivy nor *Myrtle*-Trees that love the Shore;
Nor *Daffadils*, that late from Earth's slow Womb
Unrumple their swoln Buds, and shew their yellow Bloom.
For once I saw in the *Tarentine* Vale,
Where slow *Galesus* drencht the washy Soil,
An old *Corician* Yeoman, who had got
A few neglected Acres to his Lot,
Where neither Corn nor Pasture grac'd the Field,
Nor wou'd the Vine her Purple Harvest yield;
But sav'ry Herbs among the Thorns were found,
Vervain and *Poppy-flowers* his Garden crown'd,
And drooping *Lilies* whiten'd all the Ground.
Blest with these Riches he cou'd Empires slight,
And when he rested from his Toils at Night,
The Earth unpurchas'd Dainties wou'd afford,
And his own Garden furnish out his Board:
The Spring did first his op'ning Roses blow,
First ripening Autumn bent his fruitful Bough.
When piercing Colds had burst the brittle Stone,
And freezing Rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then wou'd prune the tender'st of his Trees,
Chide the late Spring, and lingring Western Breeze:
His Bees first swarm'd, and made his Vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy Comb.
Here *Limons* and the sappy *Pine* increas'd;
Here, when gay Flow'rs his smiling Orchard drest,
As many Blossoms as the Spring cou'd show,
So many dangling Apples mellow'd on the Bough.
In Rows his Elms and knotty Pear-trees bloom,
And Thorns ennobled now to bear a Plumb.
And spreading Plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the Cool, and quaffs beneath the Shade.

But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future Poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their Natures to declare,
Which *Jove* himself did on the Bees confer;
Because, invited by the Timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a Cave th' Almighty Babe they found,
And the young God nurst kindly under Ground.
Of all the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
These only make their young the Publick Care;
In well dispos'd Societies they Live,
And Laws and Statutes regulate their Hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set Stations, and a fix'd Aboad:
Each provident of Cold, in Summer flies
Thro' Fields, and Woods, to seek for new Supplies,
And in the common Stock unlades his Thighs.
Some watch the Food, some in the Meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry Bud, and suck each Blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their Cells at home,
Temper *Narcissus*'s clammy Tears with Gum,
For the first Ground-work of the Golden Comb;
On this they found their Waxen Works, and raise
The Yellow Fabrick on its Glewy Base.
Some educate the Young, or hatch the Seed
With vital warmth, and future Nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy Dews,
And into purest Honey work the Juice;
Then fill the Hollows of the Comb, and swell
With luscious *Nectar*, ev'ry flowing Cell.
By turns they Watch, by turns with curious Eyes
Survey the Heav'ns, and search the clouded Skies
To find out breeding Storms, and tell what Tempests rise.
By turns they ease the loaden Swarms, or drive
The Drone, a lazy Insect from their Hive.
The Work is warmly ply'd through all the Cells,
And strong with *Tyme* the new-made Honey smells.

So in their Caves the brawny *Cyclops* ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn Wedge they beat,
And All th' unſhapen Thunder-Bolt compleat;
Alternately their Hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt Griping Tongs turn round the Glowing Ball.
With puffing Bellows ſome the Flames increaſe,
And ſome in Waters dip the hizzing Maſs;
Their beaten Anvils dreadfully reſound, [Ground.
And *Ætna* ſhakes all o'er, and Thunders under

Thus, if great Things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſie Swarms their diff'rent Labours ſhare.
Deſire of Profit urges all Degrees;
The Aged Inſects, by Experience Wiſe,
Attend the Comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
And ſhape the Waxen Fret-work out with Art:
The young at Night, returning from their Toils,
Bring home their Thighs clog'd with the Meadows Spoils.
On *Lavender*, and *Saffron* Buds they feed,
On Bending *Oſiers*, and the Balmy *Reed*,
From purple *Violets* and the *Teile*, they bring
Their gather'd Sweets, and rifle all the Spring.

All Work together, all together Reſt,
The Morning ſtill renews their Labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their diff'rent Tasks purſue,
Sit on the Bloom, and ſuck the rip'ning Dew;
Again when Ev'ning warns 'em to their Home,
With *weary Wings*, and *heavy Thighs* they come,
And crowd about the Chink, and mix a drowſie Hum
Into their Cells at length they gently creep,
There all the Night their peaceful Station keep,
Wrapt up in Silence, and diſſolv'd in Sleep.
None range abroad when Winds or Storms are nigh,
Nor truſt their Bodies to a faithleſs Sky,
But make ſmall Journeys, with a careful Wing,
And Fly to Water at a neighb'ring Spring;

And leaſt their airy Bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs Whirls, the ſport of ev'ry Blaſt,
They carry Stones to poiſe 'em in their Flight,
As Ballaſt keeps th' unſteady Veſſel right.
But of all Cuſtoms that the Bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge Admiration moſt;
That none will *Hymen*'s ſofter Joys approve,
Now waſte their Spirits in Luxurious Love,
But All a long Virginity maintain,
And bring forth Young without a Mother's Pain:
From Herbs and Flow'rs they pick each tender Bee,
And cull from Plants a Buzzing Progeny;
From theſe they chuſe out Subjects, and Create
A little Monarch of the Riſing State;
Then Build Wax-Kingdoms for the Infant Prince,
And form a Palace for his Reſidence.
But often in their Journeys, as they fly,
On Flints they tear their ſilken Wings, or lye
Grov'ling beneath their flowry Load, and die.
Thus love of Honey can an Inſect fire,
And in a Fly ſuch gen'rous Thoughts inſpire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying State,
Tho' ſev'n ſhort Springs conclude their vital Date,
Their ancient Stocks eternally remain,
And, in an endleſs Race, the Childrens Children Reign.
No Proſtrate Vaſſal of the Eaſt can more
With ſlav'ſh Fear his haughty Prince adore;
His Life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud Tumults and Diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their Honey, and their Combs deface,
And wild Confuſion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great Guardian own,
And croud about his Courts and buz about his Throne.
Oft on their Backs their weary Prince they bear,
Oft in his Cauſe embattl'd in the Air,
Purſue a glorious Death, in Wounds and War.
" Some from ſuch Inſtances as theſe have taught
" The Bees Extract is Heav'nly; for they thought

" The Univerſe alive; and that a Soul
" Diffus'd throughout the Matter of the whole,
" To all the vaſt unbounded Frame was giv'n,
" And ran through Earth, and Air, and Sea, and
all the Deep of Heav'n;
" That This firſt kindled Life in Man and Beaſt,
" Life that again flows into This at laſt.
" That no compounded Animal cou'd die,
" But when diſſolv'd, the Spirit mounted high,
" Dwelt in a Star, and ſettl'd in the Sky.

When-e'er their balmy Sweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid Labours of the Bees, [drive
Spirt Draughts of Water from your Mouth, and
A loathſom Cloud of Smoke amidſt their Hive.

Twice in the Year their Flow'ry Toils begin,
And twice they fetch their Dewy Harveſt in;
Once when the lovely *Pleiades* ariſe,
And add freſh Luſtre to the Summer Skies;
And once when haſt'ning from the watry Sign
They quit their Station, and forbear to Shine.

The Bees are prone to Rage, and often found
To Periſh for Revenge, and die upon the Wound.
Their venom'd Sting produces aking Pains,
And *ſwells* the Fleſh, and *ſhoots* among the Veins.

When firſt a cold hard Winter's Storms arrive
And threaten Death, or Famine to their Hive,
If now their ſinking State and low Affairs
Can move your Pity, and provoke your Cares,
Freſh burning *Time* before their Cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky Wax away;
For often *Lizzards* ſeize the luſcious Spoils,
Or Drones that Riot on another's Toils:
Oft Broods of *Moths* infeſt the Hungry Swarms,
And oft the furious *Waſp* their Hive Alarms
With louder Hums, and with unequal Arms;
Or elſe the *Spider* at their Entrance ſets
Her Snares, and ſpins her Bowels into Nets.

When Sickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' Effects of frail Mortality)

By certain Marks the new Diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their Colour changes, and their Looks are thin;
Their Fun'ral Rites are form'd, and ev'ry Bee
With Grief attends the ſad Solemnity;
The few Diſeas'd Survivors, hang before
Their ſickly Cells, and droop about the Door,
Or ſlowly in their Hives their Limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with Hunger, and benum'd with Cold;
In drawling Hums, the feeble Inſects grieve,
And doleful Buzzes ecchо thro' the Hive,
Like Winds that ſoftly murmur thro' the Trees,
Like Flames pent up, or like retiring Seas.
Now lay freſh Honey near their empty Rooms,
In Troughs of hollow Reeds, whilſt frying Gums
Caſt round a fragrant Miſt of Spicy Fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd Swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their Meat.
Mix Juice of *Galls*, and *Wine*, that grow in time
Condens'd by Fire, and thicken to a Slime;
To theſe dry'd *Roſes*, *Tyme* and *Centry* join,
And *Raiſins* ripen'd on the *Pythian* Vine.
Beſides there grows a Flow'r in Marſhy Ground,
Its Name *Amellus*, eaſie to be found;
A mighty Spring works in its Root, and cleaves
The ſprouting Stalk, and ſhews it ſelf in Leaves:
The Flow'r it ſelf is of a Golen hue,
The Leaves inclining to a darker Blue;
The Leaves ſhoot thick about the Flow'r, and grow
Into a Buſh, and ſhade the Turf below:
The Plant in holy Garlands often twines
The Altars Poſts, and beautifies the Shrines;
Its Taſte is ſharp, in Vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where *Mella*'s Stream in watry Mazes flows.
Take plenty of its Roots, and boil 'em well
In Wine, and heap 'em up before the Cell.
But if the whole Stock fail, and none ſurvive;
To raiſe new People, and recruit the Hive,
I'll here the great Experiment declare,
That ſpread th' *Arcadian* Shepherd's Name ſo far,

How Bees from Blood of ſlaughter'd Bulls have fled;
And Swarms amidſt the Red Corruption bred.
For where th' *Egyptians* yearly ſee their Bounds
Refreſh'd with Floods, and fail about their Grounds,
Where *Perſia* borders, and the rolling *Nile*
Drives ſwiftly down the ſwarthy *Indians* Soil,
'Till into ſev'n it multiplies its Stream,
And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful Slime:
In this laſt Practice all their Hope remains,
And long Experience juſtifies their Pains.
Firſt then a cloſe contracted ſpace of Ground,
With ſtreightn'd Walls and low-built Roof they found;
A narrow ſhelving Light is next aſſign'd
To all the Quarters, one to every Wind;
Through theſe the glancing Rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a Bull that's young and fierce,
When *two-years growth* of Horn he proudly ſhows,
And ſhakes the comely terrours of his Brows:
His Noſe and Mouth, the Avenues of Breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his Limbs to death;
With violence to Life, and ſtifling Pain
He flings and ſpurns, and tries to ſnort in vain,
Loud heavy Mows fall thick on ev'ry ſide,
'Till his bruis'd Bowels burſt within the Hide,
When dead, they leave him *Rotting* on the Ground,
With Branches, *Tyme* and *Caſia* ſtrow'd around.
All this is done when firſt the Weſtern Breeze
Becalms the Year, and ſmooths the troubled Seas;
Before the Chatt'ring Swallow builds her Neſt,
Or Fields in Spring's Embroidery are dreſt.
Mean while the tainted Juice ferments within,
And Quickens as it Works: And now are ſeen
A wondrous Swarm, that o'er the Carcaſs crawls,
Of ſhapeleſs, rude, unfiniſh'd Animals.
No Legs at firſt the Inſects weight ſuſtain,
At length it moves its new-made Limbs with Pain;
Now ſtrikes the Air with quiv'ring Wings, and tries
To lift its Body up, and learns to riſe;

Now bending Thighs and gilded Wings it wears
Full grown, and all the Bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful Carcass pours
Its swarming Brood, as thick as Summer-show'rs,
Or flights of Arrows from the *Parthian* Bows,
When twanging Strings first shoot 'em on the Foes.
Thus have I sung the Nature of the Bee;
While *Cæsar*, towring to Divinity,
The frighted *Indians* with his Thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their *Homage*, and commenc'd a *God*;
I flourish'd all the while in Arts of Peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious Ease:
I who before the Songs of Shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural Lays I play'd,
And set my *Tityrus* beneath his Shade.

Prologue to the QUEEN, *upon Her* MAJESTY'S *coming to see the* Old Batchelour.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

BY this repeated act of Grace, we see
Wit is again the Care of Majesty;
And while thus honour'd our proud Stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient Theatres.
Thus flourish'd Wit in our Forefathers Age,
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.
Whose Wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our Audience will excel:
For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens*, seen
So fair a Circle, and so bright a Queen.
Long has the Muses Land been over-cast,
And many rough and stormy Winters past;
Hid from the World, and thrown in Shades of Night,
Of Heat depriv'd, and almost void of Light:

While Wit, a hardy Plant, of Nature bold,
Has ſtrugled ſtrongly with the killing Cold:
So does it ſtill through Oppoſition grow,
As if its Root was warmer kept by Snow:
But when ſhot forth, then draws the Danger near,
On ev'ry ſide the gath'ring Winds appear, [ſpare.
And Blaſts deſtroy that Fruit, which Froſts wou'd
But now, new Vigour and new Life it knows,
And Warmth that from this Royal Preſence flows.
O wou'd She ſhine with Rays more frequent here!
How Gay wou'd then this drooping Land appear!
Then, like the Sun, with Pleaſure might ſhe view
The ſmiling Earth, cloath'd by her Beams anew.
O'er all the Meads ſhou'd various Flowers be ſeen,
Mix'd with the Laurel's never-fading Green,
The new Creation of a Gracious Queen.

To CYNTHIA *Weeping and not Speaking.*

By Mr. CONGREVE.

ELEGY.

[lent

WHY are theſe Hours, which Heav'n in pity
To longing Love, in fruitleſs Sorrow ſpent?
Why Sighs my Fair? Why does that Boſom move
With any Paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing Love?
Can Diſcontent find place within that Breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft Pillows ev'n Deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy Woes, and give me my ſad Part,
I am no Stranger to an aking Heart;
Too well I know the force of inward Grief,
And well can bear it, to give you Relief:
All Love's ſevereſt Pangs I can endure;
I can bear Pain, tho' hopeleſs of a Cure.
I know what 'tis to Weep, and Sigh, and Pray,
To wake all Night, yet dread the breaking Day;

I know what 'tis to Wish, and Hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble Love, unkind Disdain;
Anger, and Hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay Jealousie-------and I have felt Despair.
These Pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
For Cruel you, when I began to Love.
'Till warm Compassion took at length my Part,
And melted to my Wish your yielding Heart.
O the dear Hour, in which you did resign!
When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,
And, in a Kiss, you said your Heart was mine.
Thro' each returning Year, may that Hour be
Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity;
Gay be the Sun, that Hour, in all his Light,
Let him collect the Day, to be more bright,
Shine all, that Hour, and all the rest be Night.
And shall I all this Heav'n of Bliss receive
From you, yet not lament to see you grieve!
Shall I, who nourish'd in my Breast Desire,
When your cold Scorn, and Frowns forbid the Fire;
Now, when a mutual Flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear Union of our Souls are seal'd,
When all my Joys compleat in you I find,
Shall I not share the Sorrows of your Mind?
O tell me, tell me all----whence does arise [Sighs?
This Flood of Tears? whence are these frequent
Why does that lovely Head, like a 'air Flow'r
Oppress'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,
Bend with its weight of Grief, and seem to grow
Downward to Earth, and kiss the Root of Woe?
Lean on my Breast, and let me fold thee fast,
Lock'd in these Arms think all thy Sorrows past;
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I shou'd think, were I so held by thee.
Murmur thy Plaints, and gently wound my Ears,
Sigh on my Lip, and let me drink thy Tears;
Join to my Cheek thy cold and dewy Face,
And let pale Grief to growing Love give place.

O speak-----for Woe in Silence most appears;
Speak, e'er my Fancy magnifie my Fears.
Is there a Cause, which Words cannot express!
Can I not bear a part, or make it less?
I know not what to think-----Am I in Fault?
I have not, to my Knowledge, err'd in Thought,
Nor wander'd from my Love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the World, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep a-fresh, and at that Word you start!
Am I to be depriv'd then?-----must we part!
Curse on that Word so ready to be spoke,
For through my Lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
And my Tongue talks unprompted by my Heart.
Yet speak, for my Distraction grows apace,
And racking Fears, and restless Doubts increase;
And Fears and Doubts to Jealousie will turn,
The hottest Hell, in which a Heart can burn.

A SONG. *For St.* CECILIA's *Day, at* Oxford.

By Mr. JO. ADDISON.

I.

CEcilia, whose exalted Hymns
With Joy and Wonder fill the Blest,
In Quires of warbling Seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious Saint, and see
Thy vocal Sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint, and hear our Pray'rs;
Enliven all our Earthly Airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue,
Be thou the Muse and Subject of our Song.

II.

Let all *Cecilia*'s Praiſe proclaim,
Employ the Eccho in her Name.
Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raiſe,
At bright *Cecilia*'s Name, their Lays,
The Organ labours in her Praiſe.
Cecilia's Name does all our Numbers grace,
From ev'ry Voice the tuneful Accents fly,
In ſoaring Trebles, now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the Baſe.
Cecilia's Name through all the Notes we Sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful Tongue,
The Sound of ev'ry trembling String,
The Sound and Triumph of our Song.

III.

For ever Conſecrate the Day,
To Muſick and *Cecilia*;
Muſick, the greateſt Good that Mortals know,
And all of Heav'n we have below.
Muſick can noble hints impart,
Engender Fury, kindle Love;
With unſuſpected Eloquence can move,
And manage all the Man with ſecret Art.
When *Orpheus* ſtrikes the trembling Lyre,
The Streams ſtand ſtill, the Stones admire;
The liſtning Savages advance,
The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,
The Bears in awkward meaſures leap,
And Tigers mingle in the Dance.
The moving Woods attended as he play'd,
And *Rhodope* was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſick, Religious Heats inſpires,
It wakes the Soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime Deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty liſtens to a tuneful Tongue,
And ſeems well-pleas'd, and courted with a Song.

Soft moving Sounds, and Heav'nly Airs,
Give force to ev'ry Word, and recommend our Pray'rs.
When time it ſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſick ſhall then exert its pow'r,
And Sound ſurvive the Ruins of the World:
Then Saints and Angels ſhall agree
In one eternal Jubilee:
All Heav'n ſhall Eccho with their Hymns Divine,
And God himſelf with Pleaſure ſee
The whole Creation in a Chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the Place and Day,
To Muſick and *Cecilia.*
Let no rough Winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful Air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting Sounds.
Nor mournful Sigh nor Groan be heard,
But Gladneſs dwell on ev'ry Tongue;
Whilſt all, with Voice and Strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious Song,
And imitate the Bleſt above
In Joy, and Harmony, and Love.

The Enquiry after his Miſtreſs.

Written by Horatio Townſend.

THOU Shepherd, whoſe intentive Eye,
O'er ev'ry Lamb, is ſuch a Spie,
No wily Fox can make 'em leſs,
Where may I find my Shepherdeſs?

II.

A little pauſing, then ſaid he,
How can that Jewel ſtray from thee?
In Summers Heat, in Winters Cold,
I thought thy Breaſt had been her Fold.

III.

That is indeed the conſtant Place,
Wherein my Thoughts ſtill ſee her Face,
And print her Image in my Heart;
But yet my fond Eyes crave a Part.

IV.

With that he ſmiling ſaid, I might
Of *Chloris* partly have a ſight,
And ſome of her Perfections meet
In ev'ry Flower was Freſh and Sweet.

V.

The growing Lillies bear her Skin,
The Violets her blue Veins within;
The bluſhing Roſe new blown and ſpread
Her ſweeter Cheeks, her Lips the Red.

VI.

The Winds that wanton with the Spring,
Such Odours as her Breathing bring;
But the reſemblance of her Eyes,
Was never found beneath the Skies.

VII.

Her charming Voice who ſtrives to hit,
His Object muſt be higher yet;
For Heav'n, and Earth, and all we ſee
Diſpers'd, collected is but ſhe.

VIII.

Amaz'd at this Diſcourſe, methought
Love and Ambition in me wrought,
And made me covet to engroſs
A Wealth wou'd prove a publick Loſs.

IX.

With that I ſigh'd, aſham'd to ſee
Such Worth in her, ſuch Want in me;
And cloſing both mine Eyes, forbid
The World my Sight, ſince ſhe was hid.

To ANTHONY HAMMOND, *Esq;*

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

AS when a Prophet feels the God retir'd,
By whom he had a long time lain inspir'd,
His Eyes no more with sacred Fury roul,
No more divine Impulses move his Soul:
The Fires that warm'd him, with the God are gone,
The Deity with-drawn, the Charm is done.
So now my Muse can no more Rapture boast,
Since you went hence, her Inspiration's lost.
Robb'd of her Flame, all languishing she lyes,
And, Swan-like only sings before she dies.
But you, my Friend, to different Fortune move,
And crown your Days with Wine, your Nights with Love.
In endless Bliss, unbounded time you waste,
Your ravishing Delights for ever last.
Long, long e'er this, you've often been possest,
Of all your Wish could frame to make you blest.
When you, and *Southern*, *Moyle*, and *Congreve* meet,
The best good Men, with the best-natur'd Wit.
Good Wine, good Company, the better Feast,
And whene'er *Wicherly* is present, best,
Then, then your Joys are perfectly compleat,
And sacred Wit is at the noblest height.
Oh! how I long to be allow'd to share,
And gain a Fame, by mingling with you there,
The Country now can be no longer born,
And since you first are gone, I must return;
I come, I come, dear *Hammond*, to pursue
Pleasures I cannot know, depriv'd of you.
Restless, as Lovers, 'till we meet, I live,
And envy this, because 'twill first arrive.
With Joy I learnt, *Dryden* designs to crown
All the great things he has already done.

No

No Loſs, no change of Vigour, can he feel;
Who dares attempt the ſacred *Mantuan* ſtill.
Adieu------
And yet methinks, I owe too much to you,
To part ſo coldly with a bare Adieu.
But what Requital can I make you more?
You've put all Recompence beyond my Power.
Fain wou'd my working Thoughts contrive a way;
For ev'ry gen'rous Man's in pain to pay.
'Tis not a ſuitable return I give,
Yet what it is, my beſt-good Friend, receive;
Take the beſt Wiſhes of a grateful Soul;
Congreve, and *Moyle*, and you, poſſeſs it whole.
Take all the Thanks, a Country Muſe can ſend,
And in accepting this, oblige your Friend.

A SONG.

By the ſame Hand.

AFter the Pangs of fierce Deſire,
The Doubts and Hopes that wait on Love,
And feed, by turns, the raging Fire;
How charming muſt Fruition prove!

II.

When the triumphant Lover feels
None of thoſe Pains, which once he bore;
Or, when reflecting on his Ills,
He makes his preſent Pleaſure more.

III.

To Mariners, who long have lain
On a tempeſtuous Ocean toſt,
The Storms, that threatned on the Main,
Serve only to indear the Coaſt.

A FAREWELL *to* POETRY.

By the same Hand.

AS famish'd Men, whom pleasing Dreams delude,
Seem to grow full with their imagin'd Food:
Appease their Hunger, and indulge their Taste,
With fancy'd Dainties, while their Visions last:
'Till some rude hand breaks up the flatt'ring Scene;
Awaken'd, with regret, they starve again:
So the false Muse prepares her vainer Feasts,
And so she treats her disappointed Guests:
She promises vast Things, immortal Fame,
Vast Honour, vast Applause, a deathless Name,
But well awake, we find it all a Dream.
She tells soft Tales, with an inchanting Tongue,
And lulls our Souls, with the bewitching Song:
How she, alone, makes Heroes truly Great;
How, dead long since, she keeps them living yet.
Shews her *Parnassus*, like a flow'ry Grove,
Fair, and Delightful, as the Bowers above;
The fittest Place for Poetry, and Love.
We hunt the Pleasures thro' the fairy Coast,
'Till in our fruitless Search our selves are lost.
So the great Artist drew the lively Scene
Where hungry Birds snatch'd at the Grapes in vain;
Tir'd with the Chase, I give the Phantom o'er,
And am resolv'd to be deceiv'd no more.

Thus the fond Youth, who long, in vain, has strove,
With the fierce Pangs of unsuccessful Love;
With Joy, like mine, breaks the perplexing Chain,
Freed, by some happy Chance, from all his Pain,
With Joy, like mine, he grows himself again.

To Mr. WATSON, *on his* Ephemeris *of the Celestial Motions, presented to Her Majesty.*

By Mr. YALDEN.

ART, when in full Perfection, is design'd
To please the Eye, or to inform the Mind:
This Nobler Piece performs the double Part,
With graceful Beauty, and instructive Art.
Since the great *Archimedes* Sphere was lost,
The noblest Labour finish'd it cou'd boast:
No generous Hand durst that fam'd Model trace,
Which *Greece* admir'd, and *Rome* cou'd only praise.
This you, with greater lustre, have restor'd;
And taught those Arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full Perfection here you've shown,
And what Mankind despair'd to reach, have done.

In Artful Frames your Heav'nly Bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous Orbs above:
And Stars depriv'd of all malignant Flames,
Here court the Eye, with more auspicious Beams.
In graceful Order the just Planets rise,
And here compleat their Circles in the Skies:
Here's the full Consort of revolving Spheres,
And Heav'n in bright Epitomy appears.

With Charms the Ancients did invade the Moon,
And from her Orb compell'd her strugling down:
But here she's taught a Nobler Change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright Sphere below.
While your Celestial Bodies thus I view,
They give me bright Ideas of the true:
Inspir'd by them, my Thoughts dare upward move,
And visit Regions of the Blest above.

Thus from your Hand w' admire the Globe in small,
A Copy fair as its Original:

This Labour's to the whole Creation juſt,
Second to none, and Rival to the Firſt.
The artful Spring, like the diffuſive Soul,
Informs the Machin, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's ſelf, it fills the ſpacious Throne,
And unconfin'd ſways the fair Orbs alone;
Th' unactive parts with awful Silence wait,
And from its Nod their Birth of Motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the pow'rful Call,
Move to its Sound, and into Meaſures fall.

Fortuna ſævo Læta negotio, *&c.*

Out of HORACE.

By the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

FOrtune, made up of Toys and Impudence,
That Common Jade, that has not Common Senſe;
But fond of Buſineſs, inſolently dares
Pretend to Rule, and ſpoils the World's Affairs;
She, flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what ſhe does,
Nor why, nor whom ſhe helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes She ſmiles, then like a Fury raves;
And ſeldom truly loves, but Fools or Knaves:
Let her love whom ſhe pleaſe, I ſcorn to woo her,
Whilſt ſhe ſtays with me, I'll be civil to her;
But if ſhe offers once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain Gew-gaw things;
And, arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious ſtand,
Than if the Bitch ſtill bow'd at my Command:
I'll marry Honeſty, tho' ne'er ſo poor,
Rather than follow ſuch a dull blind Whore.

To the Honourable Mrs. MOHUN, *on her Recovery.*

By Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

AS when the Queen of Love ingag'd in War,
Was rashly wounded with a *Grecian*'s Spear;
All Parties were concern'd to see her bleed,
And he himself did first repent the Deed:
He left th' inglorious Field, with Grief and Shame,
Where his late Conquest had destroy'd his Fame.
So Sickness flies from you, with such a Grief,
Asham'd that ever she began the Strife.
Better than *Venus*, in the Fight you fare,
For tho' more wounded, you're without a Scar.
All Claim to you, th' Invader has resign'd,
And left no Marks of Hostile Rage behind.
No signs, no tracks of Tyranny, remain,
But exil'd Beauty is restor'd again.
Fix'd in a Realm, which was before her own,
More firm than ever, she secures the Throne.
Mildly ah! mildly then, your Pow'r maintain,
And take Example from *Maria*'s Reign.
Wide, may your Empire, under Hers, be seen,
The fair Vicegerent of the fairest *Queen*.
Thro' you, may all our Prayers to Her, be heard,
Our humble Verse, be all, by you preferr'd.
No Blessing can the Pious Suppliant want,
Where She the Goddess is, and you the Saint.

The Rape of THEUTILLA, *imitated from the* Latin *of* Famian. Strada.

By Mr. THO. YALDEN.

The Introductory Argument.

Theutilla, *a fair young Virgin, who, to avoid the Addresses of those many Admirers her Beauty drew about her, assum'd the Habit of a Religious Order, and wholly withdrew her self from the Eye and Converse of the World. But the common Report of her Beauty, had so inflam'd* Amalis (*a young Person of Quality*) *with Love; that one Night in a Debauch of Wine, he commands his Servants to force her Dormitory, and bear off, tho' by Violence, the lovely Votress. Which having successfully perform'd, they bring* Theutilla *to their expecting Lord's Apartment; the Scene of the ensuing Poem.*

SOON as the Tyrant her bright Form survey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair Captive Maid;
A graceful Sorrow in her Looks she bears,
Lovely with Grief, and beautiful in Tears;
Her Mien, and Air, resistless Charms impart,
Forcing an easie Passage to his Heart.
Long he devours her Beauties with his Eyes,
While thro' his glowing Veins th' Infection flies:
Swifter than Lightning to his Breast it came,
Like that a fair, but a destructive Flame.
Yet she, tho' in her young and blooming State,
Possest a Soul, beyond a Virgin's, great:
No Charms of Youth her colder Bosom move,
Chast were her Thoughts, and most averse to Love,
And as some timorous Hind in Toils betray'd,
Thus in his Arms strove the resisting Maid:
Thus did she combat with his strict Embrace,
And spurn'd the guilty Cause of her Disgrace.

Revenge she courted, but despair'd to find
A Strength, and Vigour, equal to her Mind:
While checks of Shame her willing Hands restrain,
Since all a Virgin's Force, is her Disdain.
Yet her Resolves are nobly fix'd to Die,
Rather than Violate her Chastity,
Than break her Vows to Heav'n, than blot her Fame,
Or soil her Beauties with a lustful Flame.

The Night from its Meridian did decline,
An Hour propitious to the black Design:
When Sleep, and Rest, their peaceful Laws maintain,
And o'er the Globe b' infectious Silence reign:
While Death-like Slumbers ev'ry Bosom seize,
Unbend our Minds, and weary'd Bodies ease.
Now fond *Amalis* finds his drooping Breast
Heavy with Wine, with am'rous Cares oppress:
Not all the Joys expecting Lovers feel,
Can from his Breast the drowsie Charm repel;
In vain from Wine his Passion seeks redress,
Whose treacherous Force, the Flame it rais'd, betrays,
Weak and Un-nerv'd his useless Limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-supported Frame;
Vanquish'd by that Repose from which he flies,
Now Slumbers close his unconsenting Eyes.

But sad *Theutilla*'s Cares admit no Rest,
Repose is banish'd from her mournful Breast:
A faithful Guard does injur'd Virtue keep,
And from her weary Limbs repulses Sleep.
Oft she reflects with Horror on the Rape,
Oft tries each Avenue for her Escape:
Tho' still repulse upon repulse she bears,
And finds no passage, but for Sighs and Tears.
Then, with the wildness of her Soul let loose,
And all the Fury that her Wrongs infuse:
She Weeps, she Raves, she rends her flowing Hair,
Wild in her Grief, and raging with Despair,
At length her restless Thoughts an utt'rance find,
And vent the Anguish of her lab'ring Mind:

Whilst all dissolv'd in calmer Tears, she said,
" Shall I again be to his Arms betray'd!
" Again the Toil of loath'd Embraces bear,
" And for some blacker Scene of Lust prepare!
" First may his Bed my guiltless Grave become,
" His Marble Roof my unpolluted Tomb:
" Then just to Honour, and unstain'd in Fame,
" The Urn that hides my Dust, conceals my Shame.
" Heav'n gave me Virtue, Woman's frail Defence;
" And Beauty, to molest that Innocence:
" In vain I call my Virtue to my aid,
" When thus by treach'rous Beauty I'm betray'd.
" Yet to this hour my Breast no Crime has known,
" But coldly Chaste, with Virgin Brightness shone,
" As now unsully'd by a Winter's Sun.
" Not Arts, nor ruder Force of Men prevail'd,
" My Tears found pity, when my Language fail'd.
" Oft have these violated Locks been torn,
" And injur'd Face their Savage Fury born:
" Oft have my bloody Robes their Crimes confest,
" And pointed Daggers glitter'd at my Breast;
" Yet free from guilt, I found some happier Charm
" To vanquish Lust, and wildest Rage disarm.
" But ah! the greatest Labour's yet behind;
" No Tears can soften this obdurate Mind:
" No Prayers inexorable Pity move,
" Or guard me from the worst of Ruins, Love.
" Tho' Sleep and Wine allow this kind Reprieve,
" Yet to the Youth they'll Strength and Fury give:
" Then wretched Maid! Then think what Artifice,
" What Charm shall rescue from his nerv'd Embrace!
" When with supplies of Vigour next he storms,
" And ev'ry dictate of his Lust performs.
" But you blest Pow'r, that own a Virgin's Name,
" Protect my Virtue, and defend my Fame,
" From pow'rful Lust, and the reproach of Shame.
" If I a strict religious Life have led, [Bed!
" Drank the cold Stream, and made the Earth my

" If from the World a chaſt Recluſe I live,
" Redreſs my Wrongs, and gen'rous Succour give.
" Allay this raging Tempeſt of my Mind,
" A Virgin ſhould be to a Virgin kind:
" Proſtrate with Tears from you I beg Defence,
" Or take my Life, or guard my Innocence.
While thus th'afflicted Beauty pray'd, ſhe ſpy'd
A fatal Dagger by *Amalis* ſide:
This Weapon's mine, ſhe cries! (then graſp'd it faſt)
And now the luſtful Tyrant ſleeps his laſt.
With eager Hands the pointed Steel ſhe draws,
Ev'n Murder pleaſes in ſo juſt a Cauſe:
Nor Fears, nor Dangers now Reſiſtance make,
Since Honour, Life, and dearer Fame's at ſtake.
Yet in her Breaſt does kind Compaſſion plead,
And fills her Soul with horror of the Deed:
Her Sexes Tenderneſs reſumes its Place,
And ſpreads in conſcious Bluſhes o'er her Face.
Now ſtung with the remorſe of Guilt, ſhe cries,
" Ah frantick Girl, what wild Attempt is this!
" Think, think *Theutilla*, on the Murderer's Doom,
" And tremble at a Puniſhment to come:
" Stain not thy Virgin Hands with guilty Blood,
" And dread to be ſo criminally good.
" Lay both thy Courage and thy Weapon down,
" Nor fly to Aids a Maid muſt bluſh to own:
" Nor Arms, nor Valour with thy Sex agree,
" They wound thy Fame, and taint thy Modeſty.
Thus diff'rent Paſſions combat in her Mind,
Oft ſhe's to Pity, oft to Rage inclin'd:
Now from her hand the hated Weapon's caſt,
Then ſeiz'd again with more impetuous haſte:
Unfix'd her Wiſhes, her Reſolves are vain,
What ſhe attempts, ſhe ſtraight rejects again;
Her Looks, the Emblems of her Thoughts, appear
Vary'd with Rage, with Pity and Deſpair:
Alone her Fears incline to no Extream,
Equally poiz'd, betwixt Revenge and Shame.

At length, with more prevailing Rage poſſeſt,
Her jealous Honour ſteels her daring Breaſt:
The thoughts of injur'd Fame new Courage gave,
And nicer Virtue now confirms her brave.
Then the fam'd *Judith* her whole Mind employs,
Urges her hand, and ſooths the fatal Choice:
This great Example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
With wild Diſorder to the Youth ſhe flies;
One hand ſhe wreaths within his flowing Hair,
The other does the ready Weapon bear:
" Now guide me, cries, fair *Hebrew*, now look down,
" And pity Labours thou haſt undergone.
" Direct the Hand that takes thy Path to Fame,
" And be Propitious to a Virgin's Name,
" Whoſe Glory's but a Refuge from her Shame.
Thus rais'd by Hopes, and arm'd with Courage now,
She with undaunted Looks directs the Blow:
Deep in his Breaſt the ſpacious Wound ſhe made,
And to his Heart diſpatch'd th' unerring Blade.

When their expiring Lord the Servants heard,
Whoſe dying Groans the fatal Act declar'd:
Like a *fierce Torrent* with no *Bounds* they're ſtay'd,
But vent their Rage on the defenceleſs Maid:
Not Virtue, Youth, nor Beauty in diſtreſs,
Can move their ſavage Breaſts to tenderneſs:
But Death, with horrid Torments they prepare,
And to her Fate th' undaunted Virgin bear.
Tortures and Death ſeem lovely in her Eyes,
Since ſhe to Honour falls a Sacrifice:
Amidſt her Sufferings, ſtill her Mind is great,
And, free from Guilt, ſhe triumphs o'er her Fate.

But Heav'n, that's ſuff'ring Virtue's ſure Reward,
Exerts its Power, and is it ſelf her Guard:
Amalis, conſcious of his black Offence,
Now feels Remorſe for her wrong'd Innocence;
Tho' now he's ſtrugling in the pangs of Death,
And all Life's purple Stream is ebbing forth:

Yet, raising up his pale and drooping Head,
He recollects his Spirits as they fled,
And, with his last remains of Voice, he said,
" Spare the chast Maid, your impious Hands restrain,
" Nor Beauty with such Insolence prophane:
" Learn by my Fate wrong'd Innocence to spare,
" Since injur'd Virtue's Heav'n's peculiar Care.
But you, brave Virgin, now shall stand enrol'd
Amongst the noblest Heroines of old:
Thy fam'd Attempt, and celebrated Hand,
Shall lasting Trophies of thy Glory stand;
And, if my Verse the just Reward can give,
Theutilla's Name shall to new Ages live.
For to thy Sex thou hast new Honours won,
And *France* now boasts a *Judith* of its own.

An ODE, *for St.* CECILIA's *Day*, 1693.

Written by Mr. Tho. Yalden *and Composed by Mr.* Daniel Purcell.

I.

BEgin, and strike th' harmonious Lyre!
Let the loud Instruments prepare
To raise our Souls, and charm the Ear,
With Joys which Musick only can inspire;
Hark how the willing Strings obey!
To consecrate this happy Day,
Sacred to Musick, Love, and blest *Cecilia*.
In lofty Numbers, tuneful Lays,
We'll celebrate the Virgin's Praise:
Her skilful Hand first taught our Strings to move,
To her this sacred Art we owe,
Who first anticipated Heav'n below, [Above.
And play'd the Hymns on Earth, that she now sings

II.

What moving Charms each tuneful Voice contains,
Charms that thro' the willing Ear,
A Tide of pleasing Raptures bear,
And, with diffusive Joys, run thrilling thro' our Veins.
The listning Soul does Sympathize,
And with each vary'd Note complies:
While gay and sprightly Airs delight,
Then free from Cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleasing Ecstasies, its flight.
With mournful Sounds, a sadder Garb it wears,
Indulges Grief, and gives a loose to Tears.

III.

Musick's the Language of the Blest above,
No Voice but Musick's can express
The Joys that happy Souls possess,
Nor in just Raptures tell the wond'rous Pow'r of Love.
'Tis Nature's Dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the Mind
Musick's an Universal Good!
That does dispence its Joys around,
In all the Elegance of Sound,
To be by Men admir'd, by Angels understood.

IV.

Let ev'ry restless Passion cease to move!
And each tumultuous Thought obey
The happy influence of this Day,
For Musick's Unity and Love.
Musick's the soft Indulger of the Mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The surest Refuge mournful Grief can find;
A Cordial to the Breast, and Charm to ev'ry Ear.
Thus, when the Prophet struck his tuneful Lyre,
Saul's evil Genius did retire:
In vain were Remedies apply'd,
In vain all other Arts were try'd;
His Hand and Voice alone the Charm cou'd find,
To heal his Body, and compose his Mind.

V.

Now let the Trumpet's louder Voice proclaim
A ſolemn Jubilee:
For ever Sacred let it be,
To Skilful *Jubal*'s, and *Cecilia*'s, Name.
Great *Jubal* Author of our Lays,
Who firſt the hidden Charms of Muſick found:
And thro' their airy Paths did trace,
The ſecret Springs of Sound.
When from his hollow chorded Shell
The ſoft melodious Accents fell,
With Wonder, and Delight he play'd,
While the harmonious Strings his skilful Hand o-
VI. [bey'd.
But fair *Cecilia* to a pitch Divine
Improv'd her artful Lays:
When to the Organ ſhe her Voice did join,
In the Almighty's Praiſe;
Then Choirs of Liſtning Angels ſtood around,
Admir'd her Art, and bleſt the Heav'nly Sound.
Her Praiſe alone no Tongue can reach,
But in the Strains her ſelf did teach:
Then let the Voice and Lyre combine,
And in a tuneful Conſort join;
For Muſick's her Reward and Care,
Above ſh' enjoys it, and protects it here.

Grand Chorus.

Then kindly treat this happy Day,
And grateful Honours to *Cecilia* pay:
To her theſe lov'd harmonious Rites belong,
To her that Tunes our Strings, and ſtill Inſpires our Song.

The Dedication of the Verſion of Fracaſtorius's Syphilis, *to Dr.* THO. HOBBS.

ACcept, great Son of *Art*, this faint effect
Of a moſt active and unfeign'd Reſpect:
Numbers that yield (alas!) too juſt ſurvey
Of Phyſicks growth, and Poetry's decay.
That ſhew a generous Muſe impair'd by Me,
As much as th' Author's Skill's out-done by Thee.
This *Indian Conqu'ror*'s fatal March he ſung,
To the ſame Lyre his own *Apollo* ſtrung;
Whoſe Notes yet fail'd the Monſter to aſſwage,
Revenging here, invading *Spaniard*'s Rage.
Dear was the Conqueſt of a New-found World,
Whoſe Plague e'er ſince thro' all the Old is hurl'd.
Had *Fracaſtorius*, who in Numbers told
(Numbers more rich than thoſe new Lands of Gold)
This great Deſtroyer's Progreſs, ſeen this *Age*,
And thy Succeſs againſt the Tyrant's Rage,
Bembus had then been no Immortal Name,
Thou and thy *Art* had challeng'd all his Flame!
Thou driv'ſt th' Uſurper to his laſt Retreats,
Repairing as thou go'ſt the ruin'd Seats:
Thus while the Foe is by thy *Art* remov'd,
The Holds are ſtrengthen'd, and the Soil improv'd.
Thy happy Conqueſt do's at once expel
Th' Invader's Force, and inbred Factions quell.
Thy Parients and *Auguſta*'s Fate's the ſame,
To riſe more fair and laſting for the *Flame*:
While meaner *Artiſts* this bold Task eſſay,
I' th' little *World of Man* they loſe their way.
Thou know'ſt the ſecret Paſſes to each Part,
And, skill'd in *Nature*, can'ſt not fail in *Art*.

N. TATE.

The Story of CEYX *and* HALCYONE: *From the Eleventh Book of* Ovid's Metamorphoses.

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

ARGUMENT.

Ceyx, *the Son of* Lucifer, *and King of* Trachis, *a City in* Theſſaly, *having been alarm'd by ſeveral Prodigies, prepares to go and conſult* Apollo's *Oracle at* Claros, *to learn the Will of Heav'n, and receive the God's Inſtructions: His Voyage: The Deſcription of a Storm and Shipwrack: The Deſcription of the God of Sleep, and his Palace: The Lamentation of* Halcyone, *the Daughter of* Æolus, *and Wife of* Ceyx, *for the loſs of her Husband; with the change of both into Sea Fowls, call'd after her Name,* Halcyons; *are the Subjects of the following Verſes; beginning with her Speech to her Husband, to diſſwade him from his intended Voyage.*

HOW are you chang'd of late, my Love, how
So tir'd of me, ſo preſſing to be gone? [grown
What have I done, to make my Lord remove
So far from her, who once had all his Love?
Is your *Halcyone* no longer dear?
Or, to whatever place your Courſe you ſteer,
Can you enjoy your ſelf, and ſhe not there?
Yet, if you went by Land, 'twere ſome Relief,
For all that wou'd torment me then, were Grief.
But now, at once, with Grief and Fear oppreſt,
A thouſand anxious Thoughts deſtroy my Reſt,
And not one dawn of Comfort chears my Breaſt.
The faithleſs Seas are what, alas! I fear;
I muſt not let my *Ceyx* venture there.

Oft have I heard their troubled Waters roar,
And ſeen their foaming Waves ſurmount the Shoar.
Oft ſeen the Wreck come floating to the Coaſt,
And vent'rous Wretches by their Folly loſt.
Nor have I ſeldom ſad Inſcriptions read,
On Marble Tombs, which yet inclos'd no Dead.
Let me alone, my *Ceyx*, be believ'd,
And be not by your flatt'ring Hopes deceiv'd.
Truſt not the Seas, altho' my Father binds,
Within his rocky Caves, the ſtruggling Winds.
If once broke looſe, nought can their Rage reſtrain,
They ſweep o'er all the Earth, ſwell all the Main;
Drive Clouds on Clouds, by an abortive Birth,
From their dark Wombs, flaſhing the Thunder forth.
More, more than what my feeble Words expreſs,
Which only repreſent their Fury leſs.
Let me perſwade, for I have ſeen them rage,
Seen all the *Wars*, the fighting *Winds* cou'd wage.
Did you, like me, their ſtern Encounters know,
As daring as you are, you wou'd not go.
If all this fail to move your ſtubborn Mind,
And you will go, oh! leave mé not behind.
Take me along, let me your Fortunes ſhare,
There's nought too hard for Love like mine to bear.
In Storms and Calms together let us keep,
Together brave the Dangers of the Deep.
The grant of this my flatt'ring Love aſſures,
Which knows no Joys, and feels no Griefs but yours.
Thus ſpoke the lovely Queen, all drown'd in Tears,
Nor was her Husband's Paſſion leſs than hers.
Yet wou'd he not his firſt Reſolves recall,
Nor, ſuff'ring her to venture, hazard all.
He ſaid whate'er he fancy'd might abate
Her Griefs, altho' his own were full as great,
Yet all in vain he labour'd to remove
The tender Fears of her Prophetick Love.
Still the ſame Sighs from her heav'd Heart ariſe,
And the ſame Streams ſtill bubble at her Eyes.

All this ſucceeding not, My Love, he cry'd,
(The laſt beſt Speech, that cou'd be then apply'd,)
To you ſhou'd *Ceyx* abſence tedious ſeem,
Believe that yours is not leſs ſo to him:
For, by my Father's brighteſt Fires, I ſwear,
By your dear ſelf, believe my mournful Dear,
E'er twice the Moon renews her blunted Horns,
If Deſtiny permits, your Love returns.
This juſt ſuffic'd to eaſe her troubled Heart,
And of her many Cares, diſpel a part.
And now he bids them launch without delay,
While ſhe took truce with Grief, to Sail away.
That laſt Command awak'd her ſleeping Fears,
And ſhe again ſeem'd all diſſolv'd in Tears.
Around his Neck her circling Arms ſhe threw,
And, mix'd with Sighs, forc'd out a faint Adieu.
Then, as he left her hold, too feeble grown
(Robb'd of her dear Support) to ſtand alone,
The laſt ſad Pangs, at parting, ſunk her down.
Th' impatient Seamen call upon their Lord,
And almoſt bear him thence by force, aboard.
Then, having fix'd their Oars, begin to ſweep,
And cleave, with well-tim'd Stroaks, the yielding Deep.
Faintly, her op'ning Eyes the Ship ſurvey,
Which bears her Lord, and her laſt Hopes away.
In their own Tears, her trembling Eye-balls ſwim,
Which hinder'd not, but ſhe diſtinguiſh'd him:
Too diſtant now for Words, aloft he ſtands
On the tall Deck, and ſhe upon the Sands,
Wafts her laſt Farewell, with her lifted Hands.
Then as the Ship drove farther from the Coaſt,
And that dear Object in the Crowd was loſt;
The flying Bark, her following Eyes purſue;
That gone, the Sails employ'd her lateſt View.
All out of ſight, ſhe ſeeks the Widow'd Bed,
Where *Ceyx* and her ſelf ſo oft were laid.
But now half fill'd, the ſad remembrance mov'd
Of the dear Man, who made the whole belov'd.

By this, the gathering Winds began to blow,
Their uſeleſs Oars the joyful Seamen ſtow, [Maſts,
Then hoiſt their Yards, while looſen'd from the
The wide-ſtretch'd Sails receive the coming Blaſts.

Deſcription of a Storm and Shipwrack.

Now, far from either Shore, they plow'd their way;
And all behind them, and before, was Sea.
When, with the growing Night, the Winds roſe high,
And ſwelling Seas preſag'd a Tempeſt nigh.
Aloud the Maſter cries, Furl all the Sails,
No longer ſpread, to catch the flying Gales.
But his Commands are born unheard away,
Drown'd in the Roar of a far louder Sea.
Yet, of themſelves, their Tasks the Sailors know,
And are, by former Storms, inſtructed now.
Some to the Maſts the ſtruggling Canvas bind,
And leave free paſſage to the raging Wind.
Some ſtop the Leaks, while ſome the Billows caſt
Back on the Sea, which rolls them back as faſt.
Thus, in Confuſion, they their Parts perform,
While fighting Winds increaſe th' impetuous Storm.
Amaz'd, the Pilot ſees the Waves come on,
Too thick, and faſt, for his weak Skill to ſhun.
On ev'ry ſide the threat'ning Billows fall,
And Art is at a loſs to 'ſcape them all.
The cries of Men, the rattling of the Shrouds,
Floods daſh'd on Floods, and Clouds encount'ring Clouds;
Fierce Winds beneath, above a thundring Sky,
Unite their Rage to work the Tempeſt high.
Vaſt Billows, after Billows, tumbling come,
And rolling Seas grow white with angry Foam;
To Mountainous heights the ſwelling Surges riſe,
Waves pil'd on Waves, ſeem equal with the Skies.
Now ruſhing headlong with a rapid Force,
Look black as Hell, to which they bend their Courſe.

The Ship on rising Seas is lifted up,
And now seems seated on a Mountain top,
Surveying thence the *Stygian* Lakes that flow,
And roll their distant Waters far below;
Now downwards, with the tumbling Billows driv'n,
From Hell's profoundest Depth, looks up to Heav'n.
Waves after Waves the shatter'd Vessel crush,
All sides alike they charge, on all they rush.
While with a noise th' assaulting Billows roar,
As loud as batt'ring Rams, that force a Tow'r.
As Lions, fearless, and secure from Harms,
Rush with prodigious Rage on pointed Arms:
Chaf'd, if repuls'd, they run the fiercer on,
And lash themselves to Fury, as they run.
So roll the Seas, with such resistless force,
And gather strength in their impetuous Course:
Now start the Planks, and leave the Vessel's sides
Wide open, to receive the conqu'ring Tides:
In at the Breach the raging Waters come,
All preding to pursue their Conquest home.
Fierce *Neptune* now, who long alone had rove,
(As if too weak himself) seeks aid from Jove,
Whole Heav'n dissolves in one continu'd Rain,
Descending, in a Deluge, to the Main,
Whose mounting Billows toss it back again:
Seeming, by turns, each other to supply;
The Sky the Seas, and now the Seas the Sky. [down,
Showers join with Waves, and pour in Torrents
And all the Floods of Heav'n and Earth grow one.
No glimpse of Light is seen, no Sparkles fly
From friendly Stars, thro' the benighted Sky.
Double the horrour of the Night is grown,
The Tempest's Darkness added to her own:
'Till Thund'ring Clouds strike out a dismal Light,
More dreadful than the depth of blackest Night.
Upwards the Waves, to catch the Flames, aspire,
And all the rolling Surges seem on fire.
Now o'er the Hatches, mad with Rage, they towre;
And strive, possess'd of them, to conquer more:

As a brave Soldier, whom the ſtrong Deſire,
And burning Thirſt of Glory ſet on Fire,
With more than common Ardour in his Breaſt,
And higher Hopes, ſpurr'd farther than the reſt;
Oft ſcales, in vain, a well defended Town,
But mounts at length, and leaps victorious down.
Alone, of all, the dreadful ſhock abides,
While thouſand others periſh by his ſides.
So the tenth Billow, rolling from afar,
More vigorous than the reſt, maintains the War:
Now gains the Deck, and with Succeſs, grown bold,
Pours thence in Triumph down, and ſacks the Hold.
Part, ſtill without, the batter'd ſides aſſail,
And where that led the way, attempt to ſcale.
As in a Town, already half poſſeſt,
By Foes within it, and without it preſt;
All tremble, of their laſt Defence bereft,
And ſee no hope of any Safety left.
No Aid their oft ſucceſsful Arts can boaſt;
At once their Courage and their Skill is loſt.
Helpleſs, they ſee the raging Waters come,
Each threatens Death, and each preſents a Tomb.
One mourns his Fate in loud Complaints and Tears;
Another, more aſtoniſh'd, quite forbears
From Sighs, or Words, too faint to tell his Fears.
This, calls them bleſs'd, who Funeral Rites receive,
Poſſeſs'd, in quiet, of a peaceful Grave.
This, rears his ſuppliant Hands unto the Sky,
And vainly looks to what he cannot ſpy.
This, thinks upon his Friends he left behind,
And his (now Orphan) Children rack his Mind;
Halcyone, alone, cou'd *Ceyx* ſtir,
His anxious Thoughts ran all alone on her.
One farewell View of her was all his Care,
And yet he then rejoyc'd ſhe was not there.
For a laſt Look, fain wou'd he turn his Eyes
On her Abode, but knows not where it lyes.

The Seas so whirl, with such prodigious Might,
While pitchy Clouds, obscuring Heav'n from Sight,
Encrease the native horrour of the Night.
Now splits the Mast, by furious Whirlwinds torn,
And now, the Rudder to the Seas is born.
A Billow, with those Spoils encourag'd, rides
Aloft, in Triumph o'er the lower Tides.
Thence, as some God had pluck'd up Rocks, and thrown
Whole Mountains on the Main, she tumbles down.
Down goes the Ship, with her unhappy Freight,
Unable to sustain the pressing Weight.
Part of her Men along with her are born,
Sunk in a Gulph, whence they must ne'er return.
Part catch at Planks, in hopes to float to Shore,
Or stem the Tempest, till its Rage is o'er.
Ev'n *Ceyx*, of the like Support possest,
Swims, undistinguish'd now, among the rest:
To his Wife's Father, and his own, prefers
His ardent Vows for help, which neither hears;
To both, repeats his still neglected Prayer,
Calls oft on both, but oftner calls on her.
The more his Danger grew, the more it brought
Her dear Remembrance to his restless Thought.
Whose dying wish, was, that the friendly Stream
Wou'd roll him to those Coasts, whence late he came,
To her dear Hands, to be interr'd by them.
Still, as the Seas a breathing Space afford,
Halcyone rehears'd, forms ev'ry Word.
Half of her Name, his Lips, now sinking, sound,
When the remaining half in him was drown'd.
An huge black arch of Waters, which had hung
High, in the gloomy Air, and threat'ned long,
Bursting asunder, hurls the dreadful Heap
All on his Head, and drives him down the Deep.
His Father *Lucifer*, that dismal Night,
Sought to retire, to shun the Tragick Sight.
But, since he cou'd not leave his destin'd Sphere,
Drew round the blackest Clouds to veil him there.

Mean while, his Wife counts ev'ry tedious hour,
And knew not yet, ſhe was a Wife no more;
But works two Robes againſt his wiſh'd Return,
To be by her, and her dear *Ceyx*, worn.
She pays her Vows to ev'ry Pow'r Divine,
And pays them frequenteſt at *Juno*'s Shrine,
Bribes ev'ry Goddeſs, at a mighty coſt
Of precious Gums, but ſtill bribes her at moſt;
Vain were the Gifts ſhe offer'd in her Fane,
She made her loaded Altars ſmoak in vain:
Where, for his Life, and ſafe Return ſhe pray'd,
Who was already loſt, already dead.
Let me again, ſhe cry'd, my *Ceyx* ſee;
And, while away, by your ſevere Decree,
Let him give none the Love, that's due to me.
Let none, ſhe pray'd, before me be preferr'd;
And this alone, of all her Prayers, was heard.
The pitying Goddeſs wou'd no more receive
Vows for that Succour, which ſhe cou'd not give,
But from her Altar ſhakes her awful Hand,
And gives her faithful *Iris* this Command.

Haſte quickly, where the drowſie God of Sleep,
Remote from Day, does his dark Manſions keep;
Tell him, I bid him in a Dream reveal
To ſad *Halcyone*, how *Ceyx* fell.
All his Misfortunes in her Sleep unfold,
And by the Viſion let her Loſs be told.

Thus ſpeaks the Queen of Heav'n; nor *Iris* ſtays
To make Reply, but as ſhe ſpeaks, obeys.
Strait in a thouſand-colour'd Robe array'd,
And all her Orient Bow o'er Heav'n diſplay'd,
Downwards ſhe ſlides, to find the dark Abode,
And bear her Meſſage to the Slothful God.

Deſcription of the God of Sleep, and his Palace.

Near the *Cimmerians*, hid from Human ſight,
Lyes a vaſt hollow Cave, all void of Light;

Where, deep in Earth, the God his Court maintains,
And undisturb'd, in Ease and Silence reigns.
Not seen by *Phœbus*, at his Morning rise,
Nor at Mid-day, with his most piercing Eyes,
Nor when, at Evening, he descends the Skies.
Thick, gloomy Mists, come steaming from the Ground,
And the Fog spreads a dusky Twilight round.
No crested Fowls foretel the Day's return,
Nor with shrill Notes call forth the springing Morn.
No watchful Dogs the secret Entry keep,
Nor Geese, more watchful, guard the Court of Sleep.
No tame nor savage Beast dwells there, no Breeze
Shakes the still Boughs, or whispers thro' the Trees.
No Voice of Man is heard, no Human Call
Sounds thro' the Cave, deep Silence reigns o'er all.
Yet from the Rock, a silver Spring flows down,
Which purling o'er the Stones, glides gently on.
Her easie Streams with pleasing Murmurs creep,
At once inviting, and assisting Sleep.
At the Cave's Mouth spring pregnant Poppies up,
And hide the Entrance with their baleful top.
Whose drowsie Juice affords the nightly Birth
Of all the Sleep, diffus'd, and shed on Earth.
No Guards the Passage to this Court secure,
No jarring Hinge sustains a creaking Door.
Yet in the midst, with sable Cov'rings spread,
High, but unshaken, stands a Downy Bed;
Where his soft Limbs the slothful Monarch lays,
Dissolv'd in endless Luxury and Ease.
Fantastick Dreams lye scatter'd on the Ground,
And compass him in various Figures round:
More num'rous than the Sands that bind the Seas,
Or Ears of standing Corn, or Leaves of Trees.
But *Iris*, now arriv'd, Divinely bright,
Fills all the Palace with unusual Light.
Her Garments flowing with diffusive Beams,
Gild the dark Cell, and chase the frighted Dreams;

Away they fly, to leave her Paſſage clear,
And ſhun the Glories which they cannot bear.
The God his Eye-lids ſtruggles to unlooſe,
Seal'd, by his deep unbroken Slumbers, cloſe.
Half way his Head he rears, with ſluggiſh Pain,
Which heavily, anon, ſinks down again.
Frequent Attempts, without Succeſs, he makes,
But, at the laſt, with long endeavour, wakes.
Half rais'd, and half reclining in his Bed,
And leaning on his Hands his nodding Head,
With fault'ring Words; he asks the Heav'nly Fair,
What Meſſage from her Goddeſs brought her there?
At once the God, and Goddeſs ſhe obeys,
Deliv'ring her Commands in Words like theſe.

Thou Peace of Mind, thou moſt propitious Pow'r,
Thou meekeſt Deity that Men adore;
Thou, who giv'ſt Eaſe to ev'ry troubled Breaſt,
And ſet'ſt tir'd Limbs, and fev'riſh Souls at Reſt;
Thou, at whoſe Preſence Cares and Sorrows flee,
Under whoſe Guard the fetter'd Slave is free,
Lovers, the worſt of Slaves, ſtill finding eaſe in thee:
Send thou a Dream, aſſuming *Ceyx* Form,
Like him appearing ſhipwrack'd in a Storm;
From whoſe pale Lips his Widow'd Queen may know
His certain Loſs, and her as certain Woe.

Here ends the ſhining Nymph, who dares not ſtay
For farther Words, but flies in haſte away.
She feels the thick'ning Miſts begin to riſe,
And conqu'ring Sleep ſteal o'er her yielding Eyes.
Thence, by her painted Bow, her Courſe ſhe bends,
And, the ſame way ſhe came, again aſcends.
Around his drowſie Off-ſpring goes the God,
And chuſes *Morpheus* from among the Crowd.
None can, like him, a perfect Man expreſs,
His Speech, and Mien, his Action, and his Dreſs.
But he alone in Human Shape appears,
While the Jeſs noble Forms a ſecond wears,
Of Snakes, or Birds, of Lions, or of Bears.

Still

Still there's a third, still meaner in degree,
Which shows a Field, a River, or a Tree,
Of things inanimate, presents the Scene,
Hills, Valleys, Ships, or Houses, Earth or Main.
These three to Generals, Kings, or Courts, belong,
More vulgar Dreams wait the more vulgar Throng.
The first of these, their Monarch sets at large,
Dispatch'd to *Trachis*, on *Thumantia*'s Charge.
Then stagg'ring he returns, and seeks his Bed,
In whose soft Down he sinks his drooping Head.
Again his Eye-lids are with Sleep oppress,
And the whole God dissolves again to Rest.

Swift as a Thought, and secret as the Night,
Morpheus, on noiseless Pinions, takes his flight.
His fleeting Wings their silent Course pursue;
Soft, as the liquid Air they travell'd through.
Who, now arriv'd, lays by his useless Plumes,
And *Ceyx* Form, in his own Court, assumes.
Naked he stood, as late bereav'd of Life,
Close by the Bed of his unhappy Wife.
His Hair still dropping seem'd, still wet his Beard,
Still shiv'ring with the Cold, all his pale Frame appear'd.
When, with a mournful Gesture, o'er the Bed,
Pensively hanging his dejected Head,
All drown'd in well dissembled Tears, he said;

Is not your *Ceyx*, wretched Woman, known?
Is he so alter'd, or forgot so soon?
Turn here, *Halcyone*, behold him lost,
Or in your *Ceyx* stead, behold his Ghost.
To the relentless Gods, in vain, you pray'd,
You are deceiv'd, alas! and I am dead.
Surpriz'd by Storms, in the *Ægean* Sea,
Which cast my Life and all thy Hopes away.
Where, as I call'd on thy lov'd Name, my Breath,
With half thy Name pronounc'd, was stop'd in Death.
This from no doubtful Messenger you hear,
'Tis I who tell it, I, who perish'd there.

Arise, and weep, now let your Eyes run o'er,
Your once-lov'd *Ceyx* is, alas! no more.
Let a few Tears be to my Mem'ry paid;
And, as you lov'd me living, mourn me dead.
He speaks, and adds, to these his doleful Words,
A Voice, she too well knew, express'd her Lord's.
The same the Gesture of his Hands appears,
Unforc'd his Action, and unfeign'd his Tears.
She, frighted with the Vision, sighs, and weeps,
Torn with most mortal Anguish, as she sleeps;
Then stretches out her Arms, to hold him there,
Which came back empty thro' the yielding Air.
Stay, stay, she cries, ah! whither wou'd you now?
We'll go together, if again you go.
With her own Voice, and her dead Husband's sight,
Starting, she leaves her Dream, but not her Fright.
Awak'd, she turns her fearful Eyes around,
And looks for him, who cou'd no more be found.
For now her Maids, rais'd with her Shrieks, were come,
And with their Lamps enlighten'd all the Room.
Not seeing what she sought, enrag'd, she tare,
At once, her Face, her Habit, and her Hair: [spring,
When ask'd the Cause, whence such Despair shou'd
And what sad Loss cou'd such Distraction bring?
She wrings her Hands, and beats her panting Breast;
Long silent, in a load of Sorrow prest,
But thus, at last, her cruel Loss confest.

There's no *Halcyone*, ah! none, she cry'd;
With *Ceyx*, dearer than her self, she Dy'd.
Now, let no Sounds of Comfort reach mine Ear,
All mention of a future Hope forbear,
Leave me, oh! leave me to my just Despair.
Ah! these, these Eyes, my shipwrack'd Lord did see,
And knew, too well, it cou'd be none but he.
These Hands I stretch'd, in hopes to make him stay,
But from these Hands he slid unfelt away.
No mortal Grasp cou'd hold his fleeting Ghost,
And I, a second time, my *Ceyx* lost.

He look'd not with the same Majestick Grace,
As when he liv'd, nor shone his awful Face,
With the peculiar Glories of his Heav'nly Race.
His Eyes were fix'd, and all their Fires gone out,
No longer roll'd their sparkling Beams about;
The Colour from his faded Cheeks was fled,
And all his Beauty with himself lay dead,
Retaining nought at all, except the Shade.
Retaining still, tho' all the rest was gone,
Too much, alas! to make his Shadow known:
Pale, wan, and meagre, by the Bed he stood,
His Hair still dropping with the briny Flood.
Here, here in this, ah! this unhappy place,
'Twas here he stood, she cry'd, and sought to trace,
But found no foot-steps of his Airy Pace.
Oh! this, this my too true presaging Soul divin'd,
When you forsook me, to pursue the Wind.
But, since compell'd by rigorous Fate you went,
And this was destin'd for the sad Event;
Oh! that together we had put to Sea,
That so, with you, it might have swallow'd me.
Absent I'm lost; and ah! tho' not with you,
Yet am I wreck'd, yet am I ruin'd too.
Oh! I were sprung from a most savage Kind,
My Soul as barb'rous as the Seas, or Wind,
If I, now you are gone, shou'd wish to stay behind.
No, *Ceyx*, no; my much-lov'd Lord, I come:
And tho' not laid together in a Tomb;
Tho' far from mine your floating Corps is born,
Nor with my Ashes mingl'd in an Urn;
Yet on one Marble shall our Names be told,
And the same Stone shall both our Stories hold.
Where Ages, yet unborn, with praise shall read,
How I disdain'd to live, when you were dead.

Here, choak'd with Grief, she the sad Tale gave
Her swelling Sorrows wou'd permit no more. [o'er,
Sobs, mingled with her words, their accents part,
And Sighs fly faster from her throbbing Heart.

Now dawns the Day, when she, with fearful haste,
Goes to that Shore, where She had seen him last.
There, while she stood reflecting on her Loss,
Forgetting nought that might augment her Woes:
Here he took Leave, she cry'd, and here, she said,
Unwilling to be gone, again he staid;
He gave me here, alas! the last Embrace,
Then launch'd from this, ah! this unhappy place.
While, all that past, she labour'd to recall,
Severely for her self rememb'ring all;
And while around her watry Eyes survey
The wave-beat Coast, and the still-troubled Sea,
Something she spies, from far, come floating on,
Tho' at the first, too distant to be known;
Which, as the Tide drove nearer to the Coast,
Presents a Man in a late Shipwrack lost.
She pities him, whom yet she does not know,
And mourns his Fate, since *Ceyx* perish'd so.
Pities his Wife, if he a Wife had left,
Like her, of all she reckon'd dear, bereft.
Now floating nearer to the fatal Shore,
She eyes him more distinctly than before, [more:
While all her Hopes diminish, all her Fears grow
Apace her beating Heart begins to pant,
And all, at once, her sinking Spirits faint.
Now, on the Beach, by tossing Billows thrown,
The Coarse was to her sad confusion known,
Her self, the Wife she mourn'd, the Man her own.
'Tis he, she cry'd, my Dear, my Shipwrack'd Lord,
Whom I but too, too justly, have deplor'd.
Then, with her Hands stretch'd to him, where he lay,
She said what Grief wou'd give her leave to say.
Fed with false Hopes, have I your absence born?
And is it thus, ah! thus, that you return?
And do I live, and you bereav'd of Life?
Ah! wretched Man, but more, more wretched Wife!
Far, in the Sea, a Peer erected stood,
To break the rapid Fury of the Flood;

Thither (almoſt beyond belief) ſhe ſprings,
Born thro' the yielding Air, on new-grown Wings.
Along the ſurface of the Sea ſhe flies,
And wonders at her own unuſual Cries;
Now hov'ring o'er his pale, and bloodleſs Coarſe,
In new-found Notes laments her ſad Divorce;
Now ſtooping, perches on his watry Face,
And gives him, with her Bill, a ſtrange Embrace.
Whether he felt it, or the circling Flood
Then chanc'd to move him, is not yet allow'd;
Yet he took Senſe, from her tranſporting Touch,
(Ev'n in the Dead, the force of Love is ſuch.)
Aloft his now reviving Head he rears,
And mounts on Pinions which reſemble hers.
Both chang'd to Birds, their Wings together move,
And nought remain'd unchang'd, except their Love.
In cloſe Embraces, as before, they join'd,
And now, o'er Seas, produce, and ſpread their Kind.
Seven Days ſhe ſits upon her Floating Neſt,
While each rude Blaſt impriſon'd, and ſuppreſt,
Cloſe in its Cavern, leaves the Sea at Reſt.
Then every Sail may ſafely truſt the Deep,
While all the Winds lye huſh'd, the Waves aſleep.

The FORCE *of* JEALOUSIE. *To a Lady asking if her Sex was as ſenſible of that Paſſion as Men.*

An Alluſion to

O! *Quam cruentus Fœminas ſimulat Dolor.*
Seneca's Hercules OEteus.

By Mr. THO. YALDEN.

WHAT raging Thoughts tranſport the Woman's Breaſt,
That is with Love, and Jealouſie poſſeſt!

More with Revenge, than soft Desires she burns,
Whose slighted Passion meets no kind Returns;
That courts the Youth with long neglected Charms,
And finds her Rival happy in his Arms.
Dread *Scilla*'s Rocks 'tis safer to engage,
And trust a Storm, than her destructive Rage:
Not Waves contending with a boist'rous Wind,
Threaten so loud, as her tempestuous Mind:
For Seas grow calm, and raging Storms abate,
But most implacable's a Woman's hate:
Tygers and Savages less wild appear,
Than that fond Wretch abandon'd to Despair.
Such were the Transports *Dejanira* felt,
Stung with a Rival's Charms, and Husband's Guilt:
With such despair she view'd the captive Maid,
Whose fatal Love her *Hercules* betray'd;
Th' unchast *Iöle*, but divinely Fair!
In Love Triumphant, tho' a Slave in War:
By Nature lewd, and form'd for soft delight,
Gay as the Spring, and Fair as Beams of Light;
Whose blooming Youth wou'd wildest Rage disarm,
And ev'ry Eye, but a fierce Rival's, Charm.
Fix'd with her Grief the Royal Matron stood,
When the fair Captive in his Arms she view'd:
With what regret her Beauties she survey'd,
And curst the Pow'r of the too lovely Maid,
That reap'd the Joys of her abandon'd Bed!
Her furious Looks with wild Disorder glow,
Looks that her Envy and Resentment show!
To blast that Fair detested Form she tries,
And Lightning darts from her distorted Eyes.
Then o'er the Palace of false *Hercules*,
With Clamour, and impetuous Rage she flies;
Late a dear Witness of their mutual Flame,
But now th' unhappy Object of her Shame;
Whose conscious Roof can yield her no Relief,
But with polluted Joys upbraids her Grief.
Nor can the spacious Court contain her now;
It grows a Scene too narrow for her Woe.

Looſe and undreſt all Day ſhe ſtrays alone,
Does her Abode and lov'd Companions ſhun.
In Woods complains, and ſighs in ev'ry Grove,
The mournful Tale of her forſaken Love.
Her Thoughts to all th' extreams of Frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot eaſe her Miſery:
Whilſt in her Looks the lively Forms appear,
Of Envy, Fondneſs, Fury and Deſpair.
Her Rage no conſtant Face of Sorrow wears,
Oft ſcornful Smiles ſucceed loud Sighs and Tears:
Oft o'er her Face the riſing Bluſhes ſpread,
Her glowing Eye-Balls turn with fury red;
Then pale and wan her alter'd Looks appear,
Paler than Guilt, and drooping with Deſpair.
A tide of Paſſions ebb and flow within,
And oft ſhe ſhifts the Melancholy Scene:
Does all th' exceſs of Woman's Fury ſhow,
And yields a large variety of Woe.
Now calm as Infants at the Mother's Breaſt,
Her Grief in ſofteſt Murmurs is expreſt:
She ſpeaks the tend'reſt Things that Pity move,
Kind are her *Looks*, and *Languiſhing* with *Love*.
Then loud as Storms, and raging as the Wind,
She gives a looſe to her diſtemper'd Mind:
With *Shrieks* and *Groans* ſhe fills the Air around,
And makes the Palace her loud Griefs reſound.
Wild with her Wrongs, ſhe like a Fury ſtrays,
A Fury more, than Wife of *Hercules*:
Her Motion, Looks, and Voice, proclaim her Woes,
While Sighs, and broken Words, her wilder Thoughts diſcloſe.

To Mr. DRYDEN, *upon his Translation of the Third* BOOK *of* VIRGIL's *Georgicks.*

PINDARICK ODE.

By Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

WHile mounting with expanded Wings
The *Mantuan* Swan unbounded Heav'n explores;
While with Seraphick Sounds he Towring Sings,
'Till to Divinity he Soars:
Mankind ſtands won'dring at his Flight,
Charm'd with his Muſick, and his Height:
Which both tranſcend our Praiſe.
Nay Gods incline their raviſh'd Ears,
And tune their own harmonious Spheres
To his Melodious Lays.
Thou, *Dryden*, canſt his Notes recite
In modern Numbers, which expreſs
Their Muſick, and their utmoſt Might:
Thou, wondrous Poet, with Succeſs
Canſt emulate his Flight.

II.

Sometimes of humble Rural Things,
Thy Muſe, which keeps great *Maro* ſtill in Sight,
In middle Air with varied Numbers Sings;
And ſometimes her ſonorous Flight
To Heav'n ſublimely Wings.
But firſt takes time with Majeſty to riſe,
Then, without Pride, divinely Great,
She mounts her Native Skies;
And, Goddeſs-like, retains her State
When down again ſhe flies.

Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,
Both to depress her Flight, and raise.
Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n descends,
And to this under World his Journey bends,
When *Jove* his dread Command has giv'n.
But, still, Descending, Dignity maintains,
As much a God upon our humble Plains,
As when he Tow'ring, re-ascends to Heav'n,

III.

But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,
With so much Majesty, to such a Height
As can alone suffice to prove,
That she descends from mighty *Jove*:
Gods! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine!
Immortal Spirit animates each Line,
Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown'd,
Each has Magnificence of Sound,
And Harmony Divine.
Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds,
With Shining Pomp advance;
And to their own Celestial Sounds
Majestically Dance.
On, with eternal Symphony they rowl,
Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,
And each inform'd, by the prodigious Force
Of an Empyreal Soul.

The ENJOYMENT. *A* SONG.

ANONYMUS.

YE Gods! the Raptures of that Night!
What Fierce Convulsions of Delight!
How in each others Arms involv'd,
We lay Confounded, and Dissolv'd!

Bodies mingling, Sexes blending,
Which shou'd most be lost contending.
Darting fierce, and flaming Kisses,
Plunging into boundless Blisses;
Our Bodies, and our Souls on Fire,
Tost by a Tempest of Desire;
'Till with utmost Fury driv'n
Down, at once we sunk to Heav'n.

The ENJOYMENT.

GO, Love, thy Banners round the World display,
And teach Rebellious Mortals to obey;
Triumph o'er those, who proudly slight thy Pow'r,
And make them, what they now Deride, Adore.
If any yet can be so senseless grown,
To scorn thy Pleasures, and approve their own:
To Conquer, only bid 'em Taste, and Know,
And soon their fancy'd Pleasures they'll forego,
And soon acknowledge thee, the Lord of all below.
Convince the reading Sots, who wou'd seem Wise,
And cloak their Follies by a grave Disguise;
The learned Ignorants will straight lay by
Their useless Books, and, Joyful, follow thee.

Blest be the Day, when first *Celinda* came
To me Despairing, and reveal'd her Flame;
When blushing she her Passion did disclose,
And softest Words, and tender'st Accents chose
To make me Happy, and compleat my Joys.
Oh! what a Rapture did my Soul surround,
When first I heard the dear transporting Sound!
" Now, Youth, said she, your Fears and Doubts re-
" For know 'tis you, and only you I Love; [move,
" And that you may my Love unfeign'd believe,
" Take all that you can ask, or I can give.

While tell-tale Blushes told me what she meant,
And wishing Looks betray'd her kind Intent.
Encourag'd thus, I boldly did invade
With eager ardour the forgiving Maid;
But when I clasp'd her Body close to mine,
'Twas more than Rapture all! 'twas all Divine!
Such Joys I knew, as Words want Pow'r to tell,
Joys! which the feeble reach of Thoughts excel:
My Soul, surpriz'd at the excess of Joy,
Unable to sustain it, wing'd away,
Whilst all entranc'd, and ecstasi'd I lay.

Tell me, ye mighty Learned, (if you know)
Where did my Soul in that short Transport go?
Did it with willing haste to her depart?
It did, I'm sure it did, and flutter'd round her Heart;
Blest with the unknown Beauties of the Fair,
It heav'd, it trembled, and it panted there.
Unwilling to depart, 'twou'd still remain,
But all the weak Efforts to stay were vain,
A Kiss restor'd the Fugitive again;
That Kiss which wou'd a long Dead Corps revive,
Reverse its Doom, and kindly make it live;
My Soul re-enter'd, we repeated o'er
A Thousand Joys, unknown to both before.

Pardon me, Love, (thou Pow'rful Deity)
That I so long abstain'd from tasting thee:
I thought indeed (vain Fool!) in Books to meet
With solid Wisdom, and with true Delight:
To noisie Nothings I betray'd my Ease,
And idly dreamt away my sprightly Days;
But now, (though late) my Errors I perceive,
And know, I only now begin to Live:
Hence, ye usurping Whimsies, hence retreat,
Whilst exil'd Love regains its lawful Seat;
Love, whose bewitching Dictates I'll obey,
For I, with *Titus*, should repenting say,
Those Blessings wanting, I have lost a Day:
No time shall pass without that dear Delight,
I'll talk of Love all Day, and act it all the Night;

Pleasure and I, as to one Goal design'd,
Will run with equal pace, while Sorrows flag behind;
O that I had but *Jove*'s unbounded Might,
To lengthen Pleasures, and extend a Night!
Three trivial Nights shou'd not my Wish confine,
Whole *Years* themselves, and *Ages* shou'd combine
To make my Joys as lasting, as Divine.
Then wou'd I lye enclos'd within her Arms,
Fierce as my Love, and Vig'rous as her Charms;
And both shou'd be, (cou'd I decree their State)
As fixt, and as immutable as Fate:
Then wond'ring Mortals shou'd with Envy see,
That only those were blest who Lov'd like me;
And Gods themselves should at my Bliss repine,
And learn to mend their now imperfect Joys by mine.

To his Perjur'd Mistress. From Horace.

Nox erat, & cœlo fulgebat luna sereno, &c.

By Mr. *T. YALDEN.*

IT was one Evening, when the rising Moon
Amidst her Train of Stars distinctly shone:
Serene and calm was the inviting Night,
And Heav'n appear'd in all its lustre bright;
When you, *Neæra*, you my perjur'd Fair,
Did, to abuse the Gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you swore, remember faithless Maid,
With what indearing Arts you then betray'd:
Remember all the tender things that past,
When round my Neck your willing Arms were cast.
The circling *Ivys* when with *Oaks* they join,
Seem loose, and coy, to those fond Arms of thine;
Believe, you cry'd, this solemn Vow believe,
The noblest Pledge that Love and I can give;

Or if there's ought more sacred here below,
Let that confirm my Oath to Heav'n and you.
If e'er my Breast a guilty Flame receives,
Or covets Joys, but what thy Presence gives:
May ev'ry injur'd Pow'r assert thy Cause,
And Love avenge his violated Laws:
While cruel Beasts of Prey infest the Plain,
And Tempests rage upon the faithless Main:
While Sighs and Tears shall listning Virgins move,
So long, ye Powers, will fond *Neæra* love.

Ah faithless Charmer, lovely perjur'd Maid!
Are thus my Vows, and generous Flame repaid?
Repeated slights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.
Why do I listen to that *Syrens* Voice,
Love ev'n thy Crimes, and fly to guilty Joys!
Thy fatal Eyes my best Resolves betray,
My Fury melts in soft Desires away:
Each look, each glance, for all thy Crimes attone,
Elude my Rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd Soul dares yet be brave,
Unless I'm fond of Shame, confirm'd a Slave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting Tongue,
Nor on thy Beauties gaze away my Wrong.
At length I'll loath each prostituted Grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd Embrace;
But show, with manly Rage, my Soul's above
The cold returns of thy exhausted Love.
Then thou shalt justly mourn at my Disdain,
Find all thy Arts, and all thy Charms in vain:
Shalt Mourn, whilst I, with nobler Flames, pursue
Some Nymph as fair, tho' not unjust, as you;
Whose Wit, and Beauty, shall like thine excel,
But far surpass in Truth, and loving well.

But wretched thou who e'er my Rival art,
That fondly boasts an Empire o'er her Heart;
Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant Prize,
And vainly triumph'st with my Victories;

Unenvy'd now, o'er all her Beauties rove,
Enjoy thy Ruin, and *Neæra*'s Love:
Tho' Wealth and Honours grace thy nobler Birth,
To bribe her Love, and fix a wand'ring Faith:
Tho' ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Virtue join,
T' inrich thy Mind, and make thy Form divine:
Yet blest with endless Charms, too soon you'll prove
The Treacheries of false *Neæra*'s Love.
Lost, and abandon'd by th' ungrateful Fair
Like me you'll Love, be Injur'd, and Despair.
When left th' unhappy Object of her Scorn,
Then shall I smile to see the Victor mourn,
Laugh at thy Fate, and triumph in my Turn.

SONG. *Advice to* CÆLIA.

I.

IS it not Madness thus to be
Coy, and your Minutes waste;
To let the World be envying me
Pleasures I ne'er did taste?

II.

Since this foul Scandal we have got,
Consent, and yield for shame;
For all your Virtue now will not
Patch up your broken Fame.

III.

Why should our Bliss then be delay'd?
The World can say no more
Than what it has already said,
And that is, thou'rt a Whore.

CORNELIUS GALLUS *Imitated.*

A LYRICK.

By my Lord R.

MY Goddeſs, *Lydia*, Heav'nly Fair!
As *Lillys* ſweet, as ſoft as Air:
Let looſe thy Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms,
And to my Love give freſh Alarms.

II.

O let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes;
Tho' ſacred Lightning from 'em flies:
Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,
Which paints with Charming Red thy Face.

III.

Give me *Ambroſia* in a Kiſs,
That I may Rival *Jove* in Bliſs;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleaſure all Divine.

IV.

O hide thy Boſom's killing White,
(The Milky-way is not ſo Bright;)
Leſt you my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.

V.

Why draw'ſt thou from the Purple Flood
Of my kind Heart, the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms!
O take me, dying, to thy Arms.

To WALTER MOYLE, *Eſq;*

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

TO you, *dear Youth*, in theſe unpoliſh'd Strains,
And rural Notes, your exil'd Friend complains,

With pain, this tedious Baniſhment I bear
From the dear Town, and you, the deareſt there.
Hourly, my Thoughts preſent before my View,
Thoſe charming Joys, which once, alas! I knew,
In Wine, in Love, in Friendſhip, and in you.
Now Fortune has withdrawn that pleaſing Scene,
We muſt not for a while appear again.
Here, in its ſtead, unuſual Proſpects riſe,
That dull the Fancy, and diſguſt the Eyes.
Bleak *Groves* of *Trees*, ſhook by the *Northern Winds*,
And heavy Aſpects of unthinking Hinds.
No beauteous Nymph to fire the youthful Heart,
No Swain inſtructed in the Muſes Art.
Hammond alone is from this Cenſure free,
Hammond, who makes the ſame Complaint with me:
Alike on both, the Want of you does ſtrike,
Which both repine at, and lament alike;
While here I ſtay, condemn'd to deſart Fields,
Deny'd the Pleaſures which the City yields,
My Fortunes, by the Chance of War depreſt,
Loſt at theſe Years, when I might uſe them beſt.
To crown your Youth, conſpiring Graces join,
Honour, and Bounty, Wealth, and Wit, are thine,
With Charms united, ev'ry Heart you move,
Eſteem in Men, in vanquiſh'd Virgins, Love.
Tho' clog'd with Cares, I drag my reſtleſs Hours,
I envy not the flowing Eaſe of yours;
Still may they roll with circling Pleaſures on,
Nor you neglect to ſeize them as they run.
Time haſtes away with an impetuous flight,
And all its Joys ſoon vaniſh from our Sight,
Which we ſhall mourn, we us'd not, while we might.
In full Delights, let ſprightly *Southern* live,
With all that Women, and that Wine, can give,
May generous *Wicherly*, all Suff'rings paſt,
Enjoy a well-deſery'd Eſtate, at laſt.
Fortune, with Merit, and with Wit, be Friends,
And ſure, tho' ſlowly, make a large amends.

Late, very late, may the great *Dryden* die:
But when deceas'd, may *Congreve* rise as high.
To him, my Service, and my Love Commend,
The greatest Wit, and yet the truest Friend.
Accept, dear *Moyle*, a Letter writ in haste,
Which my impatient Friendship dictates fast.
Friendship, like Love, imperfectly expresst,
Yet by their being so, they're both shown best.
Each, no cold leisure for our Thoughts affords,
But at a Heat, strikes out our eager Words.
The Soul's Emotion, most her Truth assures,
Such as I feel, while I subscribe me

YOURS.

HORACE, B. II. ODE XII.

Nolis longa fera Bella Numantiæ, &c.

By Mr. GLANVIL.

URGE me no more to write of Martial Things,
Of fighting Heroes, and of conqu'ring Kings:
Our brave Fore-fathers Glory to advance,
Shew subdu'd *Ireland*, and sing vanquish'd *France*;
Tell how *Spain*'s Blood the *British* Ocean swell'd,
With Shame invading, and with more Repell'd.
No, these high Theams of the Heroick Strain,
Suit ill with my low feeble Vein:
To equal Numbers I'd in vain aspire,
How shall I make a Trumpet of a Lyre?
Much less dare I, in an unhallow'd Strain,
Great *Nassau*'s Wars and Victories prophane.
You better may in lasting Prose rehearse
Things which defie my humble Verse.
'Tis a fond thing to think to reconcile
Such Glorious Actions with so mean a Stile.

II.

Me fair *Lycinnia*'s ſofter Praiſe,
Her native Charms, and winning Ways,
The Muſe ordain'd to ſing in gentle Lays.
Me the ſweet Song, which *Syrens* Art defies,
Me the ſerenely ſhining Eyes,
And, above all, the gen'rous grateful Heart
True to the mutual Love, and faithful to its part.
Lycinnia, whoſe becoming Dance
With Airy Motion does Love's Fire advance,
Whoſe wanton Wit, wild as her Eyes,
The tickled Mind does pleaſantly ſurprize;
Whoſe various Arts all our looſe Powers Alarm,
A Grace each Action, and each Word's a Charm.

III.

Ah! when her willing Head ſhe greatly bends,
And fragrant Kiſſes languiſhingly lends:
When with fond artful Coyneſs ſhe denies,
More glad to loſe, than we to win the Prize,
Or when the Wanton, in a toying Vein,
Snatches the Kiſs from the prevented Swain;
Wou'd you then give one Bracelet of her Hair,
For the poor Crowns that Monarchs wear?
Wou'd you exchange, for all thoſe Favourite Iſles
The Sun laughs on, one of her pleaſing Smiles?
Wou'd you, for both the *Indies* Wealth, decline
The hidden Treaſures of her richer Mine?
Not I, for ſuch vain Toys I'd ne'er remove;
My Wealth, my Pomp, my Heav'n ſhould all be Love.

In Imitation of HORACE.

ODE XXII. Book I

Integer vitæ &c.

Written by Mr. THO. YALDEN.

THE Man that's uncorrupt, and free from Guilt,
That the Remorse of secret Crimes ne'er felt:
Whose Breast was ne'er debaucht with Sin,
But finds all calm, and all at Peace within:
In his Integrity secure,
He fears no danger, dreads no pow'r:
Useless are Arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of Innocence.

II.

Secure the happy Innocent may rove,
The Care of ev'ry Pow'r above:
Altho' unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous *Libya*'s Sands, and faithless Shore.
Tho' o'er th' inhospitable Brows
Of savage *Caucasus* he goes:
Thro' *Africk*'s Flames, thro' *Scythia*'s Snows,
Or where *Hydaspes*, fam'd for Monsters, flows.

III.

For as within an unfrequented Grove,
I tun'd my willing Lyre to Love:
With pleasing amorous Thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my Bounds insensibly I stray'd:
A Wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled, from his defenceless Prey:
When I invok'd *Maria*'s Aid,
Altho' unarm'd, the trembling Monster fled.

IV.

Not *Daunia*'s teeming Sands, nor barb'rous Shore,
E'er such a dreadful Native bore:

Nor *Africk*'s nurſing Caves brought forth
So fierce a Beaſt, of ſuch amazing growth.
Yet vain did all his Fury prove,
Againſt a Breaſt that's arm'd with Love;
Tho' abſent, fair *Maria*'s Name
Subdues the fierce, and makes the ſavage tame.

V.

Commit me now to that abandon'd Place,
Where chearful Light withdraws its Rays:
No Beams on barren Nature ſmile,
Nor fruitful Winds refreſh th' intemperate Soil.
But Tempeſts, with eternal Froſt,
Still rage around the gloomy Coaſt:
Whilſt angry *Jove* infeſts the Air,
And, black with Clouds, deforms the ſullen Year.

VI.

Or place me now beneath the Torrid Zone,
To live a Borderer on the Sun:
Send me to ſcorching Sands, whoſe heat
Guards the deſtructive Soil from Human Feet.
Yet there I'll ſing *Maria*'s Name,
And ſport, uninjur'd, midſt the Flame:
Maria's Name! that will create, even there,
A milder Climate, and more temperate Air.

The Sixteenth ODE *of the Second Book of* HORACE.

Tranſlated by an unknown Hand.

Beginning, *Otium Divos rogat*, &c.

WHEN Stormy Winds begin to riſe,
And Moon and Stars do diſappear;
Then to the Gods the Seaman cries,
Wiſhing himſelf at Quiet here.

II.

For Peace the Soldier takes up Arms;
For Peace he boldly ventures Life:
For that he follows Wars Alarms:
Hoping to gain by Toil and Strife.

III.

That Quiet, and Content of Mind,
Which is not to be bought or sold;
Quiet, which none as yet cou'd find
In Heaps of Jewels, or of Gold.

IV.

For neither can Wealth, Pow'r, or State
Of Courtiers, or of Guards the Rout,
Or Gilded Roof, or Brazen Gate,
The Troubles of the Mind keep out.

V.

That Man alone is happy here,
Whose *All* will just himself maintain:
His Sleep is not disturb'd with Fear,
Or broke with sordid Thirst of Gain.

VI.

Then why do we, since Life's so short,
Lay our Designs for what's to come?
Why to another Air resort,
Forsaking this our Native Home?

VII.

Trouble will at our Heels be still,
Swift as the Roe-buck, or the Wind;
'Twill follow us against our Will,
For none can leave himself behind.

VIII.

What does our Wandring then avail?
Care will not be forgot, or lost;
'Twill reach us tho' we're under Sail;
And find us on another Coast.

IX.

Man, with his present State content,
Shou'd leave to Providence the rest;

Using the time well Heav'n has lent,
For no one here's entirely Blest.

X.

Achilles yielding soon to Fate,
Was snatch'd from off this Mortal Stage,
Tithon enjoy'd a longer Date,
And labour'd under lingring Age.

XI.

So if it please the Fates, you may
Resign your Soul to sudden Death;
Whilst I, perhaps, behind must stay,
To breathe a longer share of Breath.

XII.

You round you daily do behold
Your thriving Flocks, and fruitful Land;
Which bounteous Fortune has bestow'd
On you, with no Penurious Hand.

XIII.

A little Country Seat by Heav'n
Is what's allotted unto me:
A Genius too the Gods have giv'n,
Not quite averse to Poetry:
And a firm steady Soul, that is above
Either the Vulgar's Hatred, or their Love.

PATROCLUS's *Request to* ACHILLES *for his Arms.*

Imitated from the Beginning of the Sixteenth Iliad *of* Homer.

By Mr. *THO. YALDEN.*

DIvine *Achilles*, with Compassion mov'd,
Thus to *Patroclus* spake, his best belov'd.
Why like a tender Girl dost thou complain!
That strives to reach the Mother's Breast in vain:

Mourns by her Side, her Knees embraces fast,
Hangs on her Robes, and interrupts her haste;
Yet when with fondness to her Arms she's rais'd,
Still mourns, and weeps, and will not be appeas'd?
Thus my *Patroclus* in his Grief appears,
Thus like a froward Girl profuse of Tears.
From *Phthia* dost thou Mournful Tidings hear,
And to thy Friend some fatal Message bear?
Thy Valiant Father (if we Fame believe,)
The good *Menœtius*, he is yet alive:
And *Peleus*, tho' in his declining Days,
Reigns o'er his *Myrmidons* in Health and Peace;
Yet, as their latest Obsequies we paid,
Thou mourn'st them living, as already dead.
Or thus with Tears the *Grecian* Host deplore,
That with their Navy perish on the Shore:
And with Compassion their Misfortunes view,
The just Reward to Guilt and Falsehood due?
Impartial Heav'n avenges thus my Wrong,
Nor suffers Crimes to go unpunish'd long.
Reveal the Cause so much afflicts thy Mind,
Nor thus conceal thy Sorrows from thy Friend.
When, gently raising up his drooping Head,
Thus, with a Sigh, the sad *Patroclus* said.
Godlike *Achilles*, *Peleus* valiant Son!
Of all our Chiefs, the greatest in Renown:
Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their Woes,
Nor Triumph now the *Greeks* sustain such loss!
To Pity let thy generous Breast incline,
And show thy Mind is, like thy Birth, Divine.
For all the valiant Leaders of their Host,
Or Wounded lye, or are in Battel lost.
Ulysses great in Arms, and *Diomede*,
Languish with Wounds, and in the Navy bleed:
This common Fate great *Agamemnon* shares,
And stern *Eurypylus*, renown'd in Wars.
Whilst powerful Drugs th' experienc'd Artists try,
And to their Wounds apt Remedies apply:

Easing th' afflicted *Heroes* with their Skill,
Thy Breast alone remains implacable!
What, will thy Fury thus for ever last!
Let present Woes attone for Injuries past:
How can thy Soul retain such lasting Hate!
Thy Virtues are as useless, as they're great.
What injur'd Friend from thee shall hope redress!
That will not aid the *Greeks* in such distress:
Useless is all the Valour that you boast,
Deform'd with Rage, with sullen Fury lost.
Could Cruelty like thine from *Peleus* come,
Or be the Off-spring of fair *Thetis* Womb! [forth,
Thee raging Seas, thee boist'rous Waves brought
And to obdurate Rocks thou ow'st thy Birth!
Thy stubborn Nature still retains their Kind,
So hard thy Heart, so savage is thy Mind.
But if thy boading Breast admits of fear,
Or dreads what sacred Oracles declare!
What awful *Thetis* in the Courts above,
Receiv'd from the unerring Mouth of *Jove!*
If so-----Let me the threat'ning Dangers face,
And Head the Warlike Squadrons in thy place:
Whilst me thy valiant *Myrmidons* obey,
We yet may turn the Fortune of the day.
Let me in thy distinguish'd Arms appear,
With all thy dreadful Equipage of War:
That when the *Trojans* our Approaches view,
Deceiv'd, they shall retreat, and think 'tis you.
Thus from the Rage of an insulting Host,
We may retrieve that Fame the *Greeks* have lost,
Vigorous, and fresh, th' unequal Fight renew,
And from our Navy force the drooping Foe;
O'er harras'd Men an easie Conquest gain,
And drive the *Trojans* to their Walls again.

A SONG. *By*——

MAY the Ambitious ever find
Succeſs in Crouds and Noiſe,
While gentle Love does fill my Mind
With ſilent real Joys.

II.

May Knaves and Fools grow Rich and Great,
And the World think 'em wiſe;
While I lye dying at her Feet,
And all the World deſpiſe.

III.

Let Conquering Kings new Triumphs raiſe,
And melt in Court Delights:
Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
Her Arms much ſofter Nights.

An EPISTLE *to Mr.* B——

By Mr. Fr. Knapp, *of* Magdalen *College in* Oxford,

Dear Friend,

I Hear that you, of late, are grown
One of thoſe ſqueamiſh Criticks of the Town,
That think they have a Licenſe to abuſe,
Each honeſt Author, that pretends to Muſe.
But be advis'd; why ſhould you ſpend your time
In Heath'niſh Satyr, 'cauſe a Fool will Rhime?
Poor harmleſs *W*-----*ly*! let him write again,
Be pitied in his old Heroic Strain;
Let him in Reams proclaim himſelf a Dunce,
And break a dozen Stationers at once.
What is't to you? Why ſhou'd you take't amiſs
If *Grubſtreet*'s ſtock'd with Tenants, if the Preſs

Is hugely ply'd, and labours to produce
Some mighty Folio, for the Chandler's uſe?
Let *Grubſtreet* ſcribble on, nor need you care
Though ev'ry Garret held a Poet there.
You know, that are acquainted with the Town,
How the poor Tribe are worry'd up and down:
How penſively the hungry Authors ſit,
And, in their upper Regions, ſtrain for Wit.
Such a poor tatter'd Small-Beer Herd they're grown,
That ſcarce an Author from his Hawker's known:
No jolly Carbuncle through all the Race
Appears, to juſtifie a Poet's Face.
This a ſufficient Penance ſeems to me
For *H---den*'s Droll, or *S----tle*'s Tragedy.
Is't not enough to ſtarve for Writing ill,
That they ne'er Dine, but when they Smoak a Meal;
That their Works only ſerve to wipe, or twine
A Candle, or ſome feeble Banbox line?
Conſider, and let Charity prevail,
What Chriſtian Critick can have Heart to Rail
At ſuch poor Rogues as theſe? Beſides, you know
A true ſtanch Poet can't Reform, what though
His Works have furniſh'd a Lampoon or two?
They that have once in Print proclaim'd their Name,
Are ſenſeleſs all of Juſtice, as of Shame,
And none but Stationers ſhould Rail at them.
Had e'er the Lewdeſt of 'em all the Grace
Or Conſcience, to Repent of making Verſe?
For other Sins they feel Remorſe ſometimes,
But ſure no Poet e'er had Qualms for Rhimes;
Alas! no wholſom Counſel can be us'd
By a poor harden'd Wretch, when once *Bemus'd*:
Then don't inhumanly your Pains miſ-ſpend
On Reprobates, that you can never mend.
Had we a Parliament diſpos'd to lay
A Tax on Metre, or invent ſome way,
In Grand Committee call'd, to regulate
This among other Grievances of State;

Then you might hope to hear an Act would pass
To limit all this Hackney jingling Race,
And order some Commissioners to find
Which way their Genius chiefly is inclin'd,
See how it stands affected to a Muse,
And as their Talents lye, their Business chuse.
When a poor Thief to *Tyburn*'s drawn, to be
There made a Pendulum for Gallow Tree,
Let *D---- y* then his woful Exit sing,
And with, *Good People all give ear*, begin.
In gentle Ditty tenderly relate
The inconvenience of his sudden Fate.
Not must judicious R------*r* be forgot,
Let him for Madrigals compose a Plot.
Let *Jonny C-----n* in mild Acrosticks deal,
His wondrous Skill in Anagram reveal;
Let him in petty Verse describe his Flame,
And edge his Sonnet with his Mistress Name;
Stop Thief the Warbling Musick shall prolong,
Stop Thief shall be the burden of the Song.
And R------*r* too (for he above the rest
Is richly with a double Talent blest,)
Let him, for deep Reflections long renown'd,
Be lawful Critick through all *Grubstreet* own'd,
To be the Judge of each Suburbian Lay,
If their Acrosticks all the Rules obey,
Compos'd according to the Ancient way;
If Felon does with as much Decence swing
In Metre, as he did before in String.

I grant you such a Course as this might do
To make 'em humbly Treat of what they know,
Not vent'ring further than their Brains will go.
But what should I do then, for ever spoil'd
Of this Diversion which frail Authors yield?
I should no more on *D-----n*'s Counter meet
Bards that are deeply skill'd in Rhime and Feet;
For I am Charm'd with easie Nonsence more,
Than all the Wit that Men of Sense adore:

With fear I view Great *Dryden*'s hallow'd Page,
With fear I view it, and I read with Rage.
I'm all with Fear, with Grief, and Love poſſeſt,
Tears in my Eyes, and Anguiſh in my Breaſt;
While I with Mourning *Antony* repine,
And all the Hero's Miſeries are mine.
If I read *Edgar*, then my Soul's at peace,
Lull'd in a lazy ſtate of thoughtleſs eaſe.
No Paſſion's ruffled by the peaceful Lay,
No Stream, no Depth, to hurry me away;
R-----r in both Profeſſions harmleſs proves,
Nor Wounds when Critick, nor when Poet moves.
But you condemn ſuch lifeleſs Poetry,
And wildly talk of nothing elſe to me
But Spirit, Flame, Rapture, and Extaſie;
Strange Myſtick things, I underſtand no more
Then Laity *Pax Tecum* did of Yore.
Therefore pray Pardon, if I rail at Senſe,
And plead for Blockheads in my own Defence;
For whom I have a thouſand Things to ſay,
Which you muſt wait for 'till another Day.
Forgive me if I'm too abrupt, you know
I never was Methodical like you;
I have no Rule to make an end but one,
For when my Paper's out, my Letter's done.
So once Lay-Vicars, in the Days of *Noll*,
When ſaintly *Peters* did in Pulpits droll;
By Hour-Glaſs ſet their Sermons, and the Flock
Might ſafely ſnore in ſpight of Zealous Knock;
'Till the laſt kind releaſing Sand was run,
But when the Glaſs was out, the Cant was done.

To MYRA.

A great Flood having destroyed the Fruits of the Ground and the Corn every where in her Neighbourhood but upon her own Land.

By Mr. George Granville.

WHAT Hands Divine have planted and protect,
The Torrent spares, and Deluges respect;
So when the Waters o'er the World were spread,
Cov'ring the Oaks, and ev'ry Mountain's Head;
The chosen *Noah* sail'd within his Ark,
Nor durst the Waves o'erwhelm the sacred Bark.
The Charming *Myra* is no less, we find,
The Favourite of Heav'n, than of Mankind:
The Gods like Rivals, imitate our Care,
And vie with Mortals to oblige the Fair;
These Favours thus bestow'd on her alone,
Are but the Homage which they sent her down.
Oh *Myra*, may thy Virtue from above
Be Crown'd with Blessings, endless as my Love.

CANONIZATION.

By Mr. J. DONNE.

FOR God's sake hold your Tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my Palsie, or my Gout,
My five grey Hairs, or ruin'd Fortunes flout,
With Wealth your State, your Mind with Arts improve;
Take you a Course, get you a Place,
Observe his Honour or his Grace,
Or the King's real, or his stamped Face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me Love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my Love?
What Merchants Ships have my Sighs drown'd?
Who says my Tears have overflow'd his Ground?
When did my Colds a forward Spring remove?
When did the Heats which my Reins fill,
Add one Man to the plaguy Bill?
Soldiers find Wars, and Lawyers find out still
Litigious Men, whom Quarrels move,
While she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by Love;
Call her one, me another Fly,
W'are Tapers too, and at our own Cost die,
And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove,
The Phœnix Riddle hath more Wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutral Thing both Sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this Love.

We can die by it, if not live by Love,
And if unfit for Tomb or Hearse
Our Legend be, it will be fit for Verse;
And if no piece of Chronicle we prove,
We'll build in Sonnets pretty Rooms.
As well a well-wrought Urn becomes
The greatest Ashes, as Half-acre Tombs,
And by those Hymns all shall approve
Us *Canoniz'd* for Love:

And thus invoke us; you whom reverend Love
Made one another's Hermitage;
You to whom Love was Peace, that now is Rage,
Who did the whole World's Soul contract, and drove
Into the Glasses of your Eyes
So made such Mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you Epitomize,
Countries, Towns, Courts, beg from above
A Pattern of your Love.

A FEVER.

By the same Hand.

OH do not die, for I shall hate
All Women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know,
To leave this World behind, is Death,
But when thou from this World wilt go,
The whole World vapours in thy Breath.

Or if, when thou, the World's Soul, goest,
It stay, 'tis but thy Carcass then,
The fairest Woman, but thy Ghost,
But corrupt Worms, the worthiest Men.

O wrangling Schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this World, had none the Wit
Unto this Knowledge to aspire,
That this her Fever might be it!

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long endure this torturing Wrong,
For more Corruption needful is
To fuel such a Fever long.

These burning Fits but Meteors be,
Whose Matter in thee soon is spent.
Thy Beauty, and all Parts, which are thee,
Are an unchangeable Firmament.

And here as my Mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever;
Yet I had rather Owner be
Of thee one Hour, than all else ever.

BREAK of DAY.

By the same Hand.

STAY, O Sweet, and do not rise,
The Light that shines, comes from thine Eyes;
The Day breaks not, it is my Heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my Joys will die,
And perish in their Infancy.

II.

'Tis true, 'tis Day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis Light?
Did we lie down, because 'twas Night?
Love which in spight of Darkness brought us hither,
Should in despight of Light keep us together.

III.

Light hath no Tongue, but is all Eye,
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my Heart and Honour so,
That I would not from her, that had them, go.

IV.

Must Business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of Love,
The poor, the foul, the false Love can
Admit, but not the busied Man.
He which hath Business, and makes Love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married Man doth woo.

TWICKNAM *Garden.*

By the same Hand.

BLasted with Sighs, and surrounded with Tears,
Hither I come to seek the Spring,
And at mine Eyes, and at mine Ears,
Receive such Balm as else cures every thing:
But O, Self-traitor, I do bring
The Spider Love which transubstantiates all,
And can convert Manna to Gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere wholesomer for me, that Winter did
Benight the Glory of this Place,
And that a grave Frost did forbid
These Trees to laugh, and mock me to my Face;
But since I cannot this Disgrace
Indure, nor leave this Garden, Love let me
Some senseless piece of this Place be;
Make me a Mandrake, so I may grow here,
Or a stone Fountain weeping out my Year.

Hither with crystal Vials, Lovers come,
And take my Tears, which are Love's Wine,
And try your Mistress Tears at home,
For all are false, that taste not just like mine;
Alas Hearts, do not in Eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge Womens Thoughts by Tears,
Than by her Shadow, what she wears.
O perverse Sex, where none is true but she,
Who's therefore true because her Truth kills me.

Confined LOVE.

By the same Hand.

SOME Man unworthy to be Possessor
Of old or new Love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his Pain and Shame would be lesser,
If on Womankind he might his Anger wreak,
And thence a Law did grow,
One might but one Man know;
But are other Creatures so?

Are Sun, Moon, or Stars by Law forbidden
To smile where they list, or bend away their Light?
Are Birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their Meat, or lie abroad all Night?
Beasts do no Jointures lose
Though they new Lovers chuse,
But we are made worse than those.

Who e'er rigg'd fair Ships to lie in Harbours,
And not to seek Lands, or not to deal with all?
Or built fair Houses, set Trees, and Arbours,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with Greediness.

LOVES ALCHYMY.

By the same Hand.

SOme that have deeper digg'd Love's Mine than I,
Say, where his centrick Happiness doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, 'till I were old

I should not find that hidden Mystery;
Oh, 'tis Imposture all:
And as no Chymick yet th' Elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant Pot,
If by the way to him befal
Some odoriferous Thing, or medicinal,
So, Lovers dream a rich and long Delight,
But get a Winter-seeming-summer's Night.

Our Ease, our Thrift, our Honour, and our Day,
Shall we, for this vain bubles Shadow pay?
Ends Love in this, that my Man
Can be as happy as I can; if he can
Endure the short Scorn of a Bridegroom's Play?
That loving Wretch that swears,
'Tis not the Bodies marry, but the Minds,
Which he in her Angelick finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that Days rude hoarse minstrelsey, the Spheares.
Hope not for Mind in Women, at their best
Sweetness and Wit, they are but *Mummy* possest.

BATT upon BATT.

To the Laud and Praise of Bartholomew Kempster, *Clerk, Poet, and Cutler, of* Holy-Roods *in* Southampton.

By Dr. SPEED *Physician at* Southampton. *Written in the Year* 1679.

HAD I! O had I! *Batt*, thy Face and Throat,
Could I betune the Flock with such sweet Note,
Could I with equal Metre *Hopkins* fit,
Out-*Sternhold Sternhold*, *Wisdom* eke outwit;
Then would I venture to set forth thy Praise,
And rob Church-Pews to crown thy Head with Bays,

Or had I for thy ſake the Triple-ſconce
Of *Cerberus*, to bark three ways at once,
Clerk, Poet, Cutler, Baw, waw, waw, beſides
That Cardinal Virtue, for on Mules it rides,
Patience I mean, in which thou doſt excel,
As all thy Neighbours, and thy Wife, can tell;
Three Trumps then would I ſound to thy Renown,
And from thy Fame immortalize my own.
Ingenious *Batt!* by Trade and Nature fit,
To ſet an Edge both on our Knives and Wit.
Vulcan, they ſay, made mighty Arms for *Mars*,
(Cuckolds are kind) but he ne'er made a Verſe.
Apollo he made Verſes, but in's Life
I never heard that e'er he made a Knife.
Now *Batt* does all that both theſe Gods could do;
Hammers out Verſes, and hard Iron too.
To ſheath ſtrong Senſe in Metaphorick Words,
Is but the making Scabbards for his Swords.
He is a two-fac'd Pump, whoſe Spouts do run
Smith's Water one way, t'other Helicon.
Have you not ſeen the thing our Butler uſes,
With cabin'd Belly, things call'd double Cruiſes?
The right ſide Vinegar, the left holds Oil;
The Emblem's *that* of Wit, and *this* of Toil.
Such is the Skull of *Batt*, in which the Brains
Are parted into Poetry and Pains.
He writes and works ſo equally, you'd think
One Cheek were black'd with Smoak, t'other with Ink.
Thrice happy Temper! for what makes our Life
More pleaſant than a good Wit and good Knife?
Without their Help, who can good *Chriſtmas* keep?
Our Teeth would Water, and our Eyes would weep:
Hunger and Dulneſs would invade our Feaſts,
Did not *Batt* find us Arms againſt ſuch Gueſts.
He is the cunning Engineer whoſe Skill
Makes Tools to carve the Gooſe, and ſhape the Quill.
Fancy and Wit unto our Meals ſupplies;
Carols, and not mine'd Meat, make *Chriſtmas* Pies.

'Tis Mirth, not Dishes, sets a Table off;
Brutes and Phanaticks eat and never laugh.
What Man of Teeth then can be so ingrate,
To slice Roast-beef and not remember *Batt?*
When Brawn with Powdred Wig comes swaggering in,
And mighty Sergeant ushers in the Chine,
What ought a wise Man first to think upon?
Have I my Tools? if not I am undone:
For 'tis a Law concerns both Saint and Sinner,
That he that hath no Knife must have no Dinner.
So he falls on; Pig, Goose and Capon feel
The Goodness of his Stomach, and *Batt*'s Steel.
In such fierce Frays, alas, there no Remorse is;
All Flesh is Grass, which makes Men eat like Horses:
But when the Battle's done, off goes the Hat,
And each Man sheaths, with God-a-mercy *Batt.*
So when the Mistress cannot hit the Joint,
Which proves sometimes, you know, a difficult Point,
Think on a Cuckold, straight the Gossips cry:
But think on *Batt*'s good Carving-Knife, say I;
That still nicks sure, without Offence and Scandal:
Dull Blades may be beholding to their Handle;
But those *Batt* makes are all so sharp, they scorn
To be so charmed by his Neighbour's Horn.
When I the Edges of his Ware have seen,
(Seen they could not be, they were all so keen)
When I have found their Temper all so good,
From the long Rapier to the Oyster-spud;
Happy, thrice happy 'tis, I us'd to say,
For all Mankind, who wish for length of Day,
That *Batt* no Cutler is unto the Fates,
His Sheers would cut our Threads off at strange Rates:
Snip---'tis no more; there's Work for *Batt*, and die
We must, to find him Cakes and Elegy.
O mortal Men! is eating all you do
At Christ-tide? or the making Sing-songs? No:
Our *Batt* can dance, play at high Jinks with Dice,
At any Primitive Orthodoxal Vice,

Shooing the wild Mare, tumbling the young Wenches,
Drinking all Night, and sleeping on the Benches,
I'll say that for him, were he to be hang'd,
He is as true a Blade as ever twang'd.
Shew me a Man can shuffle fair, and cut,
Yet always have three Treys in hand at Putt:
Shew me a Man can turn up Noddy still,
And deal himself three Fives too when he will:
Concludes with One and Thirty and a Pair,
Never fails Ten in Stock, and yet plays fair.
If *Batt* be not that Wight, I lose my Aim;
If any else pretend unto the same,
And say we dare not match him for a Pot,
They lye-----provided *Batt*'s Wife knew it not.

Hark the Bells toll at *Holy-Roods*, away
To Church, this is *Batt*'s Exercising-day.
He's sallied out from Sign of Pole and Bason,
With Clergy-cloak, clean Band, and Sunday-face on:
Some commend Eunuchs chanting in the Quire,
But how they should learn Prick-song, I admire.
Some praise their Skill who in white Surplice sing
Fa, la, fa, sol, Anthems, or some such thing;
But let them not our smutty Clerk despise;
Blackbirds still whistle better than Magpies.
Their charming Trills and Thrombo's must give place
To the melodious Consort of *Batt*'s Face;
Where Eyes and Nose, Mouth, Beard and Chin agree
In each sweet Note, a Quire themselves they be;
And better Musick it most times appears
To *see* his Strains, than *hear* the best of theirs.

Then at the godly Twang, the two last Staves,
Without which Service is but done by halves:
Compar'd to him, what are they? such a thing
As is his Bell-rope to a Fiddle-string;
No more like him for Goggle, Snuff, and Groan,
Than blind Batt is to *Batt*, with four Eyes on.

Search the Cathedrals, Colleges and Halls,
All Churches, Chappels, Meeting-houses, Stalls;

Summon all Men of edifying Voice,
From Deans and Chapters, to the Singing-boys,
Chaplain, and Vicar, Lecturers to boot:
Nay, that our Challenge may be brave and stout,
Take in th' Apprentice by Indenture bound,
On every Sabbath-day the seven Years round,
To spell his Master fast asleep, and then
Hem----till he wakes, and gaping, cries-----Amen.
If any (bar Mistakes) with greater Pace
Can read the Chapters, let 'em take *Batt*'s Place.
Well then, put on thy Eyes and look about thee:
Do what we can, we can do nought without thee:
Let's woo and woo, and gain Good-will, What then?
It comes to nothing till thou say Amen.
No Woman can be Church'd, till *Batt* appear;
A Christening is no Christening, 'less he's there.
Without his help, *Moll*, *Betty*, *Tom*, and *Will*,
Sweet Babes, God knows had all been Cakebread still.
If any well-disposed Person is-sick,
Batt's sent to: Collects cheaper are than Physick;
To say the Truth on't, *Batt*, no Man can be
With Credit hang'd, without thy Faculty:
For who without a *Psalm* doth take a Swing,
Dies like a Dog; hang him, he would not sing;
But who turns off in time, 's a proper Man,
And, *Batt*, thy Knife may cut him down again.
Nay, were I to be buried for my Life,
And all the learned Parish-Clerks at Strife
Who should the Shovel shake, *Batt* should be he,
Or else be buried who would for me.
He can go through the Work, and close my Grave
Not with Dust only, but an Epitaph.
Then, in a Word, he is the noblest Blade
That ever grac'd the Wheel, and Whetstone Trade;
The Organ of our Church, the greatest Lay-man
That ever solemnly squeez'd out an A-men.
He is the Wit, the Mirth, Religion,
The very Life and Death of the whole Town.

He is-----Hold, Muſe! *Batt's Batt*, and ſo will be;
Should I ſay more, 'twould be Battologie.

The VISION.

HOld, hold my Head! O *Jove*, thou know'ſt my [pain,
When *Vulcan* was Man-Midwife to thy Brain,
As *Batt*, the better Workman is to mine;
Batt! thou that mak'ſt all the whole Pariſh whine;
Come, tune my Fancy, as thou doſt the Pſalms,
And with thy Bellows raiſe Poetick Flames.
No Inkhorn will I dip in but thy Mouth,
Where Wool, black Wool, fit for ſad purpoſe grow'th:
But leſt the doleful Theme ſhould make it dry,
We'll ſet, that's Mourning too, a black Pot by.
Bright *Sol*, with Perriwig of curled Carrot,
And a Face laccar'd o'er like to his Chariot,
The cheerful Author of all Wit and Light,
But what the Bell-man ſtalks with in the Night,
Had drove the Stage-Coach to the place of reſt,
Dreſt all his Horſes, and himſelf undreſt,
With Night's black Stocking had becapt his Head,
And ſoftly crept to Madam *Thetis* Bed:
Where what he did, I think I need not name;
We Mortals, by his Influence, do the ſame.
'Twas then, juſt then, ſoft Slumber ſeiz'd mine Eye,
I wink'd, and winking Men moſt Viſions ſpie:
When to my Fancy (what can't Fancy do?)
Appear'd a * Satyr, ſad and full of Woe:
Bald was his Crown, and briſtly was his Beard;
I ſaw no Horns, but he was over-ear'd.
Grief had ſo ſunk his Eyes, that through each Hole
Methought I could look quite thorough to his Pole.
In his Dark-lanthorn-face, Noſe ſtood for Handle,
And a white Tooth ſupply'd the Inch of Candle.
A Cloak upon one Shoulder hangs as thin,
But not ſo black as was the Wearer's Skin:

* Batt's *Perſon deſcribed.*

To which compar'd, Charcoal and Jet seem'd wan;
'Twould make deep Mourning for an *African*.
A piece of dirty stretching Leather fac'd
His Breast; an Apron, or his Conscience was't?
He drivell'd Ink, from Nostrils Tar distill'd,
Pis's'd Coffee, and with Pis's his Hose full-fill'd.
No Fumes from sooty Hypochondria sent,
Could a more dismal Vision represent.
At first Approach, in Sweat and Fear I laid,
And softly *Fee faa fumm* thrice over said.
Enchanted so, Devil, what art? I cry'd;
Your very humble Servant, he reply'd.
I am the God of Wit in Masquerade,
The grand Improver of the Rhyming Trade.
Mechanick Fancy, a true *Greshamite*,
One that can sing, file, hammer, and indite.
Or if you would in Modern Language know it,
I am a Philo-pyro-technical Poet.
Surcease to wonder, reaking Mortals, that-here
I do appear in Elegiack Tatter.
Grief, Grief 'tis brings me unto thee to wait,
Both as chief Mourner for *Batt*'s dearest Mate,
And to complain of this ungrateful Town,
Which lets a Matron of so good Renown,
An Alderwoman of the sacred Hill,
Die, withoute Tribute from each Goose's Quill:
One at whose Grave all Muses ought to meet,
Like Swans, with paper Breasts and inky Feet,
And with sweet Ballad crown her godly Life,
The common Right of every Poet's Wife.
Hampton, O *Hampton*, in the Days of yore,
The lawful Pride of all the Southern Shore,
With all Advantages of Nature grac'd,
Betwixt the Arms of fair *Antona* plac'd,
Guarded by Forests both on Land and Sea,
From Storms, and Man the ruder Enemy,
By *Neptune* and his *Argonauts* caress'd,
And all that were in black Tarpawlin dress'd.

Admir'd for Beauty, but for Riches more;
For nothing can be handsome that is poor.
Fertile in Men of Valour and loud Fame,
In Knights and Giants, as thy Gates proclaim,
And gentle Poets, without whom those Wights
Had got but little Honour by their Fights.
Upon thy Banks fam'd * *Sternhold* did compose
Those two last Staves which *Batt* so oft doth Nose.
Batt to thy Altars too sweet Metre brings:
And makes as learned Anthems as he sings.
Here once each Tradesman could both work and write;
As Cobblers whistle at it, they'd indite,
Invention was so pregnant, that oft-times
Men would talk Poetry that could not Rhymes.
Poems were ‡ pasted up in every Hall,
As thick and thin as Cobwebs on the Wall.
Here you might view *Haman* in all his Pride,
Us'd like a Rogue, hang'd and then dittified.
Or the two Elders, Poets in their time,
Tempting *Susanna* in *Battock* Rhyme.
Each Kitchin, Parlor, Chamber, were all dress'd here
With *Sampson*, *Joseph*, *Daniel*, or Queen *Hester*.
No Room was thought well furnish'd for Converse,
'Till hung with Buckram Paint, and Buckram Verse.
Nay, I have seen a Ballad, full of Wit,
Tore down to singe a Goose upon the Spit.
Bless'd Town! where did the Gods e'er grant before
That Men might all be Poets, and not poor? [That
A Happiness ne'er in *Parnassus* known,
Nor couldst thou, *Hampton*, call it long thy own:
For Age, who like a Blood-hound, Glory traces,
And destroys Towns as well as handsome Faces,
Hath made thee poor and dull like other Places.
Imp'd with swift Wings, thy Beauty's fled away,
The very Ruins of thy Pride decay.

---

* Sternhold *born in* Hampton.

‡ *Formerly every House had several sacred Rhymes in it.*

Thy Gates are mouldred, the Portcullis shew'th,
Like rotten Teeth in an old Woman's Mouth.
Walls, Forts, and Towers into their Trenches slide;
The Castle looks like a Nose Frenchify'd;
As though in vain the * *Monsieur* heretofore
Had made thee shift thy Lodging for a Cure.
Whither are all thy winged Lovers flown,
The mighty Carracks, and great Gallion,
With all that numerous Train which did resort
In Marine Coaches to thy crowded Port?
They cease their Courtship now, and only own
Thou hast been once a rich and handsome Town:
But Time hath put a Period to those Days:
Farewel----When Miss grows old, the Gallant strays.
Nor art thou Bankrupt grown only in Trade,
But oh, thy very Wits too are decay'd.
Whither are now thy Race of Chimers gone,
Thy Quibble Squires, and Knights of *Helicon?*
All the Wit-Jobbers are quite broke they say,
Here's scarce one left that can at Crambo play,
Nothing of Wit or Poetry remains,
But thread-bare Coats, no Mony, and crack'd Brains.
Oh, Heavens, how strange these Alterations are!
Shall we want Ballads in a Country Fair?
The merry † Fidlers long since left the Town,
And now of late the Gallows is broke down;
Which by the ancient Charter still did use
To furnish Matter for the Tragick Muse.
No wonder then if Poetry decay,
When such Encouragements are ta'en away.
There was a time when not a Dog could die
Within these Walls, † without an Elegy.
A Dog of Note, I mean, not every Dog
Bred up to tug the nasty Tail of Hog;

---

* *The Town burnt twice by the* French.

‡ *There was formerly Musick for the Mayor and Town.*

† Batt *made an Elegy upon Captain* Narbon's *Dog* Quand.

But such as *Quand*, who liv'd in genteel Fashion,
And dy'd as Genteels do, of || Recreation.
But at *Megg*'s Grave they now all Silence keep,
As though they fear'd to wake her from her Sleep:
Not all the Market will afford a Verse
To pin upon a Sifter Poet's Hearse.
Poet by Marriage, so she claims that Honour,
As Madam hers, by a Knight's lying on her.
Nay, ‡ *Batt* himself stands mute, as dull and dead,
As Friar *Bacon*'s thrice neglected Head.
That Son of Fancy, got in Raptures, he,
Whose Life and Living is all Poetry,
Who suck'd *Prosodia* from his Mother's Teat,
'Till like a Caterpillar he was all Feet:
A walking Ode, a Hymn of Ekes and Ayes,
Whose Pulse is but the scanning of his Days;
He who ne'er speaks nor thinks, but in true time,
Farts Epigrams, and snores 'em too in Rhyme;
He standeth dissinspir'd, and some suppose
Intends to take his leave of her in Prose.

A tame wild Beast of late, knowing he must,
When he grew fat, be damn'd to Pasty-crust,
Chose a more noble Fate, and licking in
Poison, prevented the Cook's Rowling-pin.
Heroick Act! which noble * *Batt* did scorn
(Hoping to be rewarded with a Horn)
Should unbewail'd in Rhyme Heroick go:
And could not his own Dear oblige him so?
Must *Megg*, the Wife of *Batt*, aged Eighty,
Deceas'd *November* thirteenth, seventy three,
Be cast, like common Dust, into the Pit,
Without one Line of Monumental Wit?
One Death's-head Distich, or Mortality-staff,
With Sense enough for Church-yard Epitaph?

|| *The Dog died of a Clap.*
‡ Batt *made no Elegy upon his Wife.*
* Batt *made an Elegy upon Captain* Narbon's *Buck.*

No ſtirrup-Verſe at Grave before ſhe go!
Batt doth not uſe to part at Taverns ſo.
Grief here prevailing, ſtruck the Satyr dumb,
Who twiſting hard his dropping Noſe with Thumb,
Like one that turns a Conduit-cock about,
To let the Water guſh more freely out:
Methought I wept too then, and ſighing ſaid,
Courage, kind Gobling, though the Times are bad,
And Wit's as ſcarce as Mony, yet no doubt
Fame will provoke ſome worthy Poet out,
Who from her Story will renown his Pen.
He kindly bow'd, and ſmiling ſaid *Amen.*
At which I woke, as Men at Sermons uſe,
And heard || *Batt* knocking at the Door for Dues.

A Song for St. Cecilia's *Day*, 1690.

Written by Tho. Shadwell. *Eſq; and Compos'd by Mr.* King.

O Sacred Harmony, prepare our Lays,
While on *Cecilia*'s Day, we ſing your Praiſe,
From Earth to Heav'n our warbling Voices raiſe!

II.

Join all ye glorious Inſtruments around,
The yielding Air with your Vibrations wound,
And fill Heav'n's Conclave with the mighty Sound.

III.

You did at firſt the warring Atoms join,
Made Qualities moſt oppoſite combine,
While Diſcords did with pleaſing Concords twine.

IV.

The Univerſe you fram'd, you ſtill ſuſtain;
Without you what in Tune does now remain
Wou'd jangle into *Chaos* once again.

|| Batt *collects the Parſon's Dues.*

V.

It does your moſt tranſcendent Glory prove,
That, to compleat immortal Joys above,
There muſt be Harmony to crown their Love,

VI.

Dirges with Sorrow ſtill inſpire
The doleful and lamenting Quire,
With ſwelling Hearts and flowing Eyes,
They ſolemnize their Obſequies;
For Grief they frequent Diſcords chuſe,
Long Bindings and Chromaticks uſe.
Organs and Viols ſadly Groan
To the Voice's diſmal Tone.

VII.

If Love's gentle Paſſions we
Expreſs, there muſt be Harmony;
We touch the ſoft and tender Flute,
The ſprinkling and melodious Lute,
When we deſcribe the tickling Smart
Which does invade a Love-ſick Heart:
Sweet Nymphs in pretty Murmurs plain,
All chill and panting with the pleaſing Pain,
Which can be eas'd by nothing but the Swain.

VIII.

If Poets, in a lofty Epic Strain,
Some ancient-noble Hiſtory recite,
How Heroes love, and puiſſant Conquerors fight,
Or how on cruel Fortune they complain:
Or if a Muſe the Fate of Empires ſings,
The Change of Crowns, the Riſe and Fall of Kings:

CHORUS.

'Tis ſacred Muſick does impart
Life and Vigour to the Art;
It makes the dumb-Poetic Pictures breath,
Victor's and Poet's Names it ſaves from Death.

IX.

How does the thund'ring Martial Song
Provoke the Military Throng!

The Haut-Boys and the Warlike Fife,
With Clamors of the Deafning Drum,
Make Peafants bravely hazard Life,
And quicken thofe whom Fears benum!
The Clangor of the Trumpet's Sound
Fills all the dufty Place around,
And does from neighb'ring Hills rebound:
Iö triumph when we fing,
We make the trembling Valleys ring.

Grand CHORUS.

All Inftruments and Voices fit the Quire,
While we enchanting Harmony admire.
What mighty Wonders by our Art are taught,
What Miracles by facred Numbers wrought
On Earth: In Heav'n, no Joys are perfect found,
Till by Celeftial Harmony they're crown'd.

LOVE's MARTYR.

A *Lexis*, inftead of a Tear and a Kifs,
Wou'd yefterday Hector me out of a Bliss;
He vow'd, if his *Chloris* he might not enjoy,
Himfelf, in revenge, wou'd *Alexis* deftroy.
I fmil'd at his Paffion, and, in the next Grove,
I bade him go expiate this Sin of his Love.
Tho' he blufh'd firft, and ftarted; yet kiffing my Hand,
Like Light'ning he flew to obey my Command.
But I, for his fake, will never again
Make Wounds that admit a Self-cure to their Pain.
But I, for, &c.

I trac'd his warm Steps; indeed I was loth
The pettifh young Shepherd fhou'd keep his rafh Oath:
I follow'd him, till my *Alexis* I found
A gafping for Breath upon the cold Ground,

Like Winter's bright Ornament, thawing away,
So fair and so beauteously dying he lay;
For I easily saw, by his trembling, and starting,
And quickness of Breathing, my Love was departing.
With that I cry'd out, I will never again
Make Wounds that admit a Self-cure to their Pain.
With that I cry'd out, &c.

When I in this desperate Fit did him view,
It soft'ned me so, methought I cou'd die too:
But e'er I cou'd hasten to him through the Bushes,
My succouring Flame b'ing o'er-aw'd by my Blushes,
I rustled i'th' Myrtles, as who wou'd have said,
Behold here an equally languishing Maid.
But all was in vain; for, alas! I did find
That *Cupid* is deaf too, as well as he's blind.
I sate down and wept, to see the fond Swain
Too far on his way, to be call'd back again.
I sate down and wept, &c.

By this time his Spirits and Sight were so failing,
My penitent Tears were nothing availing;
I purpos'd to quit my Life, though not my Shame,
When at his last Breath he call'd out on my Name:
Ah, Chloris! though dying, yet smiling, he said,
Thy Forces come now too late to my Aid.
For just as he spy'd me, like Snow at the Sun,
He melted away-----The Youth's Business was done.
But I, for his sake, will never again
Make Wounds that admit a Self-cure to their Pain.
But I, for, &c.

GOOD ADVICE.

TO take in good part the Squeeze of the *Hand*,
(The *Language* of *Lovers* that dare not demand)
And when with another as close and as hard,
You have made him believe there's nothing debar'd;
Then to tell him a Tale of a *Cock* and a *Bull*,
That you meant no such thing, and play'd but the
Faith-----*Madam*, *to undeceive ye*, [Fool.
For all your Pretences,
And idle Defences,
The World will never believe ye.

II.

The tread of the Toe to admit, and be free
To answer again with a Toe-Repartee,
To express with her Eyes her inward Desires;
And thus with false Hopes to kindle his Fires,
Yet after all this to wheedle demurely,
'Twas nothing of Love, but Civility purely;
Faith--*Madam*, *to undeceive ye*,
For all your Pretences,
And idle Defences,
The World will never believe ye.

III.

To let him enjoy the Amorous Blisses,
Of feeling your Breasts, and passionate Kisses;
And with the same Passion to kiss him again,
And make him believe you'll ease all his Pain;
Yet after all this, your Lover to balk,
For fear of the World, and the Peoples odd talk;
Faith---*Madam*, *hear my short Speech*:
If he ask ye to do it,
Go privately to it,
And bid the World kiss your Breech.

The LANCASHIRE *SONG.*

IN *Lancaſhire*, where I was born,
And many a Cuckold bred;
I had not been Marry'd a quarter of a Year,
But the Horns grew on my Head.
With hei the Toe bent, and hie the Toe bent,
Sir Piercy *is under the Line*;
God ſave the good Earl of Shrewsbury,
For he's a good Friend of mine.

Doncaſter Mayor, he ſits in a Chair,
His Mills they merrily go,
His Noſe it doth ſhine, with drinking of Wine,
The Gout is in his great Toe.

But he that will fiſh for a *Lancaſhire* Laſs,
At any time or tide,
Muſt Bait his Hook with a good Egg Pie,
And an Apple with a red ſide.

He that Gallops his Horſe on *Blackſtone-edge*,
By chance may catch a fall;
My Lord *Mounteagle*'s Bears be dead,
His Jack-an-Apes and all.

At *Shipton* in *Craven* there's never a Haven,
Yet many a time foul Weather,
He that will not lye a fair Woman by,
I wiſh he were hang'd in Leather.

My Lady has loſt her left Leg hoſe,
So has ſhe done both her ſhoon;
She'll earn her Breakfaſt before ſhe riſe,
She'll lye elſe a Bed till Noon.

Joane Molton's Croſs is of no force,
Though many a Cuckold go by;
Let many a Man do all that he can,
Yet a Cuckold he ſhall die.

The good Wife o' the *Swan* has a Leg like a Man,
Full well it becomes her Hoſe;
She jets it apace with a very good Grace,
But falls back at the firſt Cloſe.

The Prior of *Cour-tree* made a great *Pudding-pie*,
His Monks cry'd Meat for a King;
If the Abbot of *Cheſter* do die before *Eaſter*,
Then *Banbury* Bells muſt Ring.

He that will a *Welch* Man catch,
Muſt watch when the Wind's i' the South,
And put in a Net a good piece of Roaſt Cheeſe,
And hang it cloſe to his Mouth.

And *Lancaſhire*, if thou be true,
As ever thou haſt been;
Go ſell thy old Whittle, and buy a new Fiddle,
And cry God ſave the Queen.

The LEATHER BOTTEL.

NOW God alone that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein,
The Ships that in the Sea do ſwim
To keep our Foes from coming in,
Then every one does what he can
All for the good Uſe of Man.
And I wiſh in Heaven his Soul may dwell
That firſt invented the Leather Bottel.

Now what d'ye ſay of Cans of Wood?
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good;
For when a Man for Beer doth ſend,
To have them full he doth intend;
The Bearer ſtumbles by the way,
And on the Ground the Beer doth lay;
Then doth the Man begin to Ban,
And ſwears 'twas long o'th' Wooden Can,
But had it been a Leather Bottel
It had not been ſo, for all had been well,
And ſafe therein the Drink would remain,
Until the Man got up again.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What do you ſay to Glaſſes fine?
Faith they ſhall have no Praiſe of mine;
For when a Man's at Table ſet,
And by him ſeveral ſorts of Meat,
The one loves Fleſh the other Fiſh;
Then with your Hand remove a Diſh,
Touch but the Glaſs upon the brim,
The Glaſs is broke and naught left in,
The Table-Cloath, though ne'er ſo fine,
Is ſoil'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine,
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall abuſe
A Servant may his Maſter loſe.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to the handled Pot?
No Praiſe of mine ſhall be his Lot,
For when a Man and Wife's at ſtrife,
(As many have been in their Life,)
They lay their Hands upon it both,
And break the ſame, although they're loth;
But woe to them ſhall bear the guilt,
Between them both the Liquor's ſpilt;
For which they ſhall anſwer another Day;
For caſting their Liquor ſo vainly away;

But if it had been Leather-bottell'd,
One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
Both might have tugg'd till their Hearts should break,
No harm the *Leather-Bottel* could take.
Then I wish, &c.

What say you to Flagons of Silver fine?
Why faith, they shall have no Praise of mine;
For when a Lord for Sack doth send,
To have them fill'd he doth intend;
The Man with the Flagon runs away,
And never is seen after that Day;
The Lord then begins to Swear and Ban,
For having lost both Flagon and Man;
But had it been either Page or Groom,
With a *Leather-Bottel* it had come home.
Then I wish, &c.

And when this Bottel is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out of the side you may cut a Clout
To mend your Shoes when they're worn out;
Then hang the rest upon a Pin,
Twill serve to put odd Trifles in;
As Candles ends, and Awls and Rings,
For young Beginners have such things.
Then I wish his Soul in Heaven may dwell,
That first devised the Leather-Bottel.

The MAIDEN's Longing.

A Maiden of late,
Whose Name was sweet *Kate*,
She dwelt in *London* near *Aldersgate*;
Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She wou'd have a *Child*, without help of a *Man*.

To a Doctor she came,
A Man of great Fame,
Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim,
Quoth she, Mr. Doctor, shew me, if you can,
How I may Conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth He,
Since so it must be,
This wondrous strange Med'cin I'll shew presently,
Take nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wood of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,
Well parboyl'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man,

The Love of false Harlots,
The Faith of false Varlets,
With the truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Nine drops of Rain
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight Quarts of Brimstone brew'd in a Beer Can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cins are good,
And approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood

Squeez'd from a Grashopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of a Man.

The HOBGOBLIN.

A Young Man lately in our Town,
He went to Bed one Night,
He had no sooner laid him down,
But was troubled with a Sprite;
So vigorously the Spirit stood,
Let him do what he can.
Sure then, he said,
It must be laid
By Woman, not by Man.

A handsome Maid did undertake,
And into the Bed she leap'd,
And to allay the Spirit's Power
Full close to him she crept;
She having such a Guardian care,
Her Office to discharge,
She open'd wide her Conjuring Book,
And laid the Leaves at large.

Her Office she did well perform,
Within a little space;
Then up she rose, and down he lay,
And durst not shew his Face.
She took her leave, and away she went
When she had done the Deed;
Saying, if't chance to come again,
Then send for me with speed.

Sir EGLAMORE.

SIR *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight,
With a fa la, lantire down dillie,
He fetch'd his Sword, and he went to fight
Fa la lantire down dillie,
And as he went over Hill and Dale
All Armed in his Coat of Male,
With a fa la lantire down dillie.

A hugeous great *Dragon* leapt out of his Den,
With, &c.
Which had kill'd the Lord knows how many Men;
Fa la, &c.
But when he saw Sir *Eglamore*,
Good Lord! how the *Dragon* began to Roar!
With a fa, &c.

The *Dragon* he had an a plaguy Hide
Fa la, &c.
Which could both Sword and Spear abide,
Fa la, &c.
He could not enter with Hacks and Cuts,
Which vext the Knight to the Heart Blood and Guts,
With his, &c.

All the Trees i' the Wood did shake
Fa la, &c.
Stars did tremble, and Man did quake,
Fa la, &c.
But had you seen, how the Birds lay peeping,
'Twou'd ha' made a Man's Heart to have fallen a weeping,
With a fa la, &c.

But now it was too late to fear,
Fa la, &c.
For now it was come to fight Dog fight Bear,
Fa la, &c.

And as a yawning he did fall
He thruſt his Sword in, Hilt and all,
With his fa, &c.

But now as the Knight in Choler did burn
Fa la, &c.
He ow'd the *Dragon* a ſhrew'd turn,
Fa la, &c.
In at his Mouth his Sword he bent,
The Hilt appear'd at his Fundament,
With a fa, &c.

Then the *Dragon* like a Coward began to fly
Fa la, &c.
Unto his Den that was hard by,
Fa la, &c.
And there he laid him down and roar'd;
The Knight was vexed for his Sword;
Fa la, &c.

The Sword it was an a right good Blade
With fa la, &c.
As ever *Turk*, or *Spaniard* made,
With a fa, &c.
I for my part do forſake it,
And he that will fetch it, let him take it,
With a fa, &c.

When all this was done, to th' Alehouſe he went,
Fa, &c.
And by and by his two Pence he ſpent,
Fa la, &c.
For he was ſo hot with tugging the *Dragon*,
That nothing wou'd quench him but a whole Flagon
With a fa, &c.

Now God preſerve our King and Queen,
Fa la, &c.
And eke in *London* may be ſeen,
Fa la, &c.

As many Knights, and as many more,
And all as good as Sir *Eglamore*,
With a fa la lantire down dillie.

The Gelding of the DEVIL.

A Merry Jeſt I will you tell
Of the Gelding of the *Devil* of *Hell*;
And of the *Baker* of *Mansfield* Town:
To *Mancheſter* Market as he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
The *Baker* was ſinging with luſty chear,
Beyond the Willows there was a Well,
And there he met with the *Devil* of *Hell*.

Oh, quoth the *Devil*, how chanceth that
Thy *Horſe* he is ſo fair and fat?
Good Sir, quoth the *Baker*, by my fay,
'Cauſe both his Stones are cut away;
For he that is a Gelding free,
Both fat and luſty he will be:
Oh quo the *Devil*, and ſay'ſt thou me ſo,
Thou ſhalt Geld me before thou doſt go.

The *Baker* had a Knife of *Iron* and *Steel*,
Wherewith he gelded the *Devil* of *Hell*,
'Twas ſharp and pointed for the Nonce,
Fit for to carve all manner of Stones;
The *Baker* he lighted from off his Horſe
And cut the *Devil*'s Stones clear from his Arſe,
Oh! quoth the *Devil*, beſhrew thy Heart,
Thou doſt not feel how I do ſmart.

For gelding of me thou art not quit,
I mean to geld thee the ſame Day Sennight;
The *Baker* hearing the Words he ſaid,
In his Heart was ſore afraid;

He hy'd him unto the next Market Town,
To ſell his Bread both White and Brown,
And when the Market was done that Day,
The *Baker* rode home another way;

And told his Wife how all befell,
How he had Gelded the *Devil* of *Hell*:
Strange words, quo he, I heard him ſay,
He would Geld me the next Market Day.
Therefore, quo the *Baker*, I ſtand in doubt.
Uds bobbs, I'd rather his Eyes were out,
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt break thy Neck-bone,
Than for to loſe any manner of Stone.

For why; it is a loathſome thing,
And every Man will call thee *Gelding*.
Thus they remained both in fear,
Until the Market day grew near.
Then, quo the Goodwife, well I wot,
Go fetch me thy Doublet, and thy Coat,
Thy Hoſe and thy Shoes and thy Cap alſo,
And I like a Man to the Market will go.

Then forth ſhe hy'd her in all haſte,
With her Bread upon her Beaſt;
And when ſhe came unto the Hill ſide,
There ſhe ſaw two *Devils* abide.
A little *Devil* and another
Were playing like to Siſter and Brother,
Oh, quo the *Devil*, without fain,
Yonder's the *Baker*, go call him again.

Be thou real, *Baker*, or be thou wo,
I mean to Geld thee before thou doſt go.
But theſe were the Words the Woman did ſay,
Good Sir, I was Gelt but Yeſterday.
Oh, quo the *Devil*, and that I will ſee,
And he pull'd her Hoſe beneath her Knee,

And looking upwards from the Ground,
There he spy'd a most grievous Wound.

Oh, quo the *Devil*, now I see
He was nothing cunning that gelded thee,
For when he had cut off thy Stones clean,
He should have sow'd up the Hole again.
He call'd the little *Devil* to him anon,
And bid him look to that same Man,
While he did go to some private place,
To get some Salve in little space.

The *Devil* was no sooner gone his way,
But upon her Belly there crept a Flea,
The little *Devil* soon espyed that,
He up with his Paw and gave it a pat:
The Woman for fear began to start,
And out she thrust a most horrible Fart:
Hoop, hoop, quo the little *Devil*, come again I say,
Here's another Hole broke hard by, by my fay.

Baker, quo the *Devil*, thou canst not be sound,
Thou smellest so soar above the Ground;
Thy Life and Days they cannot be long,
Thy Breath it savours so horrible strong;
The Hole is broke so near the Bone
There will no Salve well stick thereon:
Therefore *Baker*, hie thee away,
And in this place no longer stay.

The Old COURTIER.

WITH an old Song made by an old ancient Pate
Of an old worshipful Gentleman, that had a great Estate,

Which kept an old House at a Bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate;
Like an old Courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Courtier.

With an old Lady whose Anger a good Word asswages,
Who every Quarter pays her old Servants their Wages,
Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen, Footmen nor Pages; [Badges,
But kept twenty old Fellows with blue Coats and
Like an old Courtier, &c.

With an old Study fill'd full of Learned old Books,
With an old reverend Parson, you may judge him by his Looks.
With an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the Hooks,
And an old Kitching, that maintains half a dozen
Like an old, &c. [old Cooks,

With an old Hall hung about with Guns, Pikes and Bows,
With old Swords and Bucklers that have born many shrewd Blows,
And an old frize Coat to cover his Worship's trunk Hose,
And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper
Like an old, &c. [Nose,

With an old Fashion when *Christmas* is come
To call in his Neighbours with Bagpike and Drum;
And good Chear enough to furnish every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak and a
Like an old, &c. [Man dumb:

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer and a Kennel of Hounds;
Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own Grounds;

Who like an old wise Man kept himself within his own Bounds:
And when he dy'd, gave every Child a thousand old
Like an old, &c. [Pounds.

But to his eldest Son, his House and Land he assign'd;
Charging him in his Will to keep the old bountiful Mind; [bours be kind;
To love his good old Servants, and to his Neigh-
But in the ensuing Ditty you shall hear how he was
Like a young Courtier, &c. [enclin'd,

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a brace of Whores at his Command,
And takes up a thousand Pound upon his own Land;
And lyes drunk in a new Tavern, 'till he can neither
Like a young, &c. [go nor stand;

With a neat Lady that is brisk and fair,
That never knew what belong'd to good House keeping or Care;
But buyes several Fans to play with the wanton Air;
And seventeen or eighteen Dressings of other Mens
Like a young, &c. [Hair;

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal nor Wood,
And a Shovelboard-Table smooth and red as Blood,
Hung round with Pictures that do the Poor no good.
Like a young, &c.

With a new Study stuft full of Pamphlets and Plays;
With a new Chaplain that swears faster than he prays;
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five Days.
With a new *French* Cook to make Kickshaws and Toys,
Like a young, &c.

With a new Fashion when *Christmas* is come
With a new Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no Body at Home but our new Porter *John*,
Who relieves the Poor with a Thump on the Back with
Like a young, &c. [a Stone.

With a Gentleman Usher whose Carriage is compleat;
With a Footman, Coachman and Page to carry Meat;
With a Waiting-Gentlewoman whose Dressing is very
neat;
Who when the Master has din'd, lets the Servants
Like a young, &c. [not eat.

With a new Honour bought with the old Gold;
That many of his Father's old Manors had sold;
And this is the occasion that most Men do hold
That good House-keeping is now grown so cold.
Like a young Courtier of the King's,
Or the King's young Courtier.

NARCISSUS.

AS I was walking I cannot tell how;
Nor I cannot tell whither nor where;
I met with a Crew, of I cannot tell who:
Nor I cannot tell what they were;
But Virgins I think; for they cry'd,
Narcissus, come Kiss us, and love us beside,

They sung a fine Song of I cannot tell what,
Nor whether in Verse or Prose;
Nor knew I the meaning, although they all sat
Even as it were under my Nose;
But ever and anon they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kiss us, and love us beside.

There came in a Lad, but I cannot tell whence,
With I cannot tell what in his Hand,
It was a live Thing that had little Senſe,
But yet it could luſtily ſtand;
Then louder the Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

Some ſhak'd it, ſome ſtroak'd it, ſome kiſs'd it, 'tis ſaid;
It look'd ſo lively indeed;
All hugg'd it as Honey, and none were afraid
Becauſe of their bodily need.
And louder the Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

At length he did put in this pretty fine Toy
In I cannot tell where below,
Into one of the Ladies, but I cannot tell why
Nor wherefore it ſhould be ſo,
But in the mean time they all cry'd
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

The Lad being tir'd began to retreat,
And hung down his Head like a Flower,
The Ladies the more did deſire the Feat,
But alas, 'twas out of his Power.
Then louder and louder they cry'd,
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

I then did return I cannot tell how,
Nor what was in my Mind;
Nor what elſe I heard I know not I vow,
Nor ſaw I, for *Cupid* is blind,
But only the Ladies ſtill cry'd,
Narciſſus, come kiſs us, and love us beſide.

The JOVIAL TINKER.

THERE was a Lady in the Land,
She lov'd a Gentleman,
She could not tell what excuſe to make
To have him now and then.

But ſhe writ a Letter to him,
And ſeal'd it with her Hand,
And bid him become a Tinker
To clout both Pot and Pan.

And when he had the Letter,
Full well he could it read;
His Braſs and eke his Budget,
He ſtraightway did provide.

His Hammer and his Pincers,
And well they did agree,
With a long Club on his Back,
And orderly came he.

And when he came to the Lady's Gates
He knock'd moſt haſtily,
Then who is there, the Porter ſaid,
That knock'ſt thus ruggedly.

I am a *Jovial Tinker*
And I work for Gold and Fee;
If you have any broken Braſs,
Bring it hither to me.

I am the *Jovial'ſt Tinker*
Between this Town and *London*,
At mending of a Pot or Pan,
Or Clouting of a Caldron.

My Braſs is in my Budget,
And my Rivets under my Apron,
I pray you tell her Ladyſhip
I'm come to mend her Caldron.

Madam, yon is the ſtrongeſt Tinker
Between this Town and *London*,
He pray's me tell your Ladyſhip
He's come to Clout your Caldron;

O go thy ways good Porter,
And let the Tinker in,
For I have work for him to do,
And Mony he may gain.

And when he came into the Hall,
Upon him ſhe did wink,
Says take him into the Buttery
And make the Knave to drink.

Such Meat as we do eat, ſhe ſays,
And ſuch Drink as I uſe;
For it is not any Tinker's Guize
Good Liquor to refuſe.

She took the Tinker by the Hand,
Her work for him to ſhew,
And down faſt by the Caldron ſide
Laid he the Lady low.

And gave to her a Hammer
All in her Hand to knock;
That her own Wedded Lord might think
The Tinker was at work.

She put her Hand into her Purſe
And pluckt out five good Mark;
Here take thee this, ſaid ſhe, good Tinker,
And for thy good Day's work.

She took the Tinker by the Hand,
Her Wedded Lord to ſhew:
Said ſhe, here is the *Jovial'ſt Tinker*
That ever I did know.

This is the *Jovial'ſt Tinker*,
And the deareſt of his Work,
For he'll not drive a Nail to th'Head,
But he muſt have a Mark.

If you had been ſo wiſe, Madam,
As I had thought y' had been,
Before you had ſet him at work,
You'd have agreed with him.

Pray hold your Peace, good Wedded Lord,
Think not his Work too dear;
For could you do it but half ſo well,
'Twould ſave forty Mark a Year.

And be not thou hence too long, Tinker,
Not look for any ſending,
For if thou ſtay'ſt too long away,
My Caldron will want mending.

A SONG.

I Sigh'd and I Writ,
And employ'd all my Wit,
And ſtill pretty *Sylvia* deny'd;
'Twas Virtue I thought,
And became ſuch a Sot,
I ador'd her the more for her Pride.

II.

Till mask'd in the Pit,
My coy *Lucrece* I met,
A croud of gay Fops held her play,

So brisk and so free,
With her smart Repartee,
I was cur'd and went blushing away.

III.

Poor Lovers mistake
The Addresses they make
With Vows to be Constant and True;
Though all the Nymphs hold
For the Sport that is old,
Yet their Play-mates must ever be new.

IV.

Each pretty new Toy
They would die to enjoy,
And then for a newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their Bauble again,

EXPERIENCE.

BElieve me, dear *Moll*,
For I've traded with all
Those of Name and Estate
That have made the Town prate
Of their many brave Deeds and great Forces;
When they come to the Matter,
Are weaker than Water,
And have nothing that's strong but their Purses.

With high Jellys and Broth
They make the Blood froth,
Which creates a false Fire
And a sickly Desire;
They Embrace her as if they could eat her;
Such eager hot Flashes
Streight turn into Ashes,
And deceive both themselves and the Creature.

Mother *Mosely* gives this
For a Maxim to *Miss*,
For thy Grandeur and Fame,
Keep a Cock of the Game,
But a tough brawney Dunghil to tread ye;
Let the Wealth of thy Cully
Provide for thy Bully;
Then his Weapon will always be ready.

A RANT against CUPID.

THOU damn'd perpetual peeviſh Folly,
Curſe of a quiet Life,
Father and Child of Laſie Melancholy,
Author of publick Care and ſecret Strife,
Expenſive Ruin, everlaſting Cheat,
Belov'd Conſumption of the Great,
Plague of the Poor,
Sin of a ſalted frothy Whore,
Whoſe emblematick Birth
Foretold her Miſchiefs to the miſ-believing Earth.

So rotten and ſo baſe
The Embryo was,
The Gods in Heaven and Earth could find no place
Impure enough for ſuch vile Midwifry,
But drencht it in the wide World's ſink the Sea.
There by the Rapid Motion
And the briny pickle of the Ocean,
Which like a ſickly Stomach ſtrove
To diſembogue the Potion
On the reſiſting Rocks, that drove
The Poiſon back again
Into the troubled Main;
Preſerv'd from Diſſolution,
It became
The Queen of Beauty, Luſt and Shame.

Thy lawleſs Sire
Compos'd of Rapine, Blood and Fire,
God of deſtructive Rage and War,
Lean Poverty and Deſolation are [Carr,
The Bleſſings which do fall from his Vain-glorious
With horrid Slaughter all imbru'd,
With Curſes and with Hate purſu'd
He *Venus* woo'd:
The Union of this matchleſs Pair
Of Raſh and Brave, Luſtful and Fair,
Produc'd this moſt accompliſh'd Heir,
An Off-ſpring for ſuch Parents fit,
Eternal Moth of Treaſure, Peace and Wit.

SONG of Hey ho.

HOW ſevere is forgetful old Age,
To confine a poor Lover ſo?
That I almoſt Deſpair
To ſee ev'n the Air,
Much more my dear *Damon*----*Hey ho.*

Though I whiſper my Sighs out alone,
Yet I'm trac'd where-ever I go,
For ſome treach'rous Tree
Hides this old Ma from me,
And there he counts every-----*hey ho.*

How ſhall I this *Argus* Blind,
And ſo put an end to my Woe?
But while I beguile
All his Frowns with a Smile,
I betray my ſelf with a-----*hey ho.*

My Reſtraint then, alas, muſt endure,
So that ſince my ſad Doom I know,

I will pine for my Love,
Like the Turtle Dove,
And breath out my Life in-----*hey ho.*

HARRY *and* MOLL.

MY Name is honeſt *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*.
In ſpight of *Ciſs*, or jealous *Beſs*,
I'll have my own fegary.

My Love is Blithe and Buckſome,
And ſweet and fine as can be,
Freſh and gay as the Flowers in *May*
And looks like *Jack a Dandy*.

And if ſhe will not have me,
That am ſo true a Lover,
I'll Drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the Stairs I'll ſhove her.

But if that ſhe will love,
I'll be as kind as may be,
I'll give her Rings and pretty things
And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat of Sattin,
Her Gown of Crimſon Tabby
Lac'd up before, and ſpangl'd o'er,
Juſt like a *Bartholomew Baby*.

Her Waſtcoat ſhall be Scarlet,
With Ribbands ty'd together;
Her Stockings of a Bowdy hue
And her Shooes of *Spanish* Leather.

Her Smock of fineſt Holland
And lac'd in every Quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together,
And ſo come Home when we have done,
In ſpight of Wind and Weather.

The Fidlers ſhall attend us,
And firſt play *John come Kiſs me*;
And when that we have danc'd a round,
Then ſtrike up *Hit or miſs me.*

Then hey for little *Mary*,
'Tis ſhe I love alone, Sir,
Let any Man do what he can,
I will have her, or none, Sir.

The INDIFFERENT.

By Mr. J. DONNE.

I Can love both Fair and Brown, [betrays,
Her whom Abundance melts, and her whom Want
Her who loves Lovers beſt, and her who Sports and Plays,
Her whom the Country form'd, and whom the Town,
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpongy Eyes,
And her who is dry Cork, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.

Will

Will no other Vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your Mothers?
Or have you all old Vices worn, and now would find
out others?
Or doth a fear, that Men are true, torment you?
Oh we are not, be not you so;
Let me, and do you, twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go;
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fixt Subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sing this Song,
And by Love's sweetest sweet, Variety, she swore,
She heard not this 'till now; it should be so no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd e'er long,
And said, alas, Some two or three
Poor Hereticks in Love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous Constancy.
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you.

The BAIT.

By the same Hand.

COME live with me, and be my Love,
And we will some new Pleasures prove
Of golden Sands, and crystal Brooks:
With silken Lines and silver Hooks.

There will the River whispering run
Warm'd by thine Eyes, more than the Sun.
And there th' inamour'd Fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live Bath,
Each Fish, which every Chanel hath,

Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loth,
By Sun, or Moon, thou darknest both;
And if my self have leave to see,
I need not their Light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling Reeds,
And cut their Legs with Shells and Weeds,
Or treacherously poor Fish beset
With strangling Snare, or winding Net.

Let coarse bold Hands, from slimy Nest
The bedded Fish in Banks out-wrest,
Or curious Traitors, sleave Silk flies
Bewitch poor Fishes wandring Eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such Deceit,
For thou thy self art thine own Bait,
That Fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

The Broken HEART.

By the same Hand.

HE is stark mad, who ever says
That he hath been in Love an Hour,
Yet not that Love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour.
Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the Plague a Year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
I saw a flash of *Powder burn a Day*?

Ah, what a trifle is a Heart,
If once into Love's Hands it come?
All other Griefs allow a part
To other Griefs, and ask themſelves but ſome.
They come to us, but us Love draws,
He ſwallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd Shot, whole Ranks do die,
He is the Tyrant Pike, and we the Frie.

If 'twere not ſo, what did become
Of my Heart, when I firſt ſaw thee?
I brought a Heart into the Room,
But from the Room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine Heart to ſhow
More pity unto me: But Love, alas,
At one firſt blow did ſhiver it as Glaſs.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my Breaſt hath all
Thoſe Pieces ſtill, though they be not unite:
And now as broken Glaſſes ſhow
A hundred leſſer Faces, ſo
My Raggs of Heart can like, wiſh, and adore,
But after one ſuch Love, can love no more.

The ECSTASIE.

By the ſame Hand.

WHERE, like a Pillow on a Bed,
A pregnant Bank ſwell'd up, to reſt
The Violets declining Head,
Sate we on one another's Breaſts.
Our Hands were firmly cemented
By a faſt Balm, which thence did ſpring,

Our Eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our Eyes upon a double String.
So to engraft our Hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And Pictures in our Eyes to get
Was all our Propagation.
As 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain Victory,
Our Souls, (which to advance our State
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whilst our Souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral Statues lay,
All Day, the same our Postures were,
And we said nothing, all the Day.
If any, so by Love refin'd,
That he Soul's Language understood,
And by good Love were grown all Mind,
Within convenient Distance stood,
He (though he knew not which Soul spake
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new Concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This Ecstasie do unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not Sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:
But as all several Souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mixt Souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A single Violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size
(All which before was poor, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.
When Love with one another so
Interanimates two Souls,
That abler Soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of Lovelinesse controuls.

We then, who are this new Soul, know
Of what we are compos'd and made:
For the Atomes of which we grow,
Are Souls whom no Change can invade.
But, O alas, so long, so far
Our Bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we, We are
The Intelligences, they the Sphears.
We owe them Thanks, because they thus
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their Senses force to us,
Nor are Dross to us, but Allay.
On Man Heaven's Influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the Air,
For Soul into the Soul may flow,
Though it to Body first repair.
As our Blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like Souls as it can,
Because such Fingers need to knit
That subtle Knot, which makes us Man:
So must pure Lovers Souls descend
T' Affections, and to Faculties,
Which Sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great Prince in Prison lies,
To our Bodies turn we then, that so
Weak Men on Love reveal'd may look;
Loves Mysteries in Souls do grow,
But yet the Body is the Book.
And if some Lover, such as we,
Have heard this Dialogue of one,
Let him still Mark us, he shall see
Small Change when we are to Bodies grown.

A Valediction forbidding Mourning.

By the same Hand.

AS virtuous Men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their Souls, to go,
While some of their sad Friends do say,
Now his Breath goes, and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no Noise,
No Tear-floods, nor Sigh-tempests move,
'Twere Prophanation of our Joys
To tell the Laiety our Love.

Moving of th' Earth brings Harms and Fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But Trepidation of the Spheares,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary Lovers Love
(Whose Soul is Sense) cannot admit
Of Absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a Love so far refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the Mind,
Careless Eyes, Lips, and Hands do miss.

Our two Souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, indure not yet
A Breach, but an Expansion,
Like Gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin Compasses are two,

Thy Soul the fixt Foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other Foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my Circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

LOVE's DIET.

By the same Hand.

TO what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burdenous corpulence my Love had grown,
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a Diet, made it feed upon
That which Love worst indures, *Discretion.*

Above one Sigh a Day I allow'd him not,
Of which my Fortune, and my Faults had part;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she Sigh from my Mistress Heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a Tear, I brin'd it so
With Scorn or Shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a Tear, which he had got,
His Drink was counterfeit, as was his Meat;
Her Eyes which rowl towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my Letters which she writ to me;
And if that Favour made him fat,
I said, if any Title be
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth Man in an Entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard Love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I chose;
Now negligent of Sport I lie,
And now as other Faulkners use,
I spring a Mistress, swear, write, sigh and weep:
And the Game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

LOVE's Opportunity neglected.

A SONG.

By Mr. NAT. LEE.

OH! the time that is past,
When she held me so fast,
And declar'd that her Honour no longer cou'd last!
No Light, but her languishing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all Excuses of Blushing, and Fear.

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
With such trembling, and haste,
As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd!
My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd, [ploy'd.
While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure em-

With my Heart all on Fire
In the Flames of Desire,
When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require,
She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's sake change your ill Mind,
Pray, *Amyntas* be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Bliss you destroy,
Like a naked young Boy,
Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:
Let's in, my dear *Chloris*, I'll save thee from harm,
And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear *Amyntas*! she cries;
Then she cast down her Eyes,
And with Kisses confest what she faintly denies.
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay
'Till her freer Consent did more sweeten the Prey.

But too late I begun;
For her Passion was done:
Now *Amyntas*, she cry'd, I will never be won;
Thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,
Thou hast slighted the Critical Minute of Love.

SONG.

WHEN first my free Heart was inspir'd by Desire,
So soft was the Wound, and so gentle the Fire;
My Sighs were so sweet, and so pleasant the Smart,
I pity'd the Slave that had ne'er lost his Heart.
He thinks himself happy, and free; but alas!
He's far from that Heaven which Lovers possess.

In Nature was nothing that I could compare
With the Beauty of *Chloris*, I thought her so Fair;
A Wit so Divine all her Sayings did fill,
A Goddess she seem'd; and I thought of her still
With a Zeal more inflam'd, and a Passion more true,
Than a Martyr in Flames for Religion can shew.

More Virtues and Graces I found in her Mind,
Than the Schools can invent, or the Gods e'er de-

sign'd.

She seem'd to be mine by each Glance of her Eye,
If Mortals might aim at a Blessing so high. [give;
Each Day, with new Favours, new Hopes she did
But alas! what is wish'd we too soon do believe.

With awful Respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what so much I desir'd,
In a Moment my Joys and my Hopes were destroy'd,
A Shepherd more daring, fell on and enjoy'd:
Yet in spight of my Fate, and the Pains I endure,
In a second Amour I will seek for my Cure.

ADVICE to CUPID:

In a SONG.

I.

THO' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part,
And much inclin'd to Change;
Yet I must stop my wand'ring Heart,
When it desires to Range.

II.

I must indeed my *Cœlia* love,
Altho' I have enjoy'd;
And make that Bliss still pleasant prove,
With which I have been cloy'd.

III.

I must that Fair one Justice do,
I must still constant be;
For 'twere unkind to be untrue,
While she is true to me.

IV.

Then, *Cupid*, I must teach you how
To make me still her Slave;
That Food to make me relish now,
Which once a Surfeit gave.

V.

You muſt, to play this Game at firſt,
Some Jealouſie contrive;
That ſhe may vow I am the worſt,
And falſeſt Man alive.

VI.

Let her in Anger perſevere,
Be Jealous as before;
'Till I begin to huff, and ſwear
I'll never ſee her more.

VII.

Then let her uſe a little Art,
And lay aſide her Frown;
Let her ſome am'rous Glances dart,
To bring my Paſſion down.

VIII.

Thus whilſt I am again on Fire,
Make me renew my Pain:
Make her conſent to my Deſire,
And me ſtill hug my Chain.

KISSES, with an Addition.

MY Love and I for Kiſſes play'd;
She wou'd hold Stakes, I was content:
But when I won, ſhe wou'd be paid:
With that, I ask'd her what ſhe meant.
Nay then (ſays ſhe) I ſee, I ſee, you wrangle in vain;
Here, take your Kiſs, and give me mine again.

Dear Heart! ſaid I, that killing Frown
Shan't huff me out of what I got;
Pay back my Stake, and that I won;
I hate your wheedling greedy Plot:
Not that I prize one Kiſs ſo much; for, were you poor,
On your bare Lips I'd lend you twenty more.

I ſcorn your Kindeſs, Sir, ſhe ſaid.
We Stak'd, and to't we went afreſh:
Still I receiv'd, but ſtill I paid,
Yet never had a Kiſs the leſs.
Nay then, thought I, I ſee, I ſee we wrangle in vain;
Here's better Sport, and ſtill the Loſers gain.

In heat of Play, we threw at All,
I ſtak'd my Heart againſt her Head:
She loſt, nor cou'd her Pray'rs prevail;
For I was deaf 'till ſhe was dead.
Nay then (quoth ſhe) I ſee, I ſee I wrangle in vain;
Give me my Head, and take your Heart again.

SONG.

By Mr. Glanvil.

IMpatient with Deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay Forms aſide,
'Twas I was Modeſt, not ſhe Chaſt,
The Nymph as ſoon as ask'd comply'd.

With amorous Awe, a ſilent Fool,
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear:
Speak Love, how came your Slave ſo dull
To read no better there?

Thus, to our ſelves the greateſt Foes,
Altho' the Fair be well enclin'd;
For want of Courage to propoſe,
By our own Folly, ſhe's unkind.

A Short VISIT.

SO the long absent Winter-Sun,
When of the Cold we most complain,
Comes slow, but swift away does run;
Just shews the Day, and sets again:

II.

So the prime Beauty of the Spring,
The Virgin Lilly, works our Eyes;
No sooner blown, but the gay thing
Steals from th' Admirers sight, and dies.

III.

The gaudy Sweets o' th' infant Year,
That ravish both the Smell, and View,
Do thus deceitfully appear,
And fade as soon as smelt unto.

IV.

Amynta; tho' she be more Fair
Than untouch'd Lillies, Chast as those;
Welcome as Suns in Winter are,
And sweeter than the blowing Rose:

V.

Yet when she brought, as late she did,
All that a dying Heart cou'd ease,
And by her swift Return forbid
The Joys to last, she's too like these.

VI.

Ah Tyrant Beauty! do you thus
Increase our Joy to make it less?
And do you only shew to us
A Heav'n, without design to bless?

VII.

This was unmercifully kind,
And all our Bliss too dear has cost
For is it not a Hell to find
We had a Paradise that's lost?

The Passion of DIDO *for* ÆNEAS: *As it is incomparably expreſt in the Fourth Book of* VIRGIL.

Tranſlated by *S. Godolphin* and *E. Waller*, Eſqs.

--------Ubi quid datur otî,
Illudo chartis: Hoc eſt mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum------ Horat. l. Sat. 4.

The ARGUMENT.

Dido *was eſpous'd a Virgin to* Sichæus, *and both liv'd happy in their mutual Love, until her Brother* Pygmalion, *who was then King of* Tyre, *the Place of their Abode, by ſome cloſe Treachery ſlew* Sichæus *in hopes to poſſeſs his great Wealth, and to diſpoſe of his Wife; all which, her Husband's Ghoſt appearing in her ſleep, diſcovered; telling her alſo where he had hid a conſiderable Treaſure, of which* Pygmalion *knew not. This ſhe took, and, in the Company of ſuch Friends ſhe could beſt truſt, and moſt hated the Tyrant, fled from thence, to ſeek her Fortune in ſome ſafer Place. At length arriving on the ſhore of* Libya, *partly for Mony, partly by the Favour of ſome Neighbour Princes, affected with her Beauty, and the hope to obtain her in Marriage, ſhe got Poſſeſſion of that Ground where the famous City of* Carthage *was afterwards built; whoſe Foundation ſhe had not only laid, but made ſome good Progreſs in the Structure; when the wandring* Trojan Æneas *was by Tempeſt Shipwrack'd on ſome part of her Dominion. His great Fame, good Mein, and well relating of his Story, prevailed ſo with her that ſhe not only repair'd his Ships, and feaſted him and his Company with great Magnificence; but let him ſo far into her Affection,*

that she esteemed him (at least did not doubt but to make him) her Husband; when his necessary pursuit of other designs occasioned his sudden Departure, and her Tragedy.

This Fourth Book describing only her Passion, deep sense of his Ingratitude, and her Death, has been always esteemed the best piece of the best of Poets; has been translated into all Languages, and in our Days at least ten times by several Pens, into English. *It is freely left to the Reader, which he will prefer.*

This was done (all but a very little) by that incomparable Person, as well for Virtue as Wit, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, *only for his own Diversion, and with less Care, than so exact a Judgment as his would have used, if he had intended it should have ever been made Publick.*

MEAN while the Queen fanning a secret Fire,
In her own Breast revolves her deep Desire;
She oft reflects upon the princely Grace
Of great *Æneas*, and that noble Race
From whence he springs; her wounded Fancy feeds
On his Discourse, his high heroick Deeds:
His Words, his Looks, her waking Thoughts imploy,
And when she sleeps, she sees him with more joy;
But seldom sleeps: For when the shades of Night
Had left their Empire to the rising Light,
Folding her Sister in her Arms, she says,
What unacquainted thoughts, what dreams are these?
How great a Guest within our Walls we hold,
How wise in Counsel, and in Arms how bold?
The mortal Seed of Man acknowledge Fear,
But this brave Prince his equal Mind doth bear
Above all Chance. Did not my changeless Vow,
And mine own Will, engage me to allow
No other Love; my first Affection dead,
And with the Soul of my *Sichæus* fled:
Were not all Joys grown tastless, and the name
Of Love offensive, since I lost that flame;

I might perhaps indulge this one Desire,
For, *Anna*, I confess since funeral fire
Embrac'd *Sichæus*, this first Beam of Light
Hath offered comfort to so dark a Night,
Unwonted Motions in my Thoughts retriev'd,
I find and feel the brand of Care reviv'd.
But may the Earth, while yet alive, devour
This hapless Frame, and *Jove* his Thunder pour
Upon my Head, and sink me to that Shade,
That silent Deep, whence no return is made;
Before I do those sacred Knots unty,
Which bind me to so dear a Memory.
He first unto my Soul this Ardor gave,
And may he hold it in his quiet Grave.
This said, she weeps afresh. *Anna* replies;
O chiefly lov'd, and dearer than mine Eyes,
Sad and alone for ever will you waste
Your verdant Youth, nor Nature's bounties taste
In their due season? think you that the dead
In their cold Urns welcome the Tears we shed?
What though no Pray'rs have yet had Power to move
Your Thoughts to entertain a second Love;
Yet will you now with your own Heart contest?
Nor give admittance to a pleasing Guest?
Consider where this new Plantation lyes,
And amidst whom these Walls of *Carthage* rise:
Here the *Getulians*, fierce *Numidians* there,
On either side engage your watchful fear.
Propitious Heav'ns, it seems, and *Juno* lead
These *Trojans* here with so desir'd an Aid:
This Match will mix your Fortunes, and advance
The *Tyrian* State above all force or chance.
Invoke the Powers above; with soft delay
Engage the *Dardan* Prince to longer stay:
Till the swoln Seas and Winds their Fury spend,
And calmer Gales his Purposes attend.

This Speech revives the Courage of the Dame,
And through her burning Veins dilates the flame,

First to the holy Temple they repair,
And seek Indulgence from above by Prayer;
Law-giving *Ceres*, *Phœbus* they invoke,
But above all do *Venus* Altars smoke
Propitious to the Bands of Love; the *Queen*
With her own Hands, the Heifer's Horns between,
Pours the full Bowls, or 'midst the Sacrifice
Intentive walks, as the rich Odours rise
Fresh Gifts she brings, and with a thoughtful Brain
Surveys the panting Livers of the slain;
Blind Propheſies, vain Altars, bootleſs Prayer,
How little help they? while ſo near a Care
Preſſes the *Queen*, and mingled with her Blood
Spreads ſecret Poiſon through the purple Flood.
The hapleſs *Dido* is enrag'd by Love,
And with uncertain Thoughts doth wildly move.
So when a Shepherd's roving Arrows find
And pierce (to him unknown) ſome careleſs *Hind*,
She flies through Woods, and ſeeks the Streams, oppreſt,
The deadly Arrow rankles in her Breaſt.
Now to the Walls ſhe leads her *Trojan* Chief,
And with this Food ſhe entertain'd her Grief.
Shews the *Sidonian* Wealth; and, as ſhe ſpeaks,
Her own Diſcourſe by care diverted breaks;
The Evening cloſes with another Feaſt,
And there again ſh' invites the princely Gueſt
To tell his Dangers paſt, and there again
She drinks together deeper Love and Pain.
But when the *Prince* (Night's darker Enſign ſpread,
And ſleepy Dew upon all Mortals ſhed)
Doth bid farewel, ſhe waking there alone
Deſerted mourns that her dear Gueſt is gone;
Or keeps *Aſcanius* in her Arms, to prove
If likeneſs can delude her reſtleſs Love.
Mean while her ſtately Structures ſlowly riſe,
Half-finiſh'd *Carthage* rude and broken lyes.
That high Deſign, to Heav'n exalted frame,
Confus'd appears, and like a Ruin lame.

Which when survey'd by *Juno* from above,
And that the *Queen* neglects her Fame for Love;
Approaching *Venus*, thus *Saturnia* says:
What ample Trophies, never-dying Praise,
To you and to your *Cupid* will be paid,
That two such *Gods* one Woman have betray'd?
I know with what design you us'd this Art,
Planting *Æneas* thus in *Dido*'s Heart,
Suspecting least these Walls of ours might prove
Faithless to him, if not secur'd by Love.
But shall this partial Quarrel never cease?
May we not now fix on eternal Peace?
Fair *Dido* loves, and feels your golden Dart;
Give but like ardour to *Æneas* Heart,
And we will rule this State with equal Power,
And give the *Trojan Carthage* for a Dower.
Venus replies (seeing the Wife of *Jove*
To cross the height of *Roman* greatness strove
With this deceit) What madness can refuse
Friendship with you, where you a Friendship chuse?
But whether *Jove* will favour this design,
And the great People in one Empire join;
This in your Prayers, who are his Wife, doth lye.
Juno returns; impose this Task on me,
For what is now in hand, let this suffice.
The *Trojan* Prince with this unhappy Prize,
The wounded Queen, to chase the flying Dear,
Soon as the Beams of Morning-light appear,
Hyes to the Fields; there, on the goodly Train,
A darkning shower I'll pour of Hail and Rain,
Shake Heav'n with Thunder, while the pale Troops
Dispers't with fear, and lost without a Guide: [ride
One Cave in her dark Bosom shall afford
Shelter to *Dido* and the *Trojan* Lord;
And if, as I, propitious to their Love
You shine; this shall their Hymeneal prove;
All Rites shall here be done. *Venus* with smiles
Consents, but laughs within, at *Juno*'s Wiles.

The Morning come, early at light's first ray
The gallant Youth rise with the chearful Day:
Sharp Javelins in their Hands, their Coursers by,
They walk amidst the Hound's impatient Cry:
Nearer the Gates the *Tyrian* Peers attend,
And wait the *Queen* now ready to descend.
Her prouder Steed, as fill'd with high disdain
Stamps the dull Earth, and chaws the frothy Rein.
Mounted at last, her golden Quiver on
Ty'd up with Gold, her Hair which Gold-like shone,
Her purple Garment, clasp't with Gold, in head
Of her fair Troop, the brighter *Queen* doth lead:
With these the *Trojans*, and their great Chief, close,
As one fair Stream into another flows.
He like *Apollo* in his light and heat,
When he returns unto his native Seat
Of *Delos*, and fresh verdure doth restore,
Forsaking *Xanthus* and the *Lycian* Shore.
Thus he on *Cynthus* tops, his own retreat,
Securely walks, thus welcome and thus great,
The *Dryopeans* and the *Cretans* by,
So doth his quiver clash; not less than he
Æneas shines, like Beauty's in his Face,
And in his Motions like attractive Grace.
While thus they climb the pathless Hills, the cry
Pursues the fearful Herds which headlong fly
Down to the Vales, and on the boundless Plain
A longer chase in view of all maintain.
But glad *Ascanius* spurs his willing Horse,
Now these, now those, out-passing in the Course.
He wishes some incensed Boar his Prey,
Or Lyon from the Hills would cross his Way.
Mean while the gathering Clouds obscure the Pole,
They flash out Lightning, and in Thunder roul:
A bitter Storm succeeds; the Troops divide,
And o'er the Hills dispers't to Coverts ride.
One Cave in her dark Bosom doth afford
Shelter to *Dido* and the *Trojan* Lord.

Heaven shines with fire, Earth shakes at this success,
The conscious Air is fill'd with Prodigies.
This was the hour, which gave the fatal Blow,
The pregnant Spring of all succeeding woe.
Tender respects no more have Power to move
The hapless *Queen*, no more she hides her Love,
But doth her Crime express with *Hymen*'s Name,
And lives expos'd a Theme to various Fame.
Fame the most swift of Ills, which in her Course
And Motion spreads, and flying gathers force,
Sprung from a scarce discerned Seed, doth tread
On the low Ground, but lifts to Heav'n her Head.
She (as 'tis said) was of that monstrous Birth
The latest Sister, which the teeming Earth
Brought forth, to War with Heav'n it self alone;
Surviving all her Brothers overthrown.
Thousands of Plumes advance her easie flight,
As many Eyes enlarge her piercing Sight,
As many Ears to catch Reports, and then
As many Tongues to spread those Tales again.
The silent Night cannot the Voice allay
Of this ill-boading Dame; in the bright Day
She sits upon the City Walls a Spy,
And takes delight all fears to multiply:
She now through *Libya*'s Empire doth diffuse
Talk of *Æneas*, and th' unwelcome News
Of *Dido*'s Love, that he late fled from *Troy*
Such envy'd Power and Greatness doth enjoy.
This the light Dame proclaims in every Ear,
And to *Iarbas* doth the Message bear;
Iarbas, who had felt fair *Dido*'s scorn,
Jove's Son, of ravish'd *Garamantis* born,
Who hallowed had to his great Father's Name
An hundred Altars, which together flame
With ceaseless Incense to the Powers above,
Eternal Fires, pledges of humble Love.
Mad with the News, the *Libyan* Monarch lays
Prostrate himself before the Throne, and says;

All-powerful *Jove*, propitious to the *Moors*,
Whom *Libya* more than any Land adores,
Beholdst thou this? or doth in vain our fear
Ascribe just Vengeance to the Thunderer?
She, who a Stranger with our leave hath gain'd
Possession here, from us the Power obtain'd
To plant a Town, hath thought her self above
The Price and Merit of our ardent Love;
Yet now with joy receives into our Land
The flying *Trojan* and his conquer'd Band,
Resigns to him her Beauty, Fame, and Power,
Prefers the *Phrygian* to the scorned *Moor*.
Is this our Pay, our Recompence, while we
Consume our Flocks in sacrifice to thee?
While thus he pours his Grief before the Shrines
And sacred Altars, mighty *Jove* inclines;
Looking on *Carthage*, and the amorous Pair,
Who in their Pleasure quench all nobler Care,
He thus bespeaks his swift Ambassador;
Go, *Son*, and hie thee to the *Tyrian* Shore,
And to the *Dardan Prince* (whose generous fire
Is now betrayed by Love, and low desire)
This Message bear. 'Twas not this destiny
His faireſt Mother promis'd us, when she
Preserv'd him from the powerful Arms of *Greece*;
She gave us then far other hopes than these;
That he from conquer'd *Alba* should extend
His Empire to the World's remotest end,
And spread the fame of *Teucer*'s mighty Race.
If in his Thoughts these Honours have no place,
If he have lost all sense of high Renown;
Ah! can he yet envy the Towers of *Rome*
To his *Asanius*, and fair *Latium*'s sway?
This Message to the *Phrygian* Prince convey,
And bid him hoise his Sails. Swift *Mercury*
Takes the command, and through the Air doth fly,
His shining Wings of Gold, and in his Hand
The Ensign of his Power, his sacred Wand;

That Wand which long-clos'd Eyes doth bleſs with
And ſeals up others in eternal Night. [light,
With this he cuts the Air, and yielding Clouds;
At length ſees *Atlas* top, *Atlas* which ſhrouds
His pine-crown'd Head in Heav'n, and doth ſuſtain
Inceſſant Storms of new form'd Wind and Rain.
Here firſt he ſtoops low as the Earth, and then
Imploys his Wings with all their ſpeed again:
Till the vaſt Seas o'erpaſt and *Libya*'s Sands,
He ſlacks his Courſe at *Carthage*, and there lands.
Where when arriv'd he finds the *Trojan* King
Viewing the Walls, intent in ordering
The ſtrength and beauty of the new-rais'd Town;
To whom the wing'd *Cyllenius* thus begun:
Ah, too too mindleſs of your own Affairs,
Your Thoughts immerſt in leſs concerning Cares,
Can you in *Tyrian* Wealth and Greatneſs joy?
And *Carthage* build, forgetful of your *Troy?*
Great *Jove*, who rules and fills the ſpacious All,
The evermoving Spheres, the fixed Ball,
Sends me to ask, With what unbleſt deſign
You do the hopes of better Fates reſign,
And Glory due to *Teucer*'s mighty Race?
If in your Thoughts theſe Honours have no place,
If you have loſt all ſenſe of high Renown;
Ah, can you yet envy the Towers of *Rome*
To your *Aſcanius*, and fair *Latium*'s ſway?
Hermes (this ſaid) returns the airy way
He came; but cold Amazement doth ſurprize
Æneas ſpeechleſs Tongue and fixed Eyes:
His pious Fears urge him in haſte to fly
The too-lov'd Land and dear Captivity.
But this reſolv'd, what way is left t'infuſe
Th'unhappy *Queen* with this unwelcome News?
A thouſand Counſels wander in his Mind,
Now here, now there, ſucceſſively inclin'd;
This he prefers, he calls *Eurylochus*,
The bold *Cloanthus*, truſted *Mneſthous*,

Gives them in charge that they the Fleet prepare,
Gather their Troops, but yet disguise their Care;
That he, mean while, will to the *Queen* impart
At some fit time his much divided Heart:
Or when his Canvas-wings are spread to fly,
Impute to Heav'n the sad Necessity.
Thus he resolves, and thus commands these Peers,
But nothing can escape the wakeful Fears
Of the enamour'd *Queen*, whose tender Breast
Presages all, by the first change impress,
Before the ill arrives: Already Fame
(Which lately did the *Libyan* Prince inflame)
Now takes delight to spread this ill Report,
That the glad *Phrygians* to their Ships resort
Preparing flight. The Jealous *Queen* pursues
Through every part the much amazing News.
The more she hears, the more inrag'd with grief
She thus at last invades the *Trojan* Chief.

Could thy dissembling Heart consent to fly
This hated Land in cruel Secrecy?
Perfidious Man, canst thou so soon remove
The Bands of Vows, and dearer Bands of Love?
Nor spare one Word? nor shed one Tear, to save
My Life descending to the cruel Grave?
Why yet in Winter to the storming Main
Dost thou expose thy wandring Fleet again?
Cruel and false! didst thou not seek a Land
Unknown? Did now the antient *Ilium* stand,
Were this a time through hazards such as these
To seek thy *Troy*, through Winter Winds and Seas?
Whom dost thou fly? By these unfeigned Tears
I do adjure thee, by these loving Fears,
By my own Life, or (what is more) by thine,
By all that hath oblig'd thee yet of mine,
Pity my Fall, and shew at least some grace
To these my Pray'rs, if Pray'rs may yet have place,
For thee, the hate and envy I support
Of the *Numidians* and the *Libyan* Court;

For thee I have displeas'd my own, and lost
That Modesty, which I alone could boast;
That better Fame, by which I had surviv'd
My funeral Fire, and after Death had liv'd.
What have I left, or whither shall I fly?
Shall I attend *Pygmalion*'s Cruelty?
Or till *Iarbas* do in Fetters lead
The proud despiser of his Love and Bed?
I never could have thought my self undone,
Had but kind Heaven indulg'd me with a Son
Resembling thee, in whose (though Childish) Face
I might retrieve thy Look and princely Grace.
Sad *Dido* pauses here. The *Trojan* Chief
Restrains within the Motions of his Grief,
Then thus replies: You never can repeat,
Great *Queen*, the sum of my unquestion'd Debt.
Nor while my active Soul informs this Frame,
Ever shall I forget *Eliza*'s Name.
I urge no more, let it suffice that I
In thankless silence never meant to fly;
Nor did I ever to those Bonds pretend
Which now you charge me as a faithless Friend;
Had I been trusted to design my Fate,
When *Troy* betray'd fell by the *Grecians* hate,
I from the Ashes of that dear-lov'd Town
Had there restor'd another *Ilium*.
But now the *Lycian* Oracle commands,
Apollo now assigns th' *Ausonian* Lands,
And thither bids us send our Thoughts and Care,
And only fix our Expectation there.
Fair *Carthage* you and your own work survey,
A Stranger born a foreign Scepter sway.
And shall it be a Crime (alas!) if we
Desire at last to rest in *Italy*?
No Night doth pass in which I do not see
The old *Anchises* Image beckning me;
Nor is there day in which I not reflect
On my *Ascanius*, and that lov'd Aspect

To

To whom by fate th' *Hesperian* Town is due.
Hither of late *Jove*'s winged Herald flew,
Nor did he in delusive Dreams appear;
Awake, I did the angry Message hear.
Then, fairest *Queen*, do not this fate withstand:
Unwillingly I leave your happy Land.
While thus he talks, the much-distemper'd Dame
Incenst within, breaks forth into this flame.
Nor wert thou of the gentle Goddess Breed,
Nor art thou sprung from great *Anchises* Seed,
Perfidious Man! but from some savage Stock,
Hewn from the Marble of some Mountain Rock.
For why should I disguise this height of ill,
And still deceiv'd expect new favour still?
Did he let fall one pitying Word, one Tear?
Or did he with one Sigh my Passion hear?
What shall I do? for now, alas! I see
That neither *Juno* deigns to favour me,
Nor *Jove* himself looks down with equal Eyes,
The Earth is faithless, faithless are the Skies.
Shipwrack'd and cast upon the barren Shore,
Pursu'd by cruel Fates, forsaken, poor,
I gave thee harbour in my simple Breast;
Ah! ill-advis'd, ah! too-unmindful Guest,
I sav'd thy Fleet, thy Friends, and faithless Thee;
But now (forsooth) *Apollo*'s Augury,
The *Oracles* are urged to incite,
And angry *Jove* commands thy sudden Flight.
Is Heav'n concern'd? doth care of human Fate
Disturb the Calmness of th' immortal State?
Thou hear'st me not, regardless of my Cry:
Go then, and through the Seas seek *Italy*;
Through the deaf Seas, and through the angry Wind,
And such Compassion as thou usest, find:
There may'st thou call on *Dido*'s Name in vain;
I'll follow thee, be present in thy Pain:
And when cold Death shall this mixt-frame divide,
My Ghost shall lacquey by thy frighted side.

Thou dearly shalt repent; the News of this
Shall overtake my Soul, and give it bliss.
Nor waiting answer from the Prince, she flies,
And wishes she had Power to shun all Eyes;
But fainting soon, and to her Chamber led,
She threw her self upon her Ivory Bed.
Pious *Æneas*, though his noble Breast
Softned by Love was with much Grief oppress,
Though fain he would with gentle Words asswage
The Queen's high Passion and divert her Rage,
Suspends not yet his Heav'n-inspired Care,
But does his Fleet without delay prepare.
The *Trojans* ply the Work, the busie Main
Is fill'd with noise, the Ships now float again:
On every side are seen descending down
Long Troops, which bring Provision from the Town.
So when the winter-fearing Ants invade
Some heaps of Corn the Husbandman had made;
The sable Army marches, and with prey
Laden return, pressing the leasy way,
Some help the weaker, and their Shoulders lend,
Others the Order of the march attend,
Bring up the Troops, and punish all delay.
What were thy Thoughts, sad *Dido*, on that Day?
How deep thy Sighs? when from thy Tower above
Thou seest the *Phrygians* in such Order move,
And hear'st the Tumult of the Clamorous Sea?
All-conquering Love! who can resist thy sway?
Once more the *Queen* to humble Tears descends,
And Language to her Grief once more she lends,
That she might leave no Remedy untry'd
Nor Counsel unexplor'd, before she dy'd.
Annæ, she said, thou seest the peopled Sea,
The *Phrygians* now their fatal Anchors weigh
Ready to loose; I feel their great Chief's Scorn,
Which, if foreseen, I might perhaps have born.
But now I make this one, this last Request:
You in this faithless Man have interest;

You know his gentleſt Times, and beſt can find
What ways are leſt to mollifie his Mind.
Go then, and uſe all Pity-moving Art,
And, if you can, ſoften his harder Heart.
Not I at *Aulis* did with *Greece* conſpire,
Nor did I bring one Brand to *Troy*'s laſt Fire;
I never rent *Anchiſes*' honour'd Tomb:
Why ſhould he then my ſad Entreaty ſhun?
I do not urge (as once) our Marriage ties,
Thoſe ſacred Bonds which now he does deſpiſe;
Nor that he would fair *Italy* reſign:
I only ask reſpite, and breathing time,
Till my dejected Mind learn to comply
(Taught by degrees) with ſo great Miſery.
* All this her weeping Siſter does repeat
To the ſtern Man, whom nothing could intreat.
Loſt here her Pray'rs, and fruitleſs were her Tears,
Fate and great *Jove* had ſtop'd his gentle Ears.
As when loud Winds a well-grown Oak would rend
Up by the Roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boiſterous Sound
Scatter his Leaves, and ſtrew them on the Ground:
He fixed ſtands, as deep his Root doth lye
Down to the Center as his Top is high.
No leſs on every ſide the Hero preſt,
Feels Love and Pity ſhake his noble Breaſt.
And down his Cheeks though fruitleſs Tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his Soul.
Then *Dido*, urged with approaching Fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate;
Her Reſolution to diſpatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid Prodigy.
The Water conſecrate for Sacrifice
Appears all black to her amazed Eyes;
The Wine to putrid Blood converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own Siſter, knows.

* *Here begins Mr.* Waller's *Part.*

Besides there stood, as sacred to her Lord,
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy Fleeces, and fresh Garlands crown'd;
Hence every Night proceeds a dreadful Sound:
Her Husband's Voice invites her to his Tomb,
And dismal Owls presage the Ills to come.
Besides, the Prophesies of Wizards old
Increast her Terror, and her Fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems,
And finds *Æneas* cruel in her Dreams.

So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
And Furies howl in his distemper'd Ears;
Orestes so, with like Distraction tost,
Is made to fly his Mother's angry Ghost.
Now Grief and Fury at their height arrive,
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved Sister with a chearful Grace
(Hope well-dissembled shining in her Face)
She thus deceives. (Dear Sister) let us prove
The Cure I have invented for my Love.
Beyond the Land of *Æthiopia* lyes
The place where *Atlas* doth support the Skies;
Hence came an old Magician, that did keep
Th' *Hesperian* Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep.
Her potent Charms do troubled Souls relieve,
And where she lifts, makes calmest Minds to grieve,
The course of Rivers or of Heav'n can stop,
And call Trees down from th' airy Mountains top.

Witness the Gods, and thou my dearest Part,
How loath am I to tempt this guilty Art.
Erect a Pile, and on it let us place
That Bed where I my Ruin did imbrace.
With all the Relicks of our impious Guest,
Arms, Spoils and Presents, let the Pile be drest,
(The knowing Woman thus prescribes) that we
May raze the Man out of our Memory;
Thus speaks the *Queen*, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred Rites pretend.

Nor worse Effects of Grief her Sister thought
Would follow, than *Sychæus'* Murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lye,
Hung all with Wreaths, and flowry Garlands round;
So by her self was her own Funeral crown'd.
Upon the top, the *Trojan* Image lyes,
And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dies.
They by the Altar stand, while with loose Hair
The magick Prophetess begins her Pray'r.
On *Chaos*, *Erebus*, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal Shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the Room
With drops suppos'd from *Lethe*'s Lake to come.
She seeks the Knot which on the Forehead grows
Of new-foal'd Colts, and Herbs by Moon-light mowes.
A Cake of Leven in her pious Hands
Holds the devoted *Queen*, and barefoot stands,
One tender Foot was bare, the other shod,
Her Robe ungirt, invoking every God
And every Power, if any be above
Which takes regard of ill-requited Love.
Now was the time when weary Mortals steep
Their careful Temples in the Dew of Sleep.
On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell,
A deathlike Quiet, and deep Silence fell,
But not on *Dido*, whose untamed Mind
Refus'd to be by sacred Night confin'd.
A double Passion in her Breast does move,
Love, and fierce Anger for neglected Love:
Thus she afflicts her Soul, What shall I do?
With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo,
And some proud *Prince*, in wild *Numidia* born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my Scorn?
Or shall I with th' ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough, by sad Experience, known
The perjur'd Race of false *Laomedon*?

With my *Sidonians* shall I give them chase?
Bands hardly forced from their native Place?
No, die, and let this Sword thy Fury tame;
Nought but thy Blood can quench thy guilty Flame.
Ah Sister! vanquish'd with my Passion, thou
Betraid'st me first, dispensing with my Vow.
Had I been constant to *Sychaus* still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this Ill.
Such Thoughts torment the *Queen*'s inraged Breast,
While the *Dardanian* does securely rest
In his tall Ship, for sudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the *Son of Jove* appear'd:
Thus seem'd to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus* Seed! canst thou indulge thy Sleep?
Nor better guard in such great Danger keep?
Mad by neglect to lose so fair a Wind?
If here thy Ships the purple Morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile Harbour shine
With a new Fleet, and Fire, to ruin thine.
She meditates Revenge, resolv'd to die;
Weigh Anchor quickly, and her Fury fly.
This said, the God in shades of Night retir'd.
Amaz'd *Æneas* with the warning fir'd
Shakes off dull Sleep, and rouzing up his Men,
Behold! the *Gods* command our flight again,
Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas spread;
What *God* soe'er that thus vouchsaf'st to lead
We follow gladly, and thy Will obey,
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious. With that word
He cuts the Cable with his shining Sword;
Through all the Navy doth like ardour reign,
They quit the Shore, and rush into the Main;
Plac'd on their Banks, the lusty *Trojans* sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding Deep.
Aurora now, leaving her watry Bed,
Colours the East with a presaging Red;

Soon as the Dawn began to clear the Sky,
Down to the Shore the sad *Queen* cast her Eye;
Where when she doth the empty Port survey,
And now the Fleet with Wings display'd at Sea,
Her Hands held up, her golden Tresses torn,
Must we, says she, of force indure this Scorn?
Can we not have recourse to Arms? not meet
This fraud with fraud? not burn this wicked Fleet?
Haste, fly, pursue, row, and let every Hand
Snatch up with speed some swift revenging Brand.
Where am I now? alas! what Words are these?
How late this hope? see how they plow the Seas.
Unhappy *Dido!* cruel Fate devours
Thy wretched Life, thou feel'st the angry Powers.
This Rage had once been fitter than thy Love:
See how he doth his far-fam'd Faith approve!
He who through burning *Ilium* (as they say) -
Did bear his Country Gods untouch'd away,
Who through the Flames the old *Anchises* led;
Why saw I not the perjur'd Villain dead?
Why did I not on slain *Iülus* feast,
And at that Banquet make the Father Guest?
Suppose there had been doubt in the Success,
What could I fear, of all left comfortless?
I should have ruin'd all, Father and Son,
And the whole stock, and then my self among.
Thou *Sun* who with thy light dost all survey,
And *Juno*, witness to that fatal Day
Which seal'd our Loves, revengeful *Hecaté*,
And all ye Powers that see *Eliza* die,
Receive these Pray'rs; if, all Sea-dangers past,
The *Trojan* needs must reach some Shore at last;
If nothing can withstand this fixt Decree,
A peaceful Land yet may he never see.
War entertain him and a haughty Foe,
And may he never one calm Slumber know.
Hatred pursue him, Furies give him chase,
And rend *Iülus* from his dear Embrace;

Himself at last without a Grave expos'd
A Prey to Vultures, in no Urn inclos'd.
I form my latest Breath into this Prayer:
And, O ye *Tyrians*, be it then your Care
T' afflict with War this Race in time to come,
And send such bloody Offerings to my Tomb.
Our Seas their Seas, our Shores their Shores oppose,
Our Arms their Arms, and be our Children Foes.
Here sighing deep, revolving in her Mind,
What way she might the free'st Passage find
From hated Life: *Barcea* standing by
Nurse to *Sychæus*; Dearest Nurse, says she,
Go call my Sister, tell her I prepare
The magick Rites, ordain'd to heal my Care.
But be she first with Water sprinkled thrice,
And with her bring th' appointed Sacrifice.
And you, with pious Wreaths your Temples bound,
Enter the Circle of the holy Ground:
I'll give the *Trojan*'s Image to the fire,
As that consumes so shall my Grief expire.
The aged Nurse obeys with trembling haste:
And now the Queen, all bounds of Sorrow past,
Her Heart oppress't, her Visage wan and pale,
And her whole Mind bent on her Funeral,
Goes to the place, where stood the sacred Pile;
And here, diverted by her Grief awhile
Melted in Tears, at first she doth behold
The *Trojan*'s Image, Sword, and Robes of Gold.
Dear Relicks, says she, while the Pow'rs above
Were so content, the Objects of my Love,
But now my sad Reproaches; at that word
She mounts the Pile, and draws the shining Sword.
What 'tis to live, enough, says she, I know;
And to the Will of Fate I nothing owe.
Nor shall I now a worthless Ghost descend,
Having with honour first reveng'd my Friend,
Built him a stately Town, happy, and more
Had the false *Trojan* never touch'd this Shore.

Then lifting up her Hands to ſtrike, Shall I
Die unreveng'd, ſhe ſays, however die.
Forſaken thus, thus to the Shades I haſte,
And blot out all remembrance of the paſt.
May the falſe *Trojan* ſee theſe flames from far,
And in his Thoughts the fatal Omen bear!
With this the Blood came ruſhing from her Side,
Deep in her Breaſt the reeking Sword was dy'd;
Her frighted Servants in diſtraction run,
And with their Cries they fill th' amazed Town.
Such is the noiſe when the prevailing Foes
Enter a Breach, and Slaughter overflows.
Her frantick Siſter with a furious pace,
Pierc'd to the Heart, comes running to the place.
Ah deareſt! ſays ſhe, was this Fraud for me,
Theſe Altars dreſt, for ſuch a Tragedy?
Why was I not invited to thy Fate,
Nor made thy Partner in thy worſt Eſtate?
Ah! you have ſlain your ſelf, and me, and all,
People and Nobles in one Funeral.
O give me leave, if yet you not reſign
Your lateſt Breath, to ſuck that Soul with mine.
With that ſhe doth the high-rais'd Pile aſcend,
And weeping doth imbrace her dying Friend.
Thrice on her Arms the Queen ſupports her Head,
And thrice again falls groveling on her Bed.
Thrice with diſcloſed Eyes ſhe ſeeks the Light,
And thrice with ſighing folds again her Sight.
Then *Juno*, looking with a pitying Eye
Upon ſo ſad and laſting Miſery,
Since deepeſt Wounds can no free Paſſage give
To Self-deſtroyers, who refuſe to live;
Sent *Iris* down to cut the fatal Hair,
Which done, her whole Life vaniſh'd into Air.

A SONG.

CHloris, 'twill be for either's Reſt,
Truly to know each other's Breaſt:
I'll make th' obſcureſt Part of mine
Tranſparent as I would have thine.
If you will deal but ſo with me,
We ſoon ſhall part, or ſoon agree.

II.

Know then, though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;
And though the Graces of your Mind
With a reſembling Luſtre ſhin'd:
Yet if you love me not, you'll ſee
I'll value thoſe as you do me.

III.

Though I a thouſand times had ſworn
My Paſſion ſhould tranſcend your Scorn,
And that your bright triumphant Eyes
Create a Flame that never dies;
Yet if to me you prov'd untrue,
Thoſe Oaths ſhould turn as falſe to you.

IV.

If I vow'd to pay Love for Hate,
'Twas, I confeſs, a meer Deceit;
Or that my Flame ſhould deathleſs prove,
'Twas but to render ſo your Love:
I brag'd as Cowards uſe to do
Of dangers they'll ne'er run into.

V.

And now my Tenents I have ſhow'd,
If thou think them too great a Load;
T' attempt your Change, were but in vain;
The Conqueſt not being worth the Pain.
With them I'll other Nymphs ſubdue;
'Tis too much to loſe time, and you.

THE

ART

OF

POETRY,

Written in *French* by the

SIEUR de BOILEAU.

Made *English* by

Sir *WILLIAM SOAME*, Bar.

And Revis'd and Alter'd, by

Mr. *JOHN DRYDEN.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS *Translation of Monsieur* Boileau's Art of Poetry *was made in the Year* 1680, *by Sir* William Soame *of* Suffolk, *Baronet*; *who being very intimately acquainted with Mr.* Dryden, *desired his Revisal of it. I saw the Manuscript lye in Mr.* Dryden's *Hands for above six Months, who made very considerable Alterations in it, particularly, the beginning of the Fourth* Canto; *and it being his* Opinion *that it would be better to apply the Poem to* English *Writers, than keep to the* French *Names, as it was first Translated, Sir* William *desired he wou'd take the Pains to make that Alteration, and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr.* Dryden.

The Poem was first Published in the Year 1683; *Sir* William *was after sent Ambassador to* Constantinople, *in the Reign of King* James, *but Died in the Voyage.*

J. T.

CANTO I.

RASH Author, 'tis a vain presumptuous Crime
To undertake the Sacred Art of Rhyme:
If at thy Birth the Stars that rul'd thy Sense
Shone not with a Poetic Influence;
In thy strait Genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find *Phœbus* deaf, and *Pegasus* unsound.
You then, that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous Course of charming Poetry;
Forbear in fruitless Verse to lose your time,
Or take for Genius the desire of Rhyme:
Fear the Allurements of a specious Bait,
And well consider your own Force and Weight.
Nature abounds in Wits of ev'ry kind,
And for each Author can a Talent find:
One may in Verse describe an am'rous Flame,
Another sharpen a short Epigram:
Waller a Hero's mighty Acts extol;
Spencer Sing *Rosalind* in Pastoral:
But Authors that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own Genius, and mistake their Theme;
Thus in times past * *Dubartas* vainly writ,
Allaying Sacred Truth with trifling Wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Describ'd the *Israelites* Triumphant Flight,
And following *Moses* o'er the Sandy Plain,
Perish'd with *Pharoah* in th' *Arabian* Main.
What-e'er you write of Pleasant or Sublime,
Always let Sense accompany your Rhyme:

---

* Dubartas *Translated by* Silvester.

Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with Reason's Laws to close:
And when to conquer her you bend your Force,
The Mind will Triumph in the Noble Course;
To Reason's Yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her Divine:
But, if neglected, will as easily stray,
And master Reason, which she should obey.
Love Reason then; and let whate'er you Write
Borrow from her its Beauty, Force, and Light.
Most Writers, mounted on a resty Muse,
Extravagant and senseless Objects chuse;
They think they err, if in their Verse they fall
On any Thought that's Plain, or Natural:
Fly this Excess; and let *Italians* be
Vain Authors of false glitt'ring Poetry.
All ought to aim at Sense; but most in vain
Strive the hard Pass, and slipp'ry Path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
Reason to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an Author, fond of his own Thought,
Pursues his Object 'till it's over-wrought:
If he describes a House, he shews the Face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a *Vista*, there the Doors unfold,
Balconies here are Balluster'd with Gold;
Then counts the Rounds and Ovals in the Halls,
* *The Festoons, Freezes, and the Astragals:*
Tir'd with his tedious Pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty Pages to be gone.
Of such Descriptions the vain Folly see,
And shun their barren Superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The Mind once satisfy'd, is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot Write, who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one Fault, he makes a hundred more:

---

* *Verse of* Scudery.

A Verſe was weak, you turn it much too ſtrong,
And grow Obſcure, for fear you ſhould be long.
Some are not Gaudy, but are Flat and Dry;
Not to be low, another ſoars too high.
Would you of every one deſerve the Praiſe?
In Writing, vary your Diſcourſe, and Phraſe;
A frozen Stile, that neither Ebbs or Flows,
Inſtead of pleaſing, makes us gape and doze.
Thoſe tedious Authors are eſteem'd by none
Who tire us, Humming the ſame heavy Tone.
Happy, who in his Verſe can gently ſteer,
From Grave, to Light; from Pleaſant, to Severe:
His Works will be admir'd where-ever found,
And oft with Buyers will be compaſs'd roun d.
In all you Write, be neither Low nor Vile:
The meaneſt Theme may have a proper Stile.
The dull Burleſque appear'd with Impudence,
And pleas'd by Novelty, in ſpite of Senſe.
All, except trivial Points, grew out of date;
Parnaſſus ſpoke the Cant of *Billinſgate*:
Boundleſs and Mad, diſorder'd Rhyme was ſeen:
Diſguis'd *Apollo* chang'd to *Harlequin*.
This Plague, which firſt in Country Towns began,
Cities and Kingdoms quickly over-ran;
The dulleſt Scriblers ſome Admirers found,
And the ‡ *Mock Tempeſt* was awhile renown'd:
But this low ſtuff the Town at laſt deſpis'd,
And ſcorn'd the Folly that they once had pris'd;
Diſtingu'd Dull, from Natural and Plain,
And left the Villages to *Fleckno*'s Reign
Let not ſo mean a Stile your Muſe debaſe;
But learn from * *Butler* the Buffooning grace:
And let Burleſque in Ballads be employ'd;
Yet noiſie Bumbaſt carefully avoid,

---

‡ *The* Mock-Tempeſt, *a Play, written by Mr.* Duffet. * Hudibraſs.

Nor think to raiſe (tho' on *Pharſalia*'s Plain)
† *Millions of mourning Mountains of the Slain:*
Nor, with *Dubartas*, * bridle up the Floods,
And Periwig with Wooll the bald-pate Woods.
Chuſe a juſt Stile; be Grave without Conſtraint,
Great without Pride, and Lovely without Paint:
Write what your Reader may be pleas'd to hear;
And, for the Meaſure, have a careful Ear.
On eaſie Numbers fix your happy choice;
Of jarring Sounds avoid the odious noiſe:
The fulleſt Verſe and the moſt labour'd Senſe,
Diſpleaſe us, if the Ear once take Offence.
Our ancient Verſe, (as homely as the Times,)
Was rude, unmeaſur'd, only tagg'd with Rhymes:
Number and Cadence, that have ſince been ſhown,
To thoſe unpoliſh'd Writers were unknown.
‡ *Fairfax* was he, who, in that darker Age,
By his juſt Rules reſtrain'd Poetick Rage;
Spencer did next in Paſtorals excel,
And taught the noble Art of Writing well:
To ſtricter Rules the Stanza did reſtrain,
And found for Poetry a richer Vein.
Then *D' Avenant* came; who, with a new-found Art,
Chang'd all, ſpoil'd all, and had his way apart:
His haughty Muſe all others did deſpiſe,
And thought in Triumph to bear off the Prize,
'Till the ſharp-ſighted Criticks of the Times
In their Mock-*Gondibert* expos'd his Rhymes;
The Lawrels he pretended did refuſe,
And daſh'd the Hopes of his aſpiring Muſe.
This head-ſtrong Writer, falling from on high,
Made following Authors take leſs Liberty.
Waller came laſt, but was the firſt whoſe Art
Juſt Weight and Meaſure did to Verſe impart;

---

† *Verſe of* Brebeuf. * *Verſe of* Dubartas.
‡ Fairfax *in his Tranſlation of* Godfrey *of* Bulloign.

That of a well-plac'd Word could teach the force,
And shew'd for Poetry a nobler Course:
His happy Genius did our Tongue refine,
And easie Words with pleasing Numbers join:
His Verses to good method did apply,
And chang'd harsh Discord to soft Harmony.
All own'd his Laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,
To present Authors now may be a *Guide*.
Tread boldly in his Steps, secure from Fear,
And be, like him, in your Expressions clear.
If in your Verse you drag, and Sense delay,
My Patience tires, my Fancy goes astray,
And from your vain Discourse I turn my Mind,
Nor search an Author troublesome to find.
There is a kind of Writer pleas'd with Sound,
Whose Fustian Head with Clouds is compass'd round,
No Reason can disperse 'em with its Light:
Learn then to Think, e'er you pretend to Write.
As your Idea's clear, or else obscure,
Th' Expression follows perfect, or impure:
What we conceive, with ease we can express;
Words to the Notions flow with readiness.
Observe the Language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest Flight.
The smoothest Verse, and the exactest Sense
Displease us, if ill *English* give Offence:
A barb'rous Phrase no Reader can approve;
Nor Bombast, Noise, or Affectation love.
In short, without pure Language, what you write
Can never yield us Profit, or Delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not your self for writing fast.
A rapid Poem, with such Fury writ,
Shews want of Judgment, not abounding Wit.
More pleas'd we are to see a Rival lead
His gentle Streams along a flow'ry Mead,
Than from high Banks to hear loud Torrents roar,
With foamy Waters on a muddy Shoar.

Gently make haſte, of Labour not afraid;
A hundred times conſider what you've ſaid:
Poliſh, repoliſh, every Colour lay,
And ſometimes add; but oft'ner take away.
'Tis not enough, when ſwarming Faults are writ,
That here and there are ſcatter'd Sparks of Wit;
Each Object muſt be fix'd in the due place,
And diff'ring Parts have correſponding Grace:
'Till, by a curious Art diſpos'd, we find
One perfect Whole, of all the Pieces join'd.
Keep to your Subject cloſe, in all you ſay;
Nor for a ſounding Sentence ever ſtray.
The publick Cenſure for your Writings fear,
And to your ſelf be Critick moſt ſevere.
Fantaſtic Wits their darling Follies love;
But find you faithful Friends that will reprove,
That on your Works may look with careful Eyes,
And of your Faults be zealous Enemies:
Lay by an Author's Pride and Vanity,
And from a Friend a Flatterer deſcry,
Who ſeems to like, but means not what he ſays:
Embrace true Counſel, but ſuſpect falſe Praiſe.
A Sycophant will every thing admire:
Each Verſe, each Sentence ſets his Soul on Fire:
All is Divine! there's not a Word amiſs!
He ſhakes with Joy, and weeps with Tenderneſs,
He over-pow'rs you with his mighty Praiſe.
Truth never moves in thoſe impetuous ways:
A faithful Friend is careful of your Fame,
And freely will your heedleſs Errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected Line,
But Verſe to Rule and Order will confine,
Reprove of Words the too affected Sound;
Here the Senſe flags, and your Expreſſion's round,
Your Fancy tires, and your Diſcourſe grows vain,
Your Terms improper, make them juſt and plain.
Thus 'tis a faithful Friend will Freedom uſe;
But Authors, partial to their darling Muſe,

Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly Counsel take offence.
Said you of this, that the Expression's flat?
Your Servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,
He answers you. This Word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: *That, Sir, 's the proper'st place.*
This Turn I like not: *'Tis approv'd by all.*
Thus, resolute not from one Fault to fall.
If there's a Syllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure Reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his Faults confute,
And over him your Pow'r is absolute:
But of his feign'd Humility take heed;
'Tis a Bait laid, to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for in our scribling times
No Fool can want a Sot to praise his Rhymes:
The flattest Work has ever, in the Court,
Met with some zealous *Ass* for its Support:
And in all times a forward, scribling Fop
Has found some greater Fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

AS a fair Nymph, when rising from her Bed,
With sparkling Diamonds dresses not her Head;
But, without Gold, or Pearl, or costly Scents,
Gathers from neighb'ring Fields her Ornaments:
Such, lovely in its Dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a Perfect *Pastoral*:
Its humble Method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the ratling of a lofty Verse:
There, native Beauty pleases, and excites,
And never, with harsh Sounds, the Ear affrights.

But in this Stile a Poet often ſpent,
In rage throws by his * Rural Inſtrument,
And vainly, when diſorder'd Thoughts abound,
Amidſt the *Eclogue* makes the Trumpet ſound:
Pan flies, alarm'd, into the neighb'ring Woods,
And frighted Nymphs dive down into the Floods.
Oppos'd to this another, low in Stile,
Makes Shepherds ſpeak a Language baſe and vile:
His Writings, flat and heavy, without Sound,
Kiſſing the Earth, and creeping on the Ground;
You'd ſwear that *Randal*, in his Ruſtick Strains,
Again was quav'ring to the Country Swains,
And changing, without care of Sound or Dreſs,
Strephon and *Phyllis*, into *Tom* and *Beſs*.
'Twixt theſe Extreams 'tis hard to keep the right;
For Guides take *Virgil*, and read *Theocrite*:
Be their juſt Writings, by the Gods inſpir'd,
Your conſtant Pattern, practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you'll eaſily comprehend
How Poets, without Shame, may condeſcend
To ſing of Gardens, Fields, of Flow'rs, and Fruit,
To ſtir up Shepherds, and to tune the Flute;
Of Love's Rewards to tell the happy Hour,
Daphne a Tree, *Narciſſus* made a Flow'r,
And by what means the *Eclogue* yet has pow'r
‡ To make the Woods worthy a Conqueror:
This of their Writings is the Grace and Flight;
Their Riſings lofty, yet not out of Sight.

E L E G Y.

The *Elegy*, that loves a mournful Stile,
With unbound Hair weeps at a Funeral Pile,
It paints the Lovers Torments, and Delights,
A Miſtreſs Flatters, Threatens, and Invites:
But well theſe Raptures if you'll make us ſee,
You muſt know Love, as well as Poetry.

* *Flute Pipe.* ‡ Virg. *Eclog.* 4.

I hate those Lukewarm Authors, whose forc'd Fire
In a cold Stile describe a hot Desire,
That sigh by Rule, and raging in cold Blood
Their sluggish Muse whip to an amorous Mood:
Their feign'd Transports appear but flat and vain;
They always sigh, and always hug their Chain,
Adore their Prison, and their Suff'rings bless,
Make Sense and Reason quarrel as they please.
'Twas not of old in this affected Tone
That smooth *Tibullus* made his amorous Moan;
Nor *Ovid*, when, instructed from above,
By Nature's Rules he taught the *Art of Love*.
The Heart in *Elegies* forms the Discourse.

O D E.

The *Ode* is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to Heav'n in her ambitious Flight,
Amongst the Gods and Heroes takes delight;
Of *Pisa*'s Wrestlers tells the sin'ewy Force,
And sings the dusty Conqueror's glorious Course:
To *Simois* Streams does fierce *Achilles* bring,
And makes the *Ganges* bow to *Britain*'s King.
Sometimes she flies, like an industrious Bee,
And robs the Flow'rs by Nature's Chymistry,
Describes the Shepherd's Dances, Feasts, and Bliss,
And boasts from *Phyllis* to surprize a Kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd Remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force:
Her generous Stile at random oft will part,
And by a brave Disorder shows her Art.
Unlike those fearful Poets, whose cold Rhyme
In all their Raptures keep exactest time,
That sing th' Illustrious Hero's mighty Praise
(Lean Writers!) by the terms of Weeks and Days;
And dare not from least Circumstances part,
But take all Towns by strictest Rules of Art:
Apollo drives those Fops from his Abode;
And some have said, that once the humorous God

Resolving all such Scriblers to confound,
For the short *Sonnet* order'd this strict bound:
Set Rules for the just Measure, and the Time,
The easie Running, and alternate Rhyme;
But, above all, those Licences deny'd
Which in these Writings the lame Sense supply'd;
Forbad an useless Line shou'd find a place,
Or a repeated Word appear with Grace.
A faultless *Sonnet*, finish'd thus, would be
Worth tedious Volumes of loose Poetry.
A hundred scribling Authors, without ground
Believe they have this only *Phœnix* found:
When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole Tomes, from Faults and Censure free.
The rest, but little read, regarded less,
Are shovel'd to the Pastry from the Press.
Closing the Sense within the measur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the Reason to the Rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The *Epigram*, with little Art compos'd,
Is one good Sentence in a Distich clos'd.
These points, that by *Italians* first were priz'd,
Our ancient Authors knew not, or despis'd:
The Vulgar, dazled with their glaring Light,
To their false Pleasures quickly they invite;
But publick Favour so increas'd their Pride,
They overwhelm'd *Parnassus* with their Tide.
The *Madrigal* at first was overcome,
And the proud *Sonnet* fell by the same Doom;
With these grave *Tragedy* adorn'd her Flights,
And mournful *Elegy* her Funeral Rites:
A Hero never fail'd 'em on the Stage,
Without his Point a Lover durst not rage;
The amorous Shepherds took more care to prove
True to his Point, than faithful to their Love.
Each Word, like *Janus*, had a double Face:
And Prose, as well as Verse, allow'd it place:

The Lawyer with Conceits adorn'd his Speech,
The Parson without Quibling could not Preach.
At last affronted Reason look'd about,
And from all serious Matters shut 'em out:
Declar'd that none should use 'em without Shame,
Except a scattering in the *Epigram*;
Provided that, by Art, and in due time
They turn'd upon the Thought, and not the Rhyme.
Thus in all parts Disorders did abate;
Yet Quiblers in the Court had leave to prate:
Insipid Jesters, and unpleasant Fools,
A Corporation of dull Punning Drolls.
'Tis not, but that sometimes a dextrous Muse
May with advantage a turn'd Sense abuse,
And, on a Word, may trifle with Address;
But above all avoid the fond Excess,
And think not, when your Verse and Sense are lame,
With a dull Point to Tag your *Epigram*.
Each Poem his Perfection has apart;
The *British Round* in plainness shows his Art;
The *Ballad*, tho' the Pride of ancient Time,
Has often nothing but his humorous Rhyme;
The || *Madrigal* may softer Passions move,
And breath the tender Ecstasies of Love:
Desire to show it self, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue first with *Satyr* in its Tongue.

SATYR.

Lucilius was the Man who, bravely bold,
To *Roman* Vices did this Mirror hold,
Protected humble Goodness from reproach,
Show'd Worth on Foot, and Rascals in the Coach.
Horace his pleasing Wit to this did add,
And none uncensur'd could be Fool, or Mad;

|| *An old way of Writing, which began and ended with the same Measure.*

Unhappy was that Wretch, whose Name might be
Squar'd to the Rules of their Sharp Poetry.
Persius, obscure, but full of Sense and Wit,
Affected Brevity in all he writ:
And *Juvenal*, Learn'd as those times cou'd be,
Too far did stretch his sharp Hyperbole;
Tho' horrid Truths thro' all his Labours shine,
In what he writes there's something of Divine,
Whether he blames the *Caprean* Debauch,
Or of *Sejanus'* Fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling *Senate* come
To the stern Tyrant, to receive their Doom;
Or *Roman* Vice in coursest Habits shews,
And paints an *Empress* reeking from the Stews:
In all he Writes appears a noble Fire;
To follow such a Master then desire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid Base,
In his old Stile, conserves a modern Grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his Rhymes
Offended not the method of our Times.
The *Latin* Writers, Decency neglect;
But modern Authors challenge our Respect,
And at immodest Writings take offence,
If clean Expression cover not the Sense.
I love sharp Satyr, from Obscenenes free;
Not Impudence, that preaches Modesty:
Our *English*, who in Malice never fail,
Hence, in Lampoons and Libels, learnt to Rail;
Pleasant Detraction, that by Singing goes
From Mouth to Mouth, and as it marches grows!
Our freedom in our Poetry we see,
That Child of Joy, begot by Liberty.
But, vain Blasphemer, tremble, when you chuse
God for the Subject of your impious Muse:
At last, those Jests which Libertines invent
Bring the lewd Author to just Punishment.
Ev'n in a Song there must be Art, and Sense;
Yet sometimes we have seen, that Wine, or Chance,

Have

Have warm'd cold Brains, and given dull Writers
And furnish'd out a Scene for Mr. *S---le.* [Mettle,
But for one lucky Hit, that made thee pleaſe,
Let not thy Folly grow to a Diſeaſe,
Nor think thy ſelf a Wit; for in our Age
If a warm Fancy does ſome Fop engage,
He neither eats nor ſleeps, 'till he has Writ,
But plagues the World with his adulterate Wit.
Nay, 'tis a Wonder, if, in his dire Rage,
He Prints not his dull Follies for the Stage;
And, in the Front of all his ſenſeleſs Plays,
Makes * *David Logan* crown his Head with Bayes.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

THere's not a Monſter bred beneath the Sky
But, well diſpos'd by Art, may pleaſe the Eye:
A curious Workman, by his Skill Divine,
From an ill Object makes a good Deſign.
Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in Tears
For † *Oedipus*, provokes our Hopes, and Fears:
For Parricide *Oreſtes* asks Relief;
And, to encreaſe our Pleaſure, cauſes Grief.
You then, that in this noble Art would riſe,
Come; and in lofty Verſe diſpute the Prize.
Would you upon the Stage acquire Renown,
And for your Judges ſummon all the Town?
Would you your Works for ever ſhould remain,
And, after Ages paſt, be ſought again?
In all you Write, obſerve with Care and Art
To move the Paſſions, and incline the Heart.
If, in a labour'd Act, the pleaſing Rage
Cannot our Hopes and Fears by turns engage,

* *D. Logan*, a Graver. † *Writ by Mr.* Dryden.

Nor in our Mind a feeling Pity raiſe;
In vain with learned Scenes you fill your Plays:
Your cold Diſcourſe can never move the Mind
Of a ſtern Critick, nat'rally unkind;
Who, juſtly tir'd with your Pedantick flight,
Or falls aſleep, or cenſures all you write.
The Secret is, Attention firſt to gain;
To move our Minds, and then to entertain:
That, from the very op'ning of the Scenes,
The firſt may ſhow us what the Author means.
I'm tir'd to ſee an Actor on the Stage
That knows not whether he's to Laugh, or Rage;
Who, an Intrigue unravelling in vain,
Inſtead of pleaſing, keeps my Mind in pain.
I'd rather much the nauſeous Dunce ſhould ſay
Downright, my Name is *Hector* in the Play;
Than with a Maſs of Miracles, ill join'd,
Confound my Ears, and not inſtruct my Mind.
The Subject's never ſoon enough expreſt;
Your Place of Action muſt be fix'd, and reſt.
A *Spaniſh* Poet may, with good Event,
In one Day's ſpace whole Ages repreſent;
There oft the Hero of a wandring Stage
Begins a Child, and ends the Play of Age:
But we, that are by Reaſon's Rules confin'd,
Will, that with Art the Poem be deſign'd,
That Unity of Action, Time, and Place
Keep the Stage full, and all our Labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with eaſe conceiv'd;
Some Truths may be too ſtrong to be believ'd.
A fooliſh Wonder cannot entertain:
My Mind's not mov'd, if your Diſcourſe be vain;
You may relate, what would offend the Eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better ſatisfie;
But there are Objects, that a curious Art
Hides from the Eyes, yet offers to the Heart;
The Mind is moſt agreeably ſurpris'd,
When a well-woven Subject, long diſguis'd,

You on a ſudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another Face, and Mould.
* At firſt the Tragedy was void of Art;
A Song; where each Man danc'd, and ſung his Part,
And of God *Bacchus* roaring out the Praiſe,
Sought a good Vintage for their jolly Days:
Then Wine, and Joy, were ſeen in each Man's Eyes,
And a fat Goat was the beſt Singer's Prize.
Theſpis was firſt, who, all beſmear'd with Lee,
Began this pleaſure for Poſterity:
And, with his carted Actors, and a Song,
Amus'd the People as he paſs'd along.
Next *Æſchylus* the diff'rent Perſons plac'd,
And with a better Mask his Players grac'd:
Upon a Theatre his Verſe expreſs'd,
And ſhow'd his Heroe with a Buskin dreſs'd.
Then *Sophocles*, the Genius of his Age,
Increas'd the Pomp and Beauty of the Stage,
Ingag'd the Chorus Song in every part,
And poliſh'd rugged Verſe by Rules of Art:
He, in the *Greek*, did thoſe Perfections gain
Which the weak *Latin* never could attain.
Our pious Fathers, in their Prieſt-rid Age,
As Impious and Prophane, abhorr'd the Stage:
A Troop of ſilly Pilgrims, as 'tis ſaid,
Fooliſhly zealous, ſcandalouſly play'd
(Inſtead of Heroes, and of Love's complaints)
The Angels, God, the Virgin, and the Saints.
At laſt, right Reaſon did his Laws reveal,
And ſhow'd the Folly of their ill-plac'd Zeal,
Silenc'd thoſe Nonconformiſts of the Age,
And rais'd the lawful Heroes of the Stage:
Only th' *Athenian* Mask was laid aſide,
And Chorus by the Muſick was ſupply'd.
Ingenious Love, inventive in new Arts,
Mingled in Plays, and quickly touch'd our Hearts:

* *The beginning and progreſs of* Tragedies,

This Passion never could resistance find,
But knows the shortest Passage to the Mind.
Paint then, I'm pleas'd my Heroe be in Love;
But let him not like a tame Shepherd move:
Let not *Achilles* be like *Thyrsis* seen,
Or for a *Cyrus* show an * *Artamen*;
That, strugling oft, his Passions we may find,
The Frailty, not the Virtue of his Mind.
Of Romance Heroes shun the low Design;
Yet to great Hearts some human Frailties join:
Achilles must with *Homer*'s heat ingage;
For an affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.
Those little Failings in your Hero's Heart
Show that of Man and Nature he has part:
To leave known Rules you cannot be allow'd;
Make *Agamemnon* covetous, and proud,
Æneas in religious Rites austere,
Keep to each Man his proper Character.
Of Countries and of Times the Humours know;
From diff'rent Climates, diff'ring Customs grow:
And strive to shun their Fault, who vainly dress
An antick Hero like some modern Ass;
Who make old *Romans* like our *English* move,
Show *Cato* sparkish, or make *Brutus* love.
In a Romance those Errors are excus'd:
There 'tis enough that, Reading, we're amus'd:
Rules too severe would then be useless found;
But the strict Scene must have a juster bound:
Exact Decorum we must always find.
If then you form some Hero in your Mind,
Be sure your Image with it self agree;
For what he first appears, he still must be.
Affected Wits will nat'rally incline
To paint their Figures by their own design:
Your Bully Poets, Bully Heroes write;
Chapman, in *Busfy D' Ambois* took delight,
And thought Perfection was to Huff, and Fight.

* Artamen, *the Name of* Cyrus *in* Scudery's *Romance.*

Wise Nature by variety does please;
Cloath diff'ring Passions in a diff'ring Dress:
Bold Anger, in rough haughty Words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in Tears.
Make not your * *Hercules* with fury rage,
And show a ranting Grief upon the Stage;
Or tell in vain how the rough *Tanais* bore
His seven-fold Waters to the *Euxine* Shore:
These swoln Expressions, this affected Noise
Shows like some Pedant, that declaims to Boys.
In Sorrow, you must foster Methods keep;
And, to excite our Tears, your self must weep.
Those noble Words with which ill Plays abound,
Come not from Hearts that are in sadness drown'd.
The Theatre for a young Poet's Rhimes
Is a bold venture in our knowing Times:
An Author cannot eas'ly purchase Fame;
Criticks are always apt to hiss, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every Ass in Town,
The Privilege is bought for half a Crown.
To please, you must a hundred Changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble Thoughts must every where abound,
Be easie, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising Touches join,
And show us a new Wonder in each Line;
That all in a just Method well-design'd,
May leave a strong Impression in the Mind,
These are the Arts that *Tragedy* maintain:

The EPICK.

But the Heroic claims a loftier Strain.
In the Narration of some great Design,
Invention, Art, and Fable all must join:

---

* Seneca *Trag.*

Here Fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a Body, Mind, and Face:
Each Virtue a Divinity is seen;
Prudence is *Pallas*, Beauty *Paphos* Queen.
'Tis not a Cloud from whence swift Lightnings fly;
But *Jupiter*, that thunders from the Sky:
Nor a rough Storm, that gives the Sailor pain;
But angry *Neptune*, plowing up the Main:
Echo's no more an empty airy Sound;
But a fair Nymph, that weeps her Lover drown'd,
Thus in the endless Treasure of his Mind,
The Poet does a thousand Figures find,
Around the work his Ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish hand his op'ning Flow'rs,
'Tis not a wonder if a Tempest bore
The *Trojan* Fleet against the *Libyan* Shore;
From faithless Fortune this is no surprise,
For every Day 'tis common to our Eyes;
But angry *Juno*, that she might destroy,
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd *Troy*:
That *Æolus*, with the fierce Goddess join'd,
Open'd the hollow Prisons of the Wind;
'Till angry *Neptune*, looking o'er the Main,
Rebukes the Tempest, calms the Waves again,
Their Vessels from the dang'rous Quick-sands steers;
These are the Springs that move our hopes and fears:
Without these Ornaments before our Eyes,
Th' unsinew'd Poem languishes, and dies:
Your Poet in his Art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid Tale.
In vain have our mistaken Authors try'd
To lay these antient Ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and Prophets that he sent,
Might act like those the Poets did invent,
To fright poor Readers in each Line with Hell,
And talk of *Satan*, *Ashtaroth* and *Bel*;
The Mysteries which Christians must believe,
Disdain such shifting Pageants to receive:

The Gospel offers nothing to our Thoughts
But Penitence, or punishment for Faults;
And mingling Falshoods with those Mysteries,
Would make our sacred Truths appear like Lies.
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining *Lucifer*,
Whose Rage at your imagin'd Hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the Prize?
Tasso, you'll say, has done it with applause:
It is not here I mean to Judge his Cause:
Yet, tho' our Age has so extoll'd his Name,
His Works had never gain'd immortal Fame,
If holy *Godfrey* in his Ecstasies
Had only conquer'd *Satan* on his Knees;
If *Tankred*, and *Armida*'s pleasing Form,
Did not his melancholy Theme adorn.
'Tis not, that Christian Poems ought to be
Fill'd with the Fictions of Idolatry;
But in a common Subject to reject
The Gods, and Heathen Ornaments neglect;
To banish Tritons who the Seas invade,
To take *Pan*'s Whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder *Charon* in his leaky Boat
To pass the Shepherd with the Man of Note,
Is with vain Scruples to disturb your Mind,
And search Perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an Ornament,
To paint old *Janus* with his Front of Brass,
And take from Time his Scythe, his Wings and Glass.
And every where, as't were Idolatry,
Banish Descriptions from our Poetry.
Leave 'em their pious Follies to pursue;
But let our Reason such vain Fears subdue:
And let us not, amongst our Vanities,
Of the true God create a God of Lies.
In Fable we a thousand Pleasures see,
And the smooth Names seem made for Poetry;

As *Hector*, *Alexander*, *Helen*, *Phyllis*,
Ulysses, *Agamemnon*, and *Achilles*:
In such a Crowd, the Poet were to blame
To chuse King *Chilp'eric* for his Hero's Name.
Sometimes, the Name being well or ill apply'd,
Will the whole Fortune of your Work decide.
Would you your Reader never should be tir'd?
Chuse some great Hero, fit to be admir'd,
In Courage signal, and in Virtue bright,
Let e'en his very Failings give Delight;
Let his great Actions our Attention bind,
Like *Cæsar*, or like *Scipio*, frame his Mind,
And not like *Oedipus* his perjur'd Race;
A common Conqueror is a Theme too base.
Chuse not your Tale of Accidents too full;
Too much Variety may make it dull:
Achilles Rage alone, when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.
Be your Narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your Descriptions show your noblest Art:
There 'tis your Poetry may be employ'd;
Yet you must trivial Accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that * Fool, who, to describe
The wondrous Marches of the chosen Tribe,
Plac'd on the sides, to see their Armies pass,
The Fishes staring through the liquid Glass;
Describ'd a Child, who with his little hand,
Pick'd up the shining Pebbles from the Sand.
Such Objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your Work a just and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy Steed;
Nor tell your Reader, in a Thund'ring Verse,
‡ *I sing the Conqueror of the Universe.*
What can an Author after this produce?
The lab'ring Mountain must bring forth a Mouse.

---

* *St.* Amant. ‡ *The first Line of* Scudery's Alaric.

Much better are we pleas'd with his * Addreſs
Who, without making ſuch vaſt Promiſes,
Says, in an eaſier Stile and plainer Senſe,
" I ſing the Combats of that pious Prince
" Who from the *Phrygian* Coaſt his Armies bore,
" And landed firſt on the *Lavinian* Shore.
His op'ning Muſe ſets not the World on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require:
Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the Fame,
And future Glory of the *Roman* Name;
Of *Styx* and *Acheron* deſcribe the Floods,
And *Cæſar*'s wandring in th' *Elyſian* Woods:
With Figures numberleſs his Story grace,
And every thing in beauteous Colours trace.
At once you may be pleaſing, and ſublime;
I hate a heavy melancholy Rhyme:
I'd rather read *Orlando*'s comick Tale,
Than a dull Author always ſtiff and ſtale,
Who thinks himſelf diſhonour'd in his Stile,
If on his Works the Graces do but ſmile.
'Tis ſaid, that *Homer*, matchleſs in his Art,
Stole *Venus* Girdle, to engage the Heart:
His Works indeed vaſt Treaſures do unfold,
And whatſoe'er he touches turns to Gold:
All in his hands new Beauty does acquire;
He always pleaſes, and can never tire.
A happy Warmth he every where may boaſt;
Nor is he in too long Digreſſions loſt:
His Verſes without Rule a Method find,
And of themſelves appear in order join'd:
All without trouble anſwers his intent;
Each Syllable is tending to th' Event.
Let his Example your Endeavours raiſe:
To love his Writings, is a kind of Praiſe.
A Poem, where we all Perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantaſtick Mind:

* Virgil's *Eneids*.

There must be Care, and Time, and Skill, and Pains;
Not the first Heat of unexperienc'd Brains.
Yet sometimes artless Poets, when the rage
Of a warm Fancy does their Minds engage,
Puff'd with vain Pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the Trumpet in their Hand;
Their fustian Muse each Accident confounds;
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
'Till their small stock of Learning quickly spent,
Their Poem dies for want of Nourishment.
In vain Mankind the hot-brain'd Fool decries,
No branding Censures can unveil his Eyes;
With Impudence the Laurel they invade,
Resolv'd to like the Monsters they have made.
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
And *Homer* understood not Poetry:
Against their Merit if this Age Rebel,
To future Times for Justice they appeal.
But waiting 'till Mankind shall do 'em right,
And bring their Works Triumphantly to Light;
Neglected Heaps we in By-corners lay,
Where they become to Worms and Moths a Prey;
Forgot, in Dust and Cobwebs let 'em rest,
Whilst we return from whence we first digrest.

The great Success which Tragick Writers found,
In *Athens* first the Comedy renown'd,
Th' abusive *Grecian* there, by pleasing ways,
Dispers'd his nat'ral Malice in his Plays:
Wisdom and Virtue, Honour, Wit, and Sense,
Were Subject to Buffooning Insolence:
Poets were publickly approv'd, and sought,
That Vice extoll'd, and Virtue set at naught;
A *Socrates* himself, in that loose Age,
Was made the Pastime of a Scoffing Stage.
At last the Publick took in hand the Cause,
And cur'd this Madness by the Pow'r of Laws;
Forbad at any Time, or any Place,
To name the Person, or describe the Face,

The Stage its antient Fury thus let fall,
And Comedy diverted without Gall:
By mild Reproofs recover'd Minds diseas'd,
And, sparing Persons, innocently pleas'd.
Each one was nicely shewn in this new Glass,
And smil'd to think he was not meant the Ass:
A Miser oft would laugh at first, to find
A faithful Draught of his own sordid Mind;
And Fops were with such Care and Cunning writ,
They lik'd the Piece for which themselves did sit.
You then, that would the Comick Laurels wear,
To study Nature be your only Care:
Who e'er knows Man, and by a curious Art
Discerns the hidden Secrets of the Heart;
He who observes, and naturally can Paint
The jealous Fool, the fawning Sycophant,
A sober Wit, an enterprising Ass,
A humorous *Otter*, or a *Hudibras*;
May safely in those noble Lists ingage,
And make 'em Act and Speak upon the Stage:
Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with Colours that may please the Sight,
Nature in various Figures does abound;
And in each Mind are diff'rent Humours found:
A glance, a touch, discovers to the Wise;
But ev'ry Man has not discerning Eyes.
All-changing Time does also change the Mind;
And diff'rent Ages, diff'rent Pleasures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flatt'ring Vice is eas'ly led away;
Vain in Discourse, inconstant in Desire,
In Censure, rash; in Pleasures, all on fire.
The Manly Age does steadier Thoughts enjoy;
Pow'r and Ambition do his Soul employ:
Against the turns of Fate he sets his Mind;
And by the past the future hopes to find.
Decrepid Age, still adding to his Stores,
For others heaps the Treasure he adores.

In all his Actions keeps a frozen pace;
Past Times extols, the present to debase:
Incapable of Pleasures Youth abuse,
In others blames, what Age does him refuse.
Your Actors must by Reason be control'd;
Let young Men speak like young, old Men like old:
Observe the Town, and study well the Court;
For thither various Characters resort:
Thus 'twas great *Johnson* purchas'd his Renown,
And in his Art had born away the Crown;
If, less desirous of the Peoples Praise,
He had not with low Farce debas'd his Plays;
Mixing dull Buffoonry with Wit refin'd,
And *Harlequin* with noble *Terence* join'd.
When in the *Fox* I see the Tortois hist,
I lose the Author of the *Alchymist*.
The Comic Wit, born with a smiling Air,
Must Tragic Grief, and pompous Verse forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a Market-place,
With Baudy Jests amuse the Populace:
With well-bred Conversation you must please,
And your Intrigue unravell'd be with ease:
Your Action still should Reason's Rules obey,
Nor in an empty Scene may lose its way.
Your humble Stile must sometimes gently rise;
And your Discourse Sententious be, and Wise:
The Passions must to Nature be confin'd,
And Scenes to Scenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your Wit must not unseasonably play;
But follow Bus'ness, never lead the way.
Observe how *Terence* does this Error shun;
A careful Father chides his Am'rous Son:
Then see that Son, whom no Advice can move,
Forget those Orders, and pursue his Love:
'Tis not a well-drawn Picture we discover;
'Tis a true Son, a Father, and a Lover.
I like an Author that Reforms the Age;
And keeps the right Decorum of the Stage;

That always pleases by just Reason's Rule:
But for a tedious Droll, a quibling Fool,
Who with low nauseous Baudry fills his Plays;
Let him be gone, and on two Tressels raise
Some *Smithfield* Stage, where he may act his Pranks,
And make *Jack Puddings* speak to Mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

IN *Florence* dwelt a Doctor of Renown,
The Scourge of God, and Terror of the Town,
Who all the Cant of Physick had by Heart,
And never Murder'd but by Rules of Art.
The publick Mischief was his private Gain;
Children their slaughter'd Parents sought in vain:
A Brother here his poison'd Brother wept;
Some bloodless dy'd, and some by *Opium* slept.
Colds, at his Presence, would to Frenzies turn;
And Agues, like Malignant Fevers, burn.
Hated, at last, his Practice gives him o'er:
One Friend, unkill'd by Drugs, of all his Store,
In his new Country-house affords him Place;
'Twas a rich Abbot, and a building Ass:
Here first the Doctor's Talent came in play,
He seems inspir'd, and talks like * *Wren* or *May*:
Of this new Portico condemns the Face,
And turns the Entrance to a better Place;
Designs the Stair-case at the other end.
His Friend approves, does for his Mason send,
He comes; the Doctor's Arguments prevail.
In short, to finish this our hum'rous Tale,
He *Galen*'s dang'rous Science does reject,
And from ill Doctor turns good Architect.
In this Example we may have our Part:
Rather be Mason, ('tis a useful Art!)

* *Architects to K.* Ch. II.

Than a dull Poet; for that Trade accurſt,
Admits no mean betwixt the Beſt and Worſt.
In other Sciences, without diſgrace
A Candidate may fill a ſecond Place;
But Poetry no Medium can admit,
No Reader ſuffers an indiff'rent Wit:
The ruin'd Stationers againſt him baul,
And *Herringman* degrades him from his Stall.
Burleſque, at leaſt our Laughter may excite:
But a cold Writer never can delight.
The *Counter-Scuffle* has more Wit and Art,
Than the ſtiff formal Stile of *Gondibert*.
Be not affected with that empty Praiſe
Which your vain Flatterers will ſometimes raiſe,
And when you read, with Eccſtaſie will ſay,
The finiſh'd Piece! the admirable Play!
Which, when expos'd to Cenſure and to Light,
Cannot indure a Critick's piercing Sight.
A hundred Authors Fates have been foretold,
And *Sh---le*'s Works are Printed, but not Sold.
Hear all the World; conſider every Thought;
A Fool by chance may ſtumble on a Fault:
Yet, when *Apollo* does your Muſe inſpire,
Be not impatient to expoſe your Fire;
Nor imitate the *Settles* of our Times,
Thoſe tuneful Readers of their own dull Rhymes.
Who ſeize on all th' Acquaintance they can meet,
And ſtop the Paſſengers that walk the Street:
There is no Sanctuary you can chuſe
For a Defence from their purſuing Muſe.
I've ſaid before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better is no ſhame.
Yet yield not to a Fool's Impertinence:
Sometimes conceited Scepticks void of Senſe,
By their falſe Taſte condemn ſome finiſh'd Part,
And blame the nobleſt Flights of Wit and Art,
In vain their fond Opinions you deride,
With their lov'd Follies they are ſatisfy'd;

And their weak Judgment, void of Sense and Light,
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble Sight:
Their dang'rous Counsels do not cure, but wound;
To shun the Storm, they run your Verse aground,
And thinking to escape a Rock, are drown'd.
Chuse a sure Judge to Censure what you write,
Whose Reason leads, and Knowledge gives you Light,
Whose steady Hand will prove your faithful Guide,
And touch the darling Follies you would hide:
He, in your Doubts, will carefully advise,
And clear the Mist before your feeble Eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous Muse may sometimes take her flight;
When, too much fetter'd with the Rules of Art,
May from her stricter Bounds and Limits part:
But such a perfect Judge is hard to see,
And every Rhymer knows not Poetry;
Nay some there are, for writing Verse extoll'd,
Who know not *Lucan*'s Dross from *Virgil*'s Gold.
Would you in this great Art acquire Renown?
Authors, observe the Rules I here lay down.
In prudent Lessons every where abound;
With Pleasant, join the Useful and the Sound:
A sober Reader, a vain Tale will slight;
He seeks as well Instruction, as Delight.
Let all your Thoughts to Virtue be confin'd,
Still off'ring nobler Figures to our Mind:
I like not those loose Writers, who employ
Their guilty Muse, good Manners to destroy;
Who with false Colours still deceive our Eyes,
And show us Vice dress'd in a fair Disguise.
Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve,
Who from all modest Writings banish Love;
That strip the Play-house of its chief Intrigue,
And make a Murderer of *Roderigue*:
* The lightest Love, if decently expressed,
Will raise no vitious Motions in our Breast.

* *The* Cid, *Translated into* English.

Dido in vain may weep, and ask Relief;
I blame her Folly, whilſt I ſhare her Grief.
A virtuous Author, in his charming Art,
To pleaſe the Senſe needs not corrupt the Heart:
His Heat will never cauſe a guilty Fire:
To follow Virtue then be your deſire.
In vain your Art and Vigor are expreſt;
Th' obſcene Expreſſion ſhows th' infected Breaſt.
But above all, baſe Jealouſies avoid,
In which detracting Poets are employ'd.
A noble Wit dares lib'rally commend;
And ſcorns to grudge at his deſerving Friend.
Baſe Rivals, who true Wit and Merit hate,
Caballing ſtill againſt it with the Great,
Maliciouſly aſpire to gain Renown,
By ſtanding up, and pulling others down.
Never debaſe your ſelf by treacherous Ways,
Nor by ſuch abject Methods ſeek for Praiſe:
Let not your only buſ'neſs be to Write;
Be Virtuous, Juſt, and in your Friends delight.
'Tis not enough your Poems be admir'd;
But ſtrive your Converſation be deſir'd:
Write for immortal Fame; nor ever chuſe
Gold for the Object of a gen'rous Muſe.
I know a noble Wit may, without Crime,
Receive a lawful Tribute for his Time:
Yet I abhor thoſe Writers, who deſpiſe
Their Honour; and alone their Profit prize;
Who their *Apollo* baſely will degrade,
And of a noble Science, make a Trade.
Before kind Reaſon did her Light diſplay,
And Government taught Mortals to obey,
Men, like wild Beaſts, did Nature's Laws purſue,
They fed on Herbs, and Drink from Rivers drew;
Their brutal Force, on Luſt and Rapine bent,
Committed Murders without Puniſhment:
Reaſon at laſt, by her all-conqu'ring Arts,
Reduc'd theſe Savages, and tun'd their Hearts;

Mankind from Bogs, and Woods, and Caverns calls,
And Towns and Cities fortifies with Walls:
Thus fear of Justice made proud Rapine cease,
And shelter'd Innocence by Laws and Peace.
These Benefits from Poets we receiv'd,
From whence are rais'd those Fictions since believ'd,
That *Orpheus*, by his soft harmonious Strains,
Tam'd the fierce Tigers of the *Thracian* Plains;
Amphion's Notes, by their melodious Pow'rs,
Drew Rocks and Woods, and rais'd the *Theban* Tow'rs:
These Miracles from numbers did arise:
Since which, in Verse Heav'n taught his Mysteries,
And by a Priest, possess'd with rage Divine,
Apollo spoke from his Prophetick Shrine.
Soon after *Homer* the old Heroes prais'd,
And noble Minds by great Examples rais'd;
Then *Hesiod* did his *Grecian* Swains incline
To Till the Fields, and Prune the bounteous Vine.
Thus useful Rules were by the Poets aid,
In easie numbers, to rude Men convey'd,
And pleasingly their Precepts did impart;
First charm'd the Ear, and then ingag'd the Heart:
The Muses thus their Reputation rais'd,
And with just Gratitude in *Greece* were prais'd.
With pleasure Mortals did their Wonders see,
And Sacrific'd to their Divinity:
But Want, at last, base Flatt'ry entertain'd,
And old *Parnassus* with this Vice was stain'd:
Desire of Gain dazling the Poets Eyes,
Their Works were fill'd with fulsome Flatteries.
Thus needy Wits a vile Revenue made,
And Verse became a mercenary Trade.
Debase not with so mean a Vice thy Art:
If Gold must be the Idol of thy Heart,
Fly, fly th' unfruitful *Heliconian* Strand,
Those Streams are not inrich'd with golden Sand:
Great Wits, as Well as Warriors, only gain
Laurels and Honours for their Toil and Pain:

But, what? an Author cannot live on Fame,
Or pay a Reck'ning with a lofty Name:
A Poet to whom Fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to Bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little Pleasure in *Parnassus* Dreams,
Or relishes the *Heliconian* Streams.
Horace had Ease and Plenty when he writ,
And free from Cares for Mony or for Meat,
Did not expect his Dinner from his Wit.
'Tis true; but Verse is cherish'd by the Great,
And now none Famish who deserve to Eat:
What can we fear, when Virtue, Arts, and Sense,
Receive the Stars propitious Influence;
When a sharp-sighted Prince, by early Grants
Rewards your Merits, and prevents your Wants?
Sing then his Glory, celebrate his Fame;
Your noblest Theme is his immortal Name.
Let mighty *Spencer* raise his reverend Head,
Cowley and *Denham* start up from the Dead;
Waller his Age renew, and Off'rings bring,
Our Monarch's Praise let bright-ey'd Virgins sing;
Let *Dryden* with new Rules our Stage refine,
And his great Models form by this Design:
But where's a Second *Virgil*, to Rehearse
Our Hero's Glories in his Epic Verse?
What *Orpheus* sing his Triumphs o'er the Main,
And make the Hills and Forests move again;
Shew his bold Fleet on the *Batavian* Shore,
And *Holland* trembling as his Cannons roar;
Paint *Europe*'s Ballance in his steady Hand,
Whilst the two Worlds in expectation stand
Of Peace or War, that wait on his Command?
But, as I speak, new Glories strike my Eyes,
Glories, which Heav'n it self does give, and prize,
Blessings of Peace; that with their milder Rays
Adorn his Reign, and bring *Saturnian* Days:
Now let Rebellion, Discord, Vice, and Rage,
That have in Patriots Forms debauch'd our Age,

Vaniſh with all the Miniſters of Hell:
His Rays their pois'nous Vapours ſhall diſpel:
'Tis He alone our Safety did create,
His own firm Soul ſecur'd the Nation's Fate,
Oppos'd to all the *bontfeaus* of the State,
Authors, for him your great Endeavours raiſe;
The loftieſt Numbers will but reach his Praiſe.
For me, whoſe Verſe in Satyr has been bred,
And never durſt heroic Meaſures tread;
Yet you ſhall ſee me, in that famous Field
With Eyes and Voice, my beſt aſſiſtance yield;
Offer you Leſſons, that my infant Muſe
Learnt, when ſhe *Horace* for her Guide did chuſe:
Second your Zeal with Wiſhes, Heart and Eyes,
And afar off hold up the glorious Prize.
But pardon too, if, Zealous for the Right,
A ſtrict Obſerver of each noble Flight,
From the fine Gold I ſeparate th' Allay,
And ſhow how haſty Writers ſometimes ſtray:
Apter to Blame, than knowing how to Mend;
A ſharp, but yet a neceſſary Friend.

The Imperfect ENJOYMENT.

FRuition was the Queſtion in debate,
Which like ſo hot a Caſuiſt I did ſtate,
That ſhe with freedom urg'd as my Offence,
To teach my Reaſon to ſubdue my Senſe.
But yet this angry Cloud which did proclaim
Vollies of Thunder, melted into Rain;
And this adulterate Stamp of ſeeming nice,
Made feigned Virtue but a Bawd to Vice.
For by a Complement that's ſeldom known,
She thruſts me out, and yet invites me home:
And thoſe Delays do but advance Delight,
As Prohibition ſharpens Appetite.

For the kind Curtain raiſed my Eſteem
To wonder at the opening of the Scene.
When of her Breaſts her Hands the Guardians were,
Yet I ſalute each ſullen Officer,
Though like the flaming Sword before mine Eyes,
They block the Paſſage to my Paradiſe.
Nor could thoſe Tyrant-Hands ſo guard the Coyn,
But Love, where't cannot purchaſe, may purloin.
For though her Breaſts be hid, her Lips are Prize,
To make me rich beyond my Avarice;
Yet my Ambition my Affection fed
To conquer both the White Roſe and the Red,
Th' Event prov'd true: For on the Bed ſhe ſate,
And ſeem'd to covet, what ſhe ſeem'd to hate:
Heat of Reſiſtance hath increas'd her Fire,
And weak Defence is turn'd to ſtrong Deſire.
What unkind Influence could interpoſe,
When two ſuch Stars did in Conjunction cloſe;
Only too haſty zeal my Hopes did foil;
Preſſing to feed her Lamp, I ſpilt my Oil:
And, that (which moſt Reproach upon me hurl'd)
Was dead to her, gives Life to all the World:
Nature's chief Prop, and Motions primeſt Source,
In me both loſt their Figure, and their Force.
Sad Conqueſt! when it is the Victor's Fate
To die at th' entrance of the opening Gate!
Like prudent Colporations, had we laid
A common Stock by, we'd improv'd our Trade:
But as a prodigal Heir, I ſpent by th' by,
What Home directed wou'd ſerve her and I.
When next on ſuch Aſſaults I chance to be,
Give me leſs Vigour, more Activity:
For Love turns impotent when ſtrain'd too high;
His very Cordials make him ſooner die:
Evaporates in Fume the Fire too great:
Loves Chymiſtry thrives beſt in equal Heat.

THE

HIND

AND THE

PANTHER.

A

POEM.

In Three Parts.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

——*Antiquam exquirite matrem.*
Et vera, inceſſu patuit Dea.—— Virg.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

TO THE

READER.

THE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho' Conscience is the common Word, which is given by both; yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem; if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to Comprehend all the several Members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For Example; there are some of the Church by Law Establish'd, who envy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of

their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the Numbers of the reſt with whom they are Embodied in one common Name. On the other ſide, there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reaſonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themſelves from the Communion of the Panther; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majeſty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this Satyr any way intended; 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe who are come over to the Royal Party, are conſequently ſuppos'd to be out of Gunſhot. Our Phyſicians have obſerv'd, that in Proceſs of Time ſome Diſeaſes have abated of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, ſo as to be no longer Mortal: And why may not I ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government as well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Perſecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any private Man to Cenſure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: But, without ſuſpicion of Flattery, I may praiſe our own who has taken contrary Meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the Spirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the Diſſenters in their Addreſſes to His Majeſty have ſaid That he has reſtor'd God to his Empire over Conſcience: *I confeſs I dare not ſtretch the Figure to ſo great a boldneſs:*

boldneſs: But I may ſafely ſay, that Conſcience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every private Man. He is abſolute in his own Breaſt, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which paſſes only betwixt God and him. Thoſe who are driven into the Fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made Hypocrites than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuſe the Benefit, and adhere to thoſe whom they have eſteem'd their Perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publickly to own that they ſuffer'd not before for Conſcience ſake; but only out of Pride and Obſtinacy to ſeparate from a Church for thoſe Impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have ſo long contended for their Claſſical Ordination, (not to ſpeak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length ſubmit to an Epiſcopal? if they can go ſo far out of Complaiſance to their old Enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſwade 'em to take another ſtep, and ſee whither that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully I ſhall ſay no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hand they receiv'd it: 'Tis not from a Cyrus, *a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Chriſtian King, their Native Sovereign: Who expects a Return in* Specie *from them; that the Kindneſs which he has graciouſly ſhown*

them, may be retaliated on those of his own Perswasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfie the Reader: *That it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the Subject given me by any Man. It was written during the last Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill Health, and other Hinderances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd it, His Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: Which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd my self the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third Part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of* England *might have been perswaded to have taken off the* Penal Laws *and the* Test, *which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to my self the writing of it.*

'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional and not first intended. I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest Man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in Print: And I refer my self to the Judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, *and that of the* Dutchess, *(in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisers of his Pamphlet: And will reply when I think he can affront me: For I am of* Socrates's *Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe*

reprehenſion than I gave him formerly; *for uſing ſo little reſpect to the Memory of thoſe whom he pretended to anſwer: And, at his leiſure look out for ſome Original Treatiſe of Humility, written by any Proteſtant in* Engliſh, (*I believe I may ſay in any other Tongue*:) *for the magnified Piece of* Duncomb *on that Subject, which either he muſt mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Tranſlated from the* Spaniſh *of* Rodriguez: *Tho' with the Omiſſion of the* 17th, *the* 24th, *the* 25th, *and the laſt Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.*

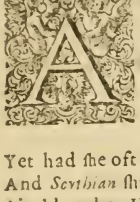
He would have inſinuated to the World, that her late Highneſs died not a Roman Catholick: He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary; in which he has giv'n up the Cauſe: For matter of Fact was the Principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would diſpute the Motives of her Change: How prepoſterouſly, let all Men judge, when he ſeem'd to deny the Subject of the Controverſie, the Change it ſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: But he may as well infer that a Catholick cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the Cudgels againſt Mrs. James, *to confute the Proteſtant Religion.*

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the Poem as ſuch, and abſtracting from the Matters, either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The firſt Part, *conſiſting moſt in general Characters and*

Narration, I have endeavour'd to raiſe, and give it the Majeſtick Turn of Heroick Poeſie. The ſecond, *being Matter of Diſpute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I cou'd: Yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the Magnificence of Verſe. The* third, *which has more of the nature of Domeſtick Converſation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.*

There are in it two Epiſodes, *or* Fables, *which are interwoven with the main Deſign; ſo that they are properly Parts of it, though they are alſo diſtinct Stories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the common Places of* Satyr, *whether true or falſe which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church againſt the other. At which I hope no* Reader *of either Party will be ſcandaliz'd; becauſe they are not of my Invention: But as old to my knowledge, as the Times of* Boccace *and* Chaucer *on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.*

The HIND *and the* PANTHER.



Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no Sin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds,
And *Scythian* ſhafts; and many winged Wounds
Aim'd at her Heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to Death, though fated not to die.
Not ſo her young; for their unequal Line
Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine.
Their earthly Mold obnoxious was to Fate,
Th' immortal part aſſum'd immortal State.
Of theſe a ſlaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* Wood,
Their native walk; whoſe vocal Blood aroſe,
And cry'd for Pardon on their perjur'd Foes;
Their Fate was fruitful, and the ſanguine Seed
Endu'd with Souls, encreas'd the ſacred Breed.
So Captive *Iſrael* multiply'd in Chains,
A numerous Exile; and enjoy'd her Pains.
With Grief and Gladneſs mixt, their Mother view'd
Her martyr'd Off-ſpring, and their Race renew'd;
Their Corps to periſh, but their Kind to laſt,
So much the deathleſs Plant the dying Fruit ſurpaſs'd.
Panting and Penſive now ſhe rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once her own.
The common Hunt, tho' from their Rage reſtrain'd
By Sov'reign Pow'r, her Company diſdain'd:
Grin'd as they paſs'd, and with a glaring Eye
Gave gloomy Signs of ſecret Enmity.
'Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and trip'd ſo light,
They had not time to take a ſteady Sight.

For Truth has such a Face and such a Mein,
As to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.
The bloody *Bear*, an *Independant* Beast,
Unlick'd to form, in Groans her Hate expres's'd.
Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
Profes's'd Neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheists use,
Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuse:
Still when the Lion look'd, his Knees he bent,
And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Complement.
The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as he,
(But whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity)
With fat Pollutions fill'd the sacred Place,
And Mountains levell'd in his furious Race,
So first Rebellion founded was in Grace.
But since the mighty Ravage which he made
In *German* Forests, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken Tusks, and with a borrow'd Name;
He shun'd the Vengeance, and conceal'd the Shame;
So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile
False *Reynard* fed on consecrated Spoil:
The graceless Beast by *Athanasius* first
Was chas'd from *Nice*, then by *Socinus* nurs'd,
His impious Race their Blasphemy renew'd,
And Nature's King thro' Nature's Opticks view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him lessened to their Eye,
Nor in an Infant could a God descry:
New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient Witness can prevail,
If private Reason hold the publick Scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring Judgments an unerring Guide?
Thy Throne is Darkness in th' abyss of Light,
A blaze of Glory that forbids the sight;—
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd;
And search no farther than thy self reveal'd;
But her alone for my Director take
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!

My thoughtleſs Youth was wing'd with vain Deſires,
My Manhood, long miſ-led by wandring Fires,
Follow'd falſe Lights; and when their Glimps was gone,
My Pride ſtruck out new Sparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by Nature ſtill I am,
Be thine the Glory, and be mine the Shame.
Good Life be now my Task: My Doubts are done,
(What more could fright my Faith, than three in One?)
Can I believe eternal God could lye
Diſguis'd in mortal Mold and Infancy?
That the great Maker of the World could die?
And after that, truſt my imperfect Senſe
Which calls in queſtion his Omnipotence?
Can I my Reaſon to my Faith compel,
And ſhall my Sight, and Touch and Taſte rebel?
Superior Faculties are ſet aſide,
Shall their ſubſervient Organs be my Guide?
Then let the Moon uſurp the rule of Day,
And winking Tapers ſhew the Sun his way;
For what my Senſes can themſelves perceive,
I need no Revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the Hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By Senſe, define a Body glorify'd?
Impaſſible, and penetrating Parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious Arts
He ſhot that Body through th' oppoſing might
Of Bolts and Barrs impervious to the Light,
And ſtood before his Train confeſs'd in open ſight.
For ſince thus wonderouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain
One ſingle place two Bodies did contain.
And ſure the ſame Omnipotence as well
Can make one Body in more places dwell.
Let Reaſon then at her own Quarry fly,
But how can Finite graſp Infinity?
'Tis urg'd again that Faith did firſt commence
By Miracles, which are Appeals to Senſe,
And thence concluded that our Senſe muſt be
The Motive ſtill of Credibility.

For latter Ages must on former wait,
And what began Belief, must propagate.
But winnow well this Thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as Chaff that flies before the Wind.
Were all those Wonders wrought by Pow'r Divine,
As Means or Ends of some more deep Design?
Most sure as Means, whose End was this alone,
To prove the God-head of th' eternal Son.
God thus asserted: Man is to believe
Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive.
And for mysterious things of Faith rely
On the Proponent, Heaven's Authority.
If then our Faith we for our Guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human Wit.
As when the Building gains a surer stay,
We take th' unuseful Scaffolding away:
Reason by Sense no more can understand;
The Game is play'd into another Hand.
Why chuse we then like *Bilanders* to creep
Along the Coast, and Land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the Deep?
In the same Vessel which our Saviour bore
Himself the Pilot, let us leave the Shoar,
And with a better Guide a better World explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with Flesh and Blood,
And not veil these again to be our Food?
His Grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us Life, the second Nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantick Pain
To construe what his cleerest Words contain,
And make a Riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not Faith, but bungling Biggotry.
Both Knave and Fool the Merchant we may call
To pay great Summs, and to compound the small.
For who wou'd break with Heaven, and wou'd not break for all?
Rest then, my Soul, from endless Anguish freed;
Nor Sciences thy Guide, nor Sense thy Creed.

Faith is the best ensurer of thy Blifs;
The Bank above must fail before the Venture miss.
But Heav'n and Heav'n-born Faith are far from thee,
Thou first Apostate to Divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;
A fiercer Foe th' insatiate *Wolf* remains.
Too boastful *Britain*, please thy self no more,
That Beasts of Prey are banish'd from thy Shoar:
The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every salvage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy Woods, destroy thy blissful Bow'r,
And muzl'd though they seem, the Mutes devour.
More haughty than the rest the *Wolfish* race,
Appear with Belly gaunt, and famish'd Face:
Never was so deform'd a Beast of Grace.
His ragged Tail betwixt his Legs he wears,
Close clap'd for Shame, but his rough Crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating Ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his hagger'd Eyes,
Did all the bestial Citizens surprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while
As Captain or Companion of the Spoil.
Full many a Year his hateful Head had been
For Tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen:
The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance,
And from *Geneva* first infested *France*.
Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart Race:
Because of *Wickcliff*'s Brood no mark he brings,
But his innate Antipathy to Kings.
These last deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind,
Who near the *Leman-lake* his Consort lin'd.
That fi'ry *Zuinglius* first th' Affection bred,
And meagre *Calvin* blest the Nuptial Bed.
* In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppress'd the Prince,

* *Vid. Pref. to* Heyl. *Hist. of Presb.*

Or ſince he will be *Jew*, derive him high'r,
When *Corah* with his Brethren did conſpire
From *Moſes* Hand the Sov'reign Sway to wreſt,
And *Aaron* of his Ephod to diveſt:
'Till opening Earth made way for all to paſs,
And cou'd not bear the Burden of a *Claſs*.
The *Fox* and he came ſhuffled in the Dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in *Noah*'s Ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking Train
The Dog (a common Species) will contain.
And ſome wild Currs, who from their Maſters ran,
Abhorring the Supremacy of Man,
In Woods and Caves the Rebel-race began.

O happy Pair, how well have you encreas'd,
What Ills in Church and State have you redreſs'd!
With Teeth untry'd, and Rudiments of Claws,
Your firſt Eſſay was on your native Laws:
Thoſe having torn with Eaſe, and trampled down,
Your Fangs you faſten'd on the miter'd Crown,
And freed from God and Monarchy your Town.
What though your native Kennel ſtill be ſmall,
Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall,
Yet your victorious Colonies are ſent
Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.
Quickned with fire below your Monſters Breed,
In fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed*.
And like the firſt the laſt affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a Democracy.
As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſow'r Herbage riſes on the Green;
So, ſpringing where theſe Mid-night Elves advance,
Rebellion Prints the Foot-ſteps of the Dance.
Such are their Doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,
As none but Traytors and Blaſphemers know.
God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,
And Kings, like Slaves, beneath the Crowd debas'd.
So fulſome is their Food, that Flocks refuſe
To bite; and only Dogs for Phyſick uſe.

As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound,
Nor bladed Grass, nor bearded Corn succeeds,
But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds:
Such Wars, such Waste, such fiery Tracks of Dearth
Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless Earth.
But as the Poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd,
As only *Indian* Shades of Sight deprive,
And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive;
So Presbyt'ry and Pestilential Zeal
Can only flourish in a Common-weal.
From *Celtique* Woods is chas'd the *wolfish* Crew;
But ah! some Pity e'en to Brutes is due:
Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native Malice to destroy.
Of all the Tyrannies on Human kind,
The worst is that which Persecutes the Mind.
Let us but weigh at what Offence we strike,
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this we overthrow
The Laws of Nations and of Nature too.
Beasts are the Subjects of tyrannick Sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer Mold is made;
Not for his Fellows Ruin, but their Aid.
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble Image of the Deity.

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n
To Brutes, th' inferior Family of Heav'n:
The Smith Divine, as with a careless Beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat:
But when arriv'd at last to human Race,
The Godhead took a deep consid'ring Space:
And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast:
And Mercy mixt with Reason did impart;
One to his Head, the other to his Heart:

Reaſon to Rule, but Mercy to forgive:
The firſt is Law, the laſt Prerogative.
And like his Mind his outward Form appear'd.
When iſſuing naked, to the wondring Herd, [fear'd.
He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd, they
Not arm'd with Horns of arbitrary Might,
Or Claws to ſeize their furry Spoils in Fight, [flight.
Or with encreaſe of Feet, t' o'ertake 'em in their
Of eaſie Shape, and pliant ev'ry way;
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his Clay,
And kind as Kings upon their Coronation Day:
With open Hands, and with extended ſpace
Of Arms to ſatisfie a large Embrace.
Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new made Man
His Kingdom o'er his Kindred World began:
'Till Knowledge miſ-apply'd, miſ-underſtood,
And pride of Empire ſour'd his balmy Blood.
Then, firſt rebelling, his own Stamp he coins;
The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins:
And Blood began its firſt and loudeſt Cry,
For diff'ring Worſhip of the Deity.
Thus Perſecution roſe, and farther Space
Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his Race.
Not ſo the bleſſed *Pan* his Flock encreas'd,
Content to Fold 'em from the famiſh'd Beaſt:
Mild were his Laws; the Sheep and harmleſs Hind
Were never of the perſecuting Kind.
Such Pity now the pious Paſtor ſhows,
Such Mercy from the *Britiſh* Lion flows,
That both provide Protection from their Foes.
Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
Which never did thoſe Monſters entertain!
The *Wolf*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance
No native Claim of juſt Inheritance.
And ſelf-preſerving Laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their Fences from th' invading Foe.
Where Birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital Air.

Themſelves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their Jaws diſabled, and their Claws diſarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal Howlings bold,
They dare not ſeize the Hind nor leap the Fold;
More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
The *Lion* awfully forbids the Prey.
Their Rage repreſs'd, tho' pinch'd with Famine ſore,
They ſtand aloof, and tremble at his Roar: }
Much is their Hunger, but their Fear is more.
Theſe are the Chief; to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry Beaſt,
Were weary Work; nor will the Muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten Tribe:
Who, far from Steeples and their ſacred Sound,
In Fields their ſullen Conventicles found:
Theſe groſs, half-animated Lumps, I leave;
Nor can I think what Thoughts they can conceive:
But if they think at all, 'tis ſure no high'r
Than Matter, put in Motion, may aſpire.
Souls that can ſcarce ferment their Maſs of Clay, }
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are They, }
As wou'd but ſerve pure Bodies for Allay:
Such Souls as *Shards* produce, ſuch beetle Things
As only buz to Heav'n with Ev'ning Wings;
Strike in the Dark, offending but by Chance,
Such are the blind-fold Blows of Ignorance.
They know not Beings, and but hate a Name,
To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the ſame.

The *Panther* ſure the nobleſt, next the *Hind*,
And faireſt Creature of the ſpotted Kind;
Oh, could her in-born Stains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a Beaſt of Prey!
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the Frailty from the Friend!
Her Faults and Virtues lie ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd *Lion*, let me ſpeak,
He cannot bend her, and he would not break,

Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The *Wolf* begins to share her wandring Heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who Sins but in her Will.
If, as our dreaming *Platonists* report,
There could be Spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for Hell,
Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the Sky.
Her House not ancient, whatsoe'er Pretence
Her Clergy Heralds make in her defence.
A second Century not half-way run
Since the new Honours of her Blood begun.
A *Lion* old, obscene, and furious made
By Lust, compress'd her Mother in a Shade.
Then, by a left-hand Marriage weds the Dame,
Covering Adult'ry with a specious Name:
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd Pair, got graceless Heresie.
God's and Kings Rebels have the same good Cause,
To trample down Divine and Human Laws:
Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their Hate,
Alike destructive both to Church and State:
The Fruit proclaims the Plant; a lawless Prince
By Luxury reform'd Incontinence;
By Ruins, Charity; by Riots, Abstinence.
Confessions, Fasts and Penance set aside;
Oh with what Ease we follow such a Guide!
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd.
Where Marr'age Pleasures, Midnight Pray'r supply,
And Mattin Bells (a melancholy Cry)
Are tun'd to merrier Notes, *encrease* and *multiply*.
Religion shows a rosie-colour'd Face;
Not hatter'd out with drudging Works of Grace,
A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
What Flesh and Blood wou'd croud the narrow Gate,
Or, 'till they waste their pamper'd Paunches, wait?
All wou'd be happy at the cheapest rate.

Though our lean Faith these rigid Laws has given,
The full fed *Musulman* goes fat to Heaven;
For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
Of sense, allur'd his eastern Proselytes.
The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran*;
To grub the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
And make the Paths of *Paradise* more sweet:
Bethought him of a Wife e'er half way gone,
(For 'twas uneasie travelling alone;)
And in this Masquerade of Mirth and Love,
Mistook the bliss of Heaven for *Bacchanals* above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
Th' etherial Pastures with so fair a Flock,
Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their Food, to show
The Diligence of careful Herds below.
Our *Panther* though like these she chang'd her Head,
Yet, as the Mistress of a Monarch's Bed,
Her front erect with Majesty she bore,
The Crozier wielded, and the Miter wore.
Her upper part of decent Discipline
Shew'd Affectation of an antient Line:
And Fathers, Councils, Church and Churches Head,
Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was *Calvin*'s Brand, that stigmatiz'd the Beast.
Thus, like a Creature of a double kind,
In her own Labyrinth she lives confin'd.
To foreign Lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her Faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.
Nice in her Choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
In doubtful Points betwixt her diff'ring Friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their Contradicting Terms she strives to join,
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.

A real Presence all her Sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
Because the God-head's there they know not how.
Her Novices are taught that Bread and Wine,
Are but the visible and outward Sign
Receiv'd by those who in Communion join.
But th' inward Grace, or the thing signify'd,
His Blood and Body, who to save us dy'd;
The faithful this thing signify'd receive.
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signify'd and understood,
Is, by her own Confession, Flesh and Blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgment we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.
The literal Sense is hard to Flesh and Blood,
But Nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on every Wave is tost,
But sure no Church can better Morals boast.
True to her King her Principles are found;
Oh that her Practice were but half so sound!
Stedfast in various turns of State she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd Affection with her Blood;
Nor will I meanly tax her Constancy,
That int'rest or obligement made the tye,
(Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy:)
(Before the sounding Ax so falls the Vine,
Whose tender Branches round the Poplar twine.)
She chose her Ruin, and resign'd her Life,
In death undaunted as an *Indian* Wife:
A rare Example: But some Souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with Adversity:
Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone,
Resolv'd into a baser Form they run,
And bore the Wind, but cannot bear the Sun.
Let this be Nature's frailty, or her Fate,
Or * *Isgrim*'s Counsel, her new chosen Mate;

* *The Wolf.*

Still she's the fairest of the fallen Crew,
No Mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her Foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate Authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common Theft, will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the Title and the Right
Against her old Superiors first to fight;
If she reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
For her own Rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent Sense will bear,
And each may be his own Interpreter,
Our airy Faith will no Foundation find:
The Word's a Weathercock for every Wind:
The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, by turns prevail,
The most in Pow'r supplies the present Gale.
The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for Aid
To Church and Councils whom she first betray'd;
No help from Fathers or Traditions train,
Those antient Guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that Scripture which she once abus'd
To Reformation, stands her self accus'd.
What Bills for Breach of Laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns her self may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts arise, she slips her self aside,
And leaves the private Conscience for the Guide.
If then that Conscience set th' Offender free,
It bars her claim to Church Authority.
How can she Censure, or what Crime pretend,
But Scripture may be construd to defend?
Ev'n those whom for Rebellion she transmits
To Civil Pow'r, her Doctrine first acquits;
Because no Disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a Judge is due.
Each judging for himself, by her Consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to Punishment.

Suppose the Magistrate revenge her Cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human Laws.
How answ'ring to its end a Church is made,
Whose Pow'r is but to counsel and perswade?
O solid Rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal House, not built with mortal Hands!
O sure Defence against th' infernal Gate,
A Patent during Pleasure of the State!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer Mock Queen of a divided Herd;
Whom soon by lawful Pow'r she might control,
Her self a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether Regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The Rays she borrow'd from a better Star:
Big with the Beams which from her Mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising Tides below:
Now, mixing with a salvage Croud, she goes,
And meanly flatters her invet'rate Foes,
Rul'd while she Rules, and losing ev'ry Hour
Her wretched Remnants of precarious Pow'r.

One Evening while the cooler Shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy Thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful Visage for her vanish'd Train:
None of her Sylvan Subjects made their Court;
Levées and Couchées pass'd without resort.
So hardly can Usurpers manage well
Those, whom they first instructed to Rebel:
More liberty begets desire of more,
The hunger still encreases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the Wood
Each in his Clan, and fill'd with loathsome Food,
Ask'd no Permission to the Neighb'ring Flood.
The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,
Since they wou'd go, before 'em wisely went:
Supplying want of Pow'r by drinking first,
As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.

Among the reſt, the *Hind*, with fearful Face
Beheld from far the common wat'ring Place,
Nor durſt approach; till with an awful Roar
The Sovereign *Lion* bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the Motions of her Patron's Eye,
And drank a ſober Draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the Stranger gaz'd:
Survey'd her Part by Part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd Monſter in the harmleſs *Hind*,
Such as the *Wolf* and *Panther* had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd, for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of Senſe,
Their guide in Faith; but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs Object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hue!
Some, who before her Fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for Love or Int'reſt, ev'ry Sect
Of all the Salvage Nation ſhew'd reſpect:
The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the Herd,
The more the Company the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly *Wolf* with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the *Panther* durſt.

For when the Herd ſuffic'd, did late repair
To Ferney Heaths, and to their Foreſt Lare,
She made a mannerly Excuſe to ſtay,
Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
That ſince the Sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious Walk.
With much Good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their Adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the grateful *Hind* ſo ſoon forgot
Her Friend and Fellow-ſuff'rer in the Plot.
Yet wondring how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her Forehead cloudy, and her Countenance chang'd,

She thought this hour th' occasion would present
To learn her secret Cause of Discontent,
Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil Beast,
And more a Gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common Talk what rumours ran,
The Lady of the spotted-muff began.

The SECOND PART.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well
Since late among the *Philistines* you fell,
The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious Tract of Ground
With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round;
Th' Enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious Pow'r
Of Hounds, and Death drew nearer every Hour.
'Tis true, the younger *Lion* scap'd the Snare,
But all your Priestly Calves lay struggling there;
As Sacrifices on their Altars laid;
While you their careful Mother wisely fled,
Not trusting destiny to save your Head.
For whate'er Promises you have apply'd
To your unfailing Church, the surer side
Is four fair Legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er Tales of *Peter*'s Chair you tell,
Yet saving Reverence of the Miracle,
The better luck was yours to scape so well.
As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,
Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd,
As well as me; and with the self same throw,
To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,
(Forgive the sland'rous Tongues that call'd you so.)
Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry
Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty;
Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,
(As evil Tongues will ever speak the worst,)

Becauſe ſome Forms, and Ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long
The *Teſt* it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your Tongue.
And, to explain what your Forefathers meant,
By real Preſence in the Sacrament,
(After long fencing puſh'd againſt a Wall,)
Your *ſalvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your Faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe, what varies every Day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a ſtay?
Tortures may force the Tongue Untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd my ſelf infallible,
Reply'd the *Panther*; grant ſuch Preſence were,
Yet in your Senſe I never own'd it there,
A real *Virtue* we by Faith receive,
And that we in the Sacrament believe.
Then ſaid the *Hind*, as you the matter ſtate,
Not only *Jeſuits* can Equivocate;
For *real*, as you now the Word expound,
From ſolid Subſtance dwindles to a Sound.
Methinks an *Æſop*'s Fable you repeat,
You know who took the Shadow for the Meat;
Your Churches ſubſtance thus you change at Will,
And yet retain your former Figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your Life,
For then you lay beneath the Butcher's Knife.
Long time you fought, redoubl'd Batt'ry bore,
But, after all, againſt your ſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf, for ev'ry Hour your Form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.
Thus Fear and Intereſt will Prevail with ſome,
For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.
The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd;
That Men may err was never yet deny'd.
But, if that common Principle be true,
The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.

But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see
That wond'rous Wight Infallibility,
Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come,
Or lodg'd below in Subterranean *Rome?*
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his Race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place.
Suppose (though I disown it) said the *Hind*,
The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd.
The doubtful Residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because *Philosophers* may disagree,
If Sight b' emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?
But you require an Answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
For Fallacies in Universals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing Guide
In Pope and general Councils must reside;
Both lawful, both combin'd, what one decrees
By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies:
On this undoubted Sense the Church relies.
'Tis true, some Doctors in a scantier space,
I mean in each apart contract the Place.
Some, who to greater length extend the Line,
The Churches after-acceptation join.
This last Circumference appears too wide,
The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
As Members by their Representatives
Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate gives:
Thus some contract, and some enlarge the Space;
In Pope and Council who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing Grace?
Those Canons all the needful Points contain;
Their Sense so obvious, and their Words so plain,
That no disputes about the doubtful Text
Have hitherto, the lab'ring World perplex'd;
If any shou'd in after times appear, [clear:
New Councils must be call'd, to make the meaning

Becauſe in them the Pow'r ſupream reſides;
And all the Promiſes are to the Guides.
This may be taught with ſound and ſafe Defence:
But mark how ſandy is your own Pretence,
Who ſetting Councils, Pope and Church aſide,
Are ev'ry Man his own preſuming Guide.
The ſacred Books, you ſay, are full and plain,
And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain:
All who can read, Interpreters may be:
Thus though your ſeveral Churches diſagree,
Yet ev'ry Saint has to himſelf alone
The ſecret of his Philoſophick Stone.
Theſe Principles you jarring Sects unite,
When diff'ring Doctors and Diſciples fight.
Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy Chiefs
Have made a Battle Royal of Beliefs;
Or like wild Horſes ſeveral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd Text about the Chriſtian World;
Each *Jehu* laſhing on with furious Force,
That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worſe.
No matter what Diſſenſion Leaders make,
Where ev'ry private Man may ſave a Stake;
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own Advice,
Each has a blind-by-Path to Paradiſe;
Where driving in a Circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing Sects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wond'rous Charity you have in Store
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow Door:
So much, that *Mahomet* had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none,
But *Chriſt* and *Moſes* were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen Race,
Tho' reaſon good for *Turks* to take the Place,
And he allow'd to be the better Man
In Virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, ſaid the *Panther*, I ſhall ne'er deny
My Brethren may be ſav'd as well as I:

Tho' *Huguenots* contemn our Ordination,
Succeſſion, Miniſterial Vocation:
And *Luther*, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred Body with the Bread;
Yet, *Lady*, ſtill remember I maintain,
The Word in needful Points is only plain.
Needleſs or needful I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a Loop-hole for a Friend,
(Rejoin'd the Matron) but the rule you lay
Has led whole Flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray,
In weighty Points, and full Damnation's way.
For did not *Arius* firſt, *Socinus* now,
The Son's eternal God-head diſavow.
And did not theſe by Goſpel Texts alone
Condemn our Doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all Hereticks the ſame Pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own Defence?
How did the *Nicene* Council then decide
That ſtrong Debate, was it by Scripture try'd?
No, ſure to thoſe the Rebel would not yield,
Squadrons of Texts he Marſhal'd in the Field;
That was but Civil War, an equal ſet,
Where Piles with Piles, and Eagles Eagles met.
With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour ſo?
The good old Biſhops took a ſimpler way,
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his Youth,
And by Tradition's force upheld the Truth.
The *Panther* ſmil'd at this, And when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt Councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure Tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were Apoſtolick?
Friend, ſaid the *Hind*, you quit your former Ground,
Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found,
Now, 'tis Tradition join'd with Holy Writ,
But thus your Memory betrays your Wit.

No,

No, said the *Panther*, for in that I view,
When your Tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I set 'em by the Rule, and as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted Doctrine there,
This Oral Fiction, that old Faith declare.
(*Hind.*) The Council steer'd it seems a diff'rent Course,
They try'd the Scripture by Tradition's force;
But you Tradition by the Scripture try;
Pursu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one Foundation to rely.
The Word is then depos'd, and in this View,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the *Dame*, and smiling, thus pursu'd,
I see Tradition then is disallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful Ground;
Unless you cou'd infallibly expound.
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that Doctrine back with scorn on me.
Suppose we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various Texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often ground our Titles on the same:
After long labour lost, and time's expence,
Both grant the Words, and quarrel for the Sense.
Thus all Disputes for ever must depend;
For no dumb rule can Controversies end.
Thus when you said Tradition must be try'd
By sacred Writ, whose sense your selves decide,
You said no more, but that your selves must be
The judges of the Scripture Sense, not we.
Against our Church-Tradition you declare,
And yet your Clerks wou'd sit in *Moses* Chair:
At least 'tis prov'd against your Argument,
The Rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure
(Reply'd the *Panther*) what Tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they say, that glitters is not Gold.
How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
To whom deriv'd from Sire to Son they came;
Where, ev'ry Age do's on another move,
And trusts no farther than the next above;
Where all the Rounds like *Jacob*'s Ladder rise,
The lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the Skies.
Sternly the Salvage did her Answer mark,
Her glowing Eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
And said but this, Since Lucre was your Trade,
Succeeding times such dreadful Gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous Climbing: To your Sons and you
I leave the Ladder, and its Omen too. [sweet,
(*Hind.*) The *Panther*'s Breath was ever fam'd for
But from the *Wolf* such Wishes oft I meet:
You learn'd this Language from the blatant Beast,
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
As for your Answer 'tis but barely urg'd;
You must evince Tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain Proofs; unblemish'd Authors use
As antient as those Ages they accuse;
Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:
An old Possession stands, till Elder quits the claim.
Then for our int'rest which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when Traditions in your Faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry:
As when the Cause goes hard, the guilty Man
Excepts, and thins his Jury all he can;
So when you stand of other Aid bereft,
You to the twelve Apostles would be left.
Your Friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide
To set those toys Traditions quite aside:
And *Fathers* too, unless when Reason spent
He cites 'em but sometimes for Ornament.

But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your Adulterer:
The private Spirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging Tricks your Authors find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar Judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe 'em was to make 'em proud.
Thus, with full Sails, they ran upon the Shelf;
Who cou'd ſuſpect a couzenage from himſelf?
On his own Reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond-hand.
But you who *Fathers* and Traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending Church Authority to fix,
And yet ſome Grains of private Spirit mix,
Are like a *Mule* made up of differing Seed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home Diſſenters are by Statutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you every Day,
While you (to ſpeak the beſt) are at a ſtay,
For Sects that are extreams, abhor a Middle-way.
Like tricks of State, to ſtop a raging Flood,
Or mollifie a Mad-brain'd Senate's Mood:
Of all Expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
If we muſt fix on Church Authority,
Beſt on the beſt, the Fountain, not the Flood,
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command, who has her ſelf rebell'd?
Is *Antichriſt* by *Antichriſt* expell'd?
Did we a lawful Tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a Baſtard of the Race?
Why all theſe Wars to win the Book, if we
Muſt not interpret for our ſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly Slaves, or wholly Free.
For *purging* Fires Traditions muſt not fight:
But they muſt prove Epiſcopacy's Right:

Thus those led Horses are from service freed;
You never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like Mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not serve against their native Prince.
Against Domestick Foes of *Hierarchy*
These are drawn forth, to make Fanaticks fly;
But, when they see their Country-men at hand,
Marching against 'em under Church-command,
Streight they forsake their Colours, and disband.

Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a Charge;
But said, For what did *Christ* his Word provide,
If still his Church must want a living Guide?
And if all saving Doctrines are not there,
Or sacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,
From after-ages we should hope in vain
For truths, which Men inspir'd, cou'd not explain.

Before the Word was written, said the *Hind*,
Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to human Kind:
From his Apostles the first Age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.
Thus by Tradition Faith was planted first,
Succeeding Flocks, succeeding Pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose,)
To fence his Fold from their encroaching Foes.
He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event wou'd be like that of *Moses* Law;
Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain,
Like those, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.
No written Laws can be so plain, so pure,
But Wit may gloss, and Malice may obscure,
Not those indited by his first Command,
A Prophet grav'd the Text, an Angel held his Hand.
Thus Faith was e'er the written Word appear'd,
And Men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
But since the Apostles cou'd not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd

Their large Commiſſion round the World to blow;
To ſpread their Faith, they ſpread their Labours too.
Yet ſtill their abſent Flock their Pains did ſhare,
They hearken'd ſtill, for Love produces Care.
And as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
Or bold Seducers taught 'em to Rebel,
As Charity grew cold, or Faction hot,
Or long neglect their Leſſons had forgot,
For all their Wants they wiſely did provide,
And Preaching-by-Epiſtles was ſupply'd:
So great Phyſicians cannot all attend,
But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
Yet all thoſe Letters were not writ to all;
Nor firſt intended, but occaſional,
Their abſent Sermons; nor if they contain
All needful Doctrines, are thoſe Doctrines plain.
Clearneſs by frequent Preaching muſt be wrought,
They writ but ſeldom, but they daily taught.
And what one Saint has ſaid of holy *Paul*,
He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.
For this obſcurity cou'd Heaven provide
More prudently than by a living Guide,
As doubts aroſe, the difference to decide?
A Guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, ſure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due Reverence to th' Apoſtles writ,
By which my Sons are taught, to which ſubmit;
I think, thoſe truths their ſacred Works contain,
The Church alone can certainly explain;
That following Ages, leaning on the paſt,
May reſt upon the Primitive at laſt.
Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the Church-interpreter.
Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is it ſelf the ſubject of diſpute.
But what th' Apoſtles their Succeſſors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted Senſe which is in Scripture ſought.

From hence the Church is arm'd, when Errors riſe,
To ſtop their Entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And ſafe entrench'd within, her Foes without defies.
By theſe all feſtring ſores her Counſels heal,
Which time or has diſclos'd, or ſhall reveal,
For Diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
Nor can a Council national decide
But with Subordination to her Guide:
(I wiſh the Cauſe were on that iſſue try'd.)
Much leſs the Scripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt Pretenders to a fair Eſtate,
Bequeath'd by ſome Legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's Teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful Heirs their diff'ring Titles plead:
All vouch the Words their int'reſt to maintain,
And each pretends by thoſe his Cauſe is plain.
Shall then the Teſtament award the right?
No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;
The Field of Battel, ſubject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair Eſtate.
The Senſe is intricate, 'tis only clear
What Vowels and what Conſonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome Judge appointed to decide.
Suppoſe (the fair Apoſtate ſaid) I grant,
The faithful Flock ſome living Guide ſhould want,
Your Arguments an endleſs chaſe purſue:
Produce this vaunted Leader to our View,
This mighty *Moſes* of the choſen Crew.
The Dame, who ſaw her fainting Foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to Victory aſpir'd;
(And looking upward to her kindred Sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,)
Pronounc'd his Words---*ſhe whom ye ſeek am I.*
Nor leſs amaz'd this Voice the *Panther* heard,
Than were thoſe *Jews* to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the Matron modeſtly renew'd;
Let all your Prophets and their Sects be view'd,

And see to which of 'em your selves think fit
The Conduct of your Conscience to submit:
Each Proselyte wou'd Vote his Doctor best,
With absolute Exclusion to the rest:
Thus wou'd your *Polish* Diet disagree,
And end as it began in Anarchy:
Your self the fairest for Election stand,
Because you seem Crown-Gen'ral of the Land;
But soon against your superstitious Lawn
Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn:
In your establish'd Laws of Sov'raignty
The rest some fundamental Flaw wou'd see,
And call Rebellion Gospel-liberty.
To Church-decrees your Articles require
Submission modify'd, if not entire;
Homage deny'd, to Censures you proceed;
But when *Curtana* will not do the Deed,
You lay that pointless Clergy-weapon by,
And to the Laws, your Sword of Justice, fly.
Now this your Sects the more unkindly take
(Those prying Varlets hit the Blots you make)
Because some ancient Friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of Faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by Men of Judgment sound,
Which ev'ry Sect will for themselves expound:
Nor think less rev'rence to their Doctors due
For sound Interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able Heads, are understood
Your Brother Prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Those able Heads expound a wiser way,
That their own Sheep their Shepherd should obey.
But if you mean your selves are only sound,
That Doctrine turns the Reformation round,
And all the rest are false Reformers found.
Because in sundry Points you stand alone,
Not in Communion join'd with any one;
And therefore must be all the Church, or none.

Then, 'till you have agreed whose Judge is best,
Against this forc'd Submission they protest:
While *Sound* and *Sound* a diff'rent Sense explains,
Both play at Hard-head 'till they break their Brains;
And from their Chairs each others force defie,
While unregarded Thunders vainly fly.
I pass the rest, because your Church alone
Of all Usurpers best cou'd fill the Throne.
But neither you, nor any Sect beside,
For this high Office can be qualify'd,
With necessary Gifts requir'd in such a Guide.
For that which must direct the whole, must be
Bound in one Bond of Faith and Unity:
But all your sev'ral Churches disagree.
The *Consubstantiating* Church and Priest
Refuse Communion to the *Calvinist*;
The *French* reform'd, from Preaching you restrain,
Because you judge their Ordination vain; [dain.
And so they judge of yours, but Donors must Or-
In short in Doctrine, or in Discipline
Not one reform'd, can with another join:
But all from each, as from Damnation fly;
No Union they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.
Nor, should their Members in a Synod meet,
Cou'd any Church presume to mount the Seat,
Above the rest, their Discords to decide;
None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide:
And Face to Face Dissensions wou'd encrease;
For only distance now preserves the Peace.
All in their turns Accusers, and Accus'd:
Babel was never half so much confus'd:
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;
For amongst Equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible.
Now since you grant some necessary Guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside:
Because a Trust so sacred to confer
Shows want of such a sure Interpreter,
And how can he be needful who can err?

Then granting that unerring Guide we want,
That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
Our Needs, and obviate that Necessity.
It then remains that Church can only be
The Guide, which owns unfailing Certainty;
Or else you slip your Hold, and change your Side,
Relapsing from a necessary Guide.
But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,
Immunity from Errors, you disown, [sions down.
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak Preten-
For petty Royalties you raise debate;
But this unfailing Universal State [Weight.
You shun: Nor dare succeed to such a glorious
And for that Cause those Promises detest
With which our Saviour did his Church invest:
But strive t' evade, and fear to find 'em true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the Mother Church asserts her own,
And with unrival'd Claim ascends the Throne.
So when of old th' Almighty Father sate
In Council, to redeem our ruin'd State,
Millions of Millions at a distance round,
Silent the sacred Consistory crown'd, pound.
To hear what Mercy mixt with Justice cou'd pro-
All prompt with eager Pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's Will:
But when the stern Conditions were declar'd,
A mournful Whisper thro' the Host was heard,
And the whole Hierarchy, with Heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd the pond'rous proffer'd Crown,
Then, not 'till then, th' eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t' accept the Terms, and underwent
A weight which all the Frame of Heaven had bent,
Nor he himself cou'd bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the least remaining Doubt,
That e'en the blear-ey'd Sects may find her out,

Behold what heavenly Rays adorn her Brows,
What from his Wardrobe her Belov'd allows
To deck the Wedding-day of his unſpotted Spouſe.
Behold what marks of Majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than ancient Heirs of Eaſtern Kings:
Her right Hand holds the Sceptre and the Keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the Sinner free,
With that t' aſſert Spiritual Royalty.
* One in her ſelf not rent by Schiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining Diamond,
Not Sparkles ſhatter'd into Sects like you,
One is the Church, and muſt be to be true:
One central Principle of Unity,
As undivided, ſo from Errors free,
As one in Faith, ſo one in Sanctity.
Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting Rage
Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age:
Still when the Giant-brood invades her Throne
She ſtoops from Heaven, and meets 'em half way down,
And with paternal Thunder vindicates her Crown.
But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly liſt aloft your Magick Wand,
To ſweep away the Swarms of Vermin from the Land:
You cou'd like them, with like infernal Force
Produce the Plague, but not arreſt the Courſe.
But when the Boils and Botches, with diſgrace
And publick Scandal ſat upon the Face,
Themſelves attack'd, the *Magi* ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore;
Themſelves they cou'd not Cure of the diſhoneſt Sore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread
Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;

* *Marks of the Catholick Church from the* Nicene *Creed.*

From East to West triumphantly she Rides,
All Shoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.
The Gospel-sound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.
The self-same Doctrine of the sacred Page
Convey'd to ev'ry Clime in ev'ry Age.
Here let my Sorrow give my Satyr place,
To raise new Blushes on my *British* Race;
Our sailing Ships like common Shoars we use,
And thro' our distant Colonies diffuse [Stews.
The Draughts of Dungeons, and the stench of
Whom, when their home-bred Honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far *Indian* Coast:
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, Sins of ev'ry sort,
Those are the Manufactures we export;
And these the *Missioners* our zeal has made:
For, with my Country's Pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our Trade.
Yet some improve their Traffick more than we,
For they on Gain, their only God, rely:
And set a publick price on Piety.
Industrious of the Needle and the Chart
They run full sail to their *Japponian* Mart:
Prevention fear, and prodigal of Fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very Name; [Shame.
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked
Thus, of three Marks which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much less the fourth; in vain alas you seek
Th' ambitious Title of Apostolick:
God-like descent! 'tis well your Blood can be
Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our Store)
Was Error fulminated o'er and o'er.
Old Heresies condemn'd in Ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.
'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The Church her old Foundations has remov'd.

And built new Doctrines on unstable Sands:
Judge that, ye Winds and Rains; you prov'd her, yet
she stands.
Those ancient Doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what Hands they
We claim no Pow'r when Heresies grow bold [grew,
To Coin new Faith, but still declare the old.
How else cou'd that obscene Disease be purg'd,
When controverted Texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove Tradition new, there's somewhat more,
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.
Those monumental Arms are never stirr'd
'Till Schism or Heresie call down *Goliah*'s Sword.
Thus, what you call Corruptions, are in truth,
The first Plantations of the Gospel's youth,
Old standard Faith: But cast your Eyes again
And view those Errors which new Sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the Churches peaceful
Reign,
And we can point each Period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the Crime;
Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what Digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.
Despair at our Foundations then to strike
'Till you can prove your Faith Apostolick;
A limpid Stream drawn from the native Source;
Succession lawful in a lineal Course,
Prove any Church oppos'd to this our Head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one Chief of the spiritual State,
The Members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
Shew such a seamless Coat, from Schism so free,
In no Communion join'd with Heresie:
If such a one you find, let truth prevail:
'Till when your Weights will in the Balance fail:
A Church unprincipl'd kicks up the Scale,

But if you cannot think, (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in Man,)
That he, the Fountain of eternal Grace,
Should suffer falshood for so long a space
To banish Truth, and to usurp her place:
That sev'n successive Ages should be lost,
And preach Damnation at their proper Cost;
That all your erring Ancestors should die,
Drown'd in the Abyss of deep Idolatry;
If Piety forbid such Thoughts to rise,
Awake and open your unwilling Eyes:
God has left nothing for each Age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your Work is done.
See how his Church adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
With open Arms, a kind forgiving Face, [brace.
Stands ready to prevent her long lost Son's em-
Not more did *Joseph* o'er his Brethren weep,
Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,
When in the croud of Suppliants they were seen,
And in their Crew his best beloved *Benjamin*.
That pious *Joseph* in the Church behold,
To feed your Famine, and refuse your Gold; *
The *Joseph* you exil'd, the *Joseph* whom you sold.
Thus, while with heavenly Charity she spoke,
A streaming Blaze the silent Shadows broke;
Shot from the Skies: A chearful azure Light;
The Birds obscene to Forests wing'd their flight,
And gaping Graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty Spright.
Such were the pleasing Triumphs of the Sky
For *James* his late Nocturnal Victory;
The Pledge of his Almighty Patron's Love,
The Fire-works which his Angels made above.

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* *The Renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abby Lands.*

* I saw my self the lambent easie Light
Gild the brown Horror and dispel the Night;
The Messenger with speed the Tidings bore;
News which three lab'ring Nations did restore,
But Heaven's own *Nuntius* was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely Cell;
And Vapours rose, and Dews unwholesome fell.
When she, by frequent Observation Wise,
As one who long on Heaven had fix'd her Eyes,
Discern'd a change of Weather in the Skies.
The Western Borders were with Crimson spread,
The Moon descending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good Manners bound her to invite
The Stranger Dame to be her Guest that Night.
'Tis true, coarse Diet, and a short Repast,
(She said) were weak Inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast.
But what plain fare her Cottage cou'd afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board
Was freely hers; and to supply the rest,
An honest Meaning, and an open Breast.
Last, with content of Mind, the poor Man's Wealth;
A grace-cup to their common Patron's Health.
This she desir'd her to accept and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring Guide,
And then the Dew-drops on her silken Hide
Her tender Constitution did declare,
Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough Inclemencies of raw nocturnal Air.
But most she fear'd that travelling so late,
Some evil-minded Beasts might lye in wait;
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though she lent a list'ning Ear,
Had more of *Lion* in her than to fear:
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many Foes, their numbers might prevail,

* *Poëta loquitur.*

Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford;
And took her friendly Hostess at her word,
Who ent'ring first her lowly Roof, (a Shed
With hoary Mos's, and winding Ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble Hermits head)
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome Guest:
So might these Walls, with your fair Presence blest
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
Not for a Night, or quick revolving Year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful Seat my Poverty secures,
War seldom enters but where Wealth allures;
Nor yet despise it, for this poor aboad
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a God;
A God Victorious of the Stygian race
Here laid his sacred Limbs, and sanctified the place.
This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your Soul to Gain.
The silent Stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of Wealth, and wilful Poverty:
And, though ill Habits are not soon control'd,
A while suspended her desire of Gold.
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd Paws,
Not violating hospitable Laws,
And pacify'd her Tail, and lick'd her frothy Jaws.
The *Hind* did first her Country Cates provide;
Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

The THIRD PART.

MUCH Malice mingled with a little Wit
Perhaps may censure this mysterious Writ:
Because the Muse has peopl'd *Caledon* [known,
With *Panthers*, *Bears* and *Wolves*, and Beasts un-
As if we were not stock'd with Monsters of our own.

Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,
Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew;
And Mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress
Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,
That *Queen*, whose Feast the factious Rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and a-sleep.
Led by those great Examples, may not I
The wanted Organs of their Words supply?
If Men transact like Brutes, 'tis equal then
For Brutes to claim the privilege of Men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will indite,
To entertain a dang'rous Guest by Night.
Let those remember that she cannot die
Till rolling Time is lost in round Eternity;
Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
Because the *Lion*'s peace was now proclaim'd;
The wary Salvage wou'd not give offence,
To forfeit the Protection of her *Prince*;
But watch'd the time her Vengeance to compleat,
When all her furry Sons in frequent Senate met.
Mean while she quench'd her Fury at the Flood,
And with a Lenten sallad cool'd her Blood. [scant,
Their Commons, though but coarse, were nothing
Nor did their Minds an equal Banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble Nature strove
T' express her plain simplicity of Love,
Did all the honours of her House so well,
No sharp Debates disturb'd the friendly Meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extream,
To common Dangers past, a sadly pleasing Theam;
Remembring ev'ry Storm which tos'd the State
When both were Objects of the publick hate, [fate.
And drop't a Tear betwixt for her own Childrens

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake.
Her Jost Esteem, her Truth, her Loyal Care,
Her Faith unshaken to an exil'd Heir,
Her Strength t'endure, her Courage to defie;
Her Choice of honourable Infamy.

On these prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgments her self she charg'd:
For Friendship, of it self an holy tye,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious Tongues wou'd say,
They met like chance Companions on the way,
Whom mutual Fear of Robbers had possess'd;
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
But that once o'er, the short-liv'd Union ends:
The Road divides, and there divide the Friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her Speech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow Tone.
But said, her Gratitude had gone too far
For common Offices of Christian Care.
If to the lawful Heir she had been true,
She paid but *Cæsar* what was *Cæsar*'s due.
I might, she added, with like praise describe
Your suff'ring Sons, and so return your Bribe;
But Incense from my Hands is poorly priz'd,
For Gifts are scorn'd where Givers are despis'd.
I serv'd a Turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gawdy Fly, your Wings display,
And sip the Sweets, and bask in your Great *Patron's* Day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to find
What sort of Malady had seiz'd her Mind;
Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight,
And canker'd Malice stood in open sight.
Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without controul,
And Jealousie, the Jaundice of the Soul;
Revenge, the bloody Minister of Ill,
With all the lean Tormenters of the Will.
'Twas easie now to guess from whence arose
Her new made Union with her ancient Foes,
Her forc'd Civilities, her faint Embrace,
Affected Kindness with an alter'd Face:
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the Wound,
As hoping still the nobler Parts were sound;

But ſtrove with Anodynes t' aſſwage the Smart,
And mildly thus her Med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to eaſe their Pain,
It ſhows a Reſt of Kindneſs to complain;
A Friendſhip loath to quit its former Hold,
And conſcious Merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your Jealouſie would ſhow,
If others Good were Injury to you:
Witneſs ye Heavens how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded Worth, and riſing Loyalty.
Your Warrior Offspring that upheld the Crown,
The ſcarlet Honours of your peaceful Gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing Objects I can find,
Charms to my Sight, and Cordials to my Mind:
When Virtue ſpooms before a proſperous Gale,
My heaving Wiſhes help to fill the Sail;
And if my Pray'rs for all the Brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.

The labour'd Earth your Pains have ſow'd and till'd:
'Tis juſt you reap the Product of the Field,
Yours be the Harveſt, 'tis the Beggars gain
To glean the Fallings of the loaded Wain.
Such ſcatter'd Ears as are not worth your Care,
Your Charity for Alms may ſafely ſpare,
And Alms are but the Vehicles of Pray'r.
My daily Bread is litt'rally implor'd,
I have no Barns nor Granaries to hoard;
If *Cæſar* to his own his Hand extends,
Say which of yours his Charity offends: [Friends.
You know he largely gives, to more than are his
Are you defrauded when he feeds the Poor?
Our Mite decreaſes nothing of your Store;
I am but few, and by your Fare you ſee
My crying Sins are not of Luxury.
Some juſter Motive ſure your Mind withdraws,
And makes you break our Friendſhips Holy Laws,
For barefac'd Envy is too baſe a Cauſe.

Show more occasion for your discontent,
Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent;
Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some *French*, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the Fountain's Head, as Merit ought
To claim the Place, you take a swilling Draught,
How easie 'tis an envious Eye to throw,
And tax the Sheep for troubling Streams below;
Or call her, (when no farther cause you find,)
An Enemy profess'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,
The *Wolf* design'd to eat as well as drink.
This last Allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the Sore.
Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrewdly pain'd:
But thus her passive Character maintain'd.
I never grudg'd, whate'er my Foes report,
Your flaunting Fortune in the *Lion*'s Court.
You have your Day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the suffering Side:
You know my Doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm Principle I ever stood;
He of my Sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious Act renounces to my Blood.
Ah, said the *Hind*, how many Sons have you
Who call you Mother, whom you never knew!
But most of them who that Relation plead
Are such ungracious Youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich Revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame Gold;
Enquire into your Years, and laugh to find
Your crazy Temper shews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
A pack of Cheats that claim a Pedigree,
No more of Kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little Coin,
Heralds can foist a Name into the Line;

They ask you Bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with Care you ſave,
The wanton Boys wou'd piſs upon your Grave.
Your Sons of Latitude that court your Grace,
Tho' moſt reſembling you in Form and Face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended Race.
And, but I bluſh your Honeſty to blot,
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For, in ſome *Popiſh* Libels I have read,
The *Wolf* has been too buſie in your Bed.
At leaſt her hinder Parts, the Belly-piece,
The Paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims, are his.
Their Malice too a ſore Suſpicion brings;
For tho' they dare not bark, they ſnarl at Kings:
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your Line,
Fat Biſhopricks are ſtill of right Divine.
Think you your new *French* Proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your Benefices twinckl'd from afar,
They found the new *Meſſiah* by the Star:
Thoſe *Swiſſes* fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the Living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their Tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t'other ſide, [vide.
That many Churches may for many Mouths pro-
More vacant Pulpits wou'd more Converts make,
All wou'd have Latitude enough to take;
The reſt unbenefic'd, your Sects maintain:
For Ordinations without Cures are vain,
And Chamber Practice is a ſilent gain.
Your Sons of breadth at Home, are much like theſe;
Their ſoft and yielding Metals run with eaſe;
They melt, and take the Figure of the Mould:
But harden, and preſerve it beſt in Gold.
Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some Sons of mine, who bear upon their Shield
Three Steeples Argent in a Sable Field,

Have ſharply tax'd your Converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for Miracles of Bread;
Such who themſelves of no Religion are,
Allur'd with Gain, for any will declare.
Bare Lies with bold Aſſertions they can face,
But dint of Argument is out of place.
The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.
Thus our eighth *Henry*'s Marriage they defame;
They ſay the Schiſm of Beds began the Game,
Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame.
Tho' largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd
That Conſcience, Conſcience wou'd not let him reſt:
I mean, not 'till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming *Catharine* was remov'd,
For ſundry Years before did he complain,
And told his Ghoſtly Confeſſor his Pain.
With the ſame Impudence, without a ground,
They ſay, that look the Reformation round,
No *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.
But if none were, the Goſpel does not want,
Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The Sermon in the Mount was *Proteſtant*.
No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as ſure as all
The Writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
Now for my Converts, who you ſay unfed
Have follow'd me for Miracles of Bread,
Judge not by hear-ſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change, their Loaves have been increaſt.
The *Lion* buyes no Converts, if he did,
Beaſts wou'd be ſold as faſt as he cou'd bid.
Tax thoſe of Int'reſt who conform for Gain,
Or ſtay the Market of another Reign;
Your broad-way Sons wou'd never be too nice
To cloſe with *Calvin*, if he paid their Price;
But rais'd three Steeples high'r, wou'd change their
And quit the Caſſock for the Canting-Coat. [Note,

Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by your selves, and think not others sold.
Mean-time my Sons accus'd, by Fame's report
Pay small Attendance at the *Lion*'s Court,
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,
(For silently they beg who daily wait.)
Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,
Attendance is a Bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they shou'd speed, their Fortune is untry'd,
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bless,
And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.
But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
In common prudence they wou'd pass your Door;
Unpity'd *Hudibras*, your Champion Friend,
Has shown how far your Charities extend.
This lasting Verse shall on his Tomb be read,
He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.
With odious *Atheist* Names you load your Foes,
Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose?
It never fails in Charities like those.
In Climes where true Religion is profess'd,
That Imputation were no laughing Jest.
But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's Name,
Is here sufficient Licence to defame.
What wonder is't that black detraction thrives,
The Homicide of Names is less than Lives;
And yet the perjur'd Murtherer survives.
This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
The boiling Indignation of her Breast;
She knew the Virtue of her Blade, nor wou'd
Pollute her Satyr with ignoble Blood:
Her panting Foes she saw before her Eye,
And back she drew the shining Weapon dry:
So when the gen'rous *Lion* has in sight
His equal Match, he rouses for the Fight;
But when his Foe lyes prostrate on the Plain,
He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane;

And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the Day,
Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious Prey.
So *James*, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rowling Thunder-bolts in Air;
And grants ungrateful Friends a lengthen'd space,
T' implore the remnants of long-suff'ring Grace.
This breathing-time the *Matron* took; and then
Resum'd the thread of her Discourse again.
Be Vengeance wholly left to Powr's Divine,
And let Heaven judge betwixt your Sons and mine:
If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of all that Mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and publick shame,
And, last, a long farewel to worldly Fame.
'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty Souls to human Honour ty'd!
O sharp Convulsive Pangs of agonizing Pride!
Down then thou Rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and do'st so dearly prize,
That Fame, that darling Fame, make that thy Sacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy Tears
For a long Race of unrepenting Years:
'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou hast to give,
Then add those *may-be* Years thou hast to live,
Yet nothing still: then poor, and naked come,
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's Blood discharge the mighty sum.
Thus (she pursu'd) I discipline a Son
Whose uncheck'd Fury to revenge wou'd run:
He champs the Bit, impatient of his Loss,
And starts a-side, and flounders at the Cross.
Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is Vengeance, so Forgiveness too.
That suff'ring from ill Tongues he bears no more
Than what his Sov'reign bears, and what his Saviour bore.
It now remains for you to School your Child,
And ask why *God*'s anointed he revil'd;

A *King* and *Princess* dead! did *Shimei* worse?
The Curser's Punishment should fright the Curse:
Your Son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
But he who counsell'd him, has paid the score:
The heavy Malice cou'd no higher tend,
But wo to him on whom the weights descend:
So to permitted ills the *Dæmon* flies:
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the Skies;
Constrain'd to quit his Cause, no succour found,
The Foe discharges ev'ry Tyre around,
In Clouds of smoak abandoning the fight,
But his own thund'ring Peals proclaim his flight.

In *Henry*'s Change his Charge as ill succeeds,
To that long Story little answer needs,
Confront but *Henry*'s Words with *Henry*'s Deeds.
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
What springs his blessed Reformation mov'd.
The dire Effects appear'd in open sight,
Which from the Cause, he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the Sun to light.

Now last your Sons a double *Pæan* sound,
A *Treatise of Humility* is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through *Spain* is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated Son,
Which yours, by ill-translating made his own;
Conceal'd its Author, and usurp'd the Name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of Fame.
My Altars kindl'd first that living Coal,
Restore, or practise better what you stole:
That Virtue could this humble Verse inspire,
'Tis all the Restitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the Charge was clos'd,
And none of all her fav'rite Sons expos'd.
For Laws of Arms permit each injur'd Man,
To make himself a saver where he can.

Perhaps

Perhaps the plunder'd Merchant cannot tell
The Names of Pirates in whose Hands he fell:
But at the Den of Thieves he justly flies,
And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawful Prize.
No private Person in the Foes Estate
Can plead Exemption from the publick Fate.
Yet Christian Laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let th' Abettors of the *Panther*'s Crime
Learn to make fairer Wars another time.
Some Characters may sure be found to write
Among her Sons; for 'tis no common sight,
A spotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though she saw her Plea control'd,
Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife;
And judge Conversion by the Convert's Life.
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange
So few shou'd follow profitable Change:
For present Joys are more to Flesh and Blood,
Than a dull Prospect of a distant good.
'Twas well alluded by a Son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)
Two Magnets, Heav'n and Earth, allure to bliss;
The larger Loadstone that, the nearer this:
The weak Attraction of the greater fails,
We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your Converts come so slow.
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler Principle than Gain.

Your inf'rence wou'd be strong (the *Hind* reply'd)
If yours were in effect the suff'ring side:
Your Clergy's Sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their Prospects in Reversion less.
My Proselytes are struck with awful dread,
Your bloody Comet-laws hang blazing o'er their Head.

The respite they enjoy but only lent,
The best they have to hope, protracted Punishment.
Be judge your self, if Int'rest may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the Scale,
While Pride and Pomp allure, and plenteous Ease,
That is, till Man's predominant Passions cease,
Admire no longer at my slow encrease.
By Education most have been mis-led,
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The *Priest* continues what the Nurse began,
And thus the Child imposes on the Man.
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But Int'rest is the most prevailing Cheat,
The sly Seducer both of Age and Youth;
They study that, and think they study Truth:
When Int'rest fortifies an Argument,
Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's assent;
For Souls, already warp'd, receive an easie bent.
Add long Prescription of establish'd Laws,
And Picque of Honour to maintain a Cause,
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And Zeal, the blind Conducter of the Will;
And chief among the still mistaking crowd,
The fame of Teachers obstinate and proud,
And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.
Disdain of Fathers which the dance began,
And last, uncertain who's the narrower Span,
The Clown unread, and half-read Gentleman.
To this the *Panther*, with a scornful Smile:
Yet still you travel with unwearied Toil,
And range around the Realm without control
Among my Sons, for Proselytes to prole,
And here and there you snap some silly Soul.
You hinted Fears of future Change in State,
Pray Heaven you did not Prophesie your Fate;
Perhaps you think your time of Triumph near,
But may mistake the Season of the Year;
The *Swallows* Fortune gives you cause to fear.

For Charity (reply'd the Matron) tell
What ſad Miſchance thoſe pretty Birds befel.
Nay, no Miſchance, (the Salvage Dame reply'd)
But want of Wit in their unerring Guide, [Pride.
And eager Haſte, and gaudy Hopes, and giddy
Yet, wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the Moral, and I'll tell the Tale.
The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Gueſt,
Purſues the Sun in Summer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting Cold:
Is well to Chancels and to Chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoak alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of Heav'nly Line,
Endu'd with Particles of Soul Divine.
This merry Choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her Summer Seat, and feather'd well her Neſt:
Till frowning Skies began to change their Chear,
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the Year;
The ſhedding Trees began the Ground to ſtrow
With yellow Leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of Winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by Inſtinct, or Prophecy, ſhe knew:
When Prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And ſeek a better Heaven, and warmer Climes.
Her Sons were ſummon'd on a Steeple's height,
And call'd in common Council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhou'd be fair,
All to the gen'ral Rendezvous repair,
They try their flutt'ring Wings, and truſt themſelves in Air.
But whether upward to the Moon they go,
Or dream the Winter out in Caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns not us to know.
Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow Rock at Night:
Next morn they roſe and ſet up ev'ry Sail,
The Wind was fair, but blew a *Mackrel* Gale:

The sickly young sat shiv'ring on the Shoar,
Abhor'd Salt-water never seen before,
And pray'd their tender Mothers to delay
The Passage, and expect a fairer Day.

With these the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,
A Church-begot, and Church-believing Bird;
Of little Body, but of lofty Mind,
Round belly'd, for a Dignity design'd,
And much a Dunce, as *Martyns* are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-Laws, and *Code*,
And Fathers which he never understood,
But little Learning needs in noble Blood.
For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,
Her Houshold Chaplain, and her next of kin.
In Superstition silly to excess,
And casting Schemes, by planetary Guess:
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the Sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,
Left of their Lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That Omen lik'd him not, so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price:
(A seeming pious Care, that cover'd Cowardise.)
To strengthen this, he told a boding Dream,
Of rising Waters, and a troubled Stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express:
By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
Some secret Revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a Leaf inscrib'd with sacred Rime,
Whose antick Characters did well denote
The *Sibyl*'s Hand of the *Cumæan* Grot:
The mad Divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come (but many Ages yet,)
In which, sinister Destinies ordain,
A *Dame* shou'd drown with all her feather'd Train,
And Seas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* Main.

At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from Head to Foot.
'Tis true, some Stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their only Danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry Fool could say,
Wou'd never fix his Thoughts, but trim his Time away.
The Passage yet was good, the Wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
Nor more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.
The Sun (already from the scales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind, [Wind.
But change from bad to worse of Weather and of
Nor need they fear the dampness of the Sky
Should flag their Wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only Water thrown on Sails too dry.
But, least of all *Philosophy* presumes
Of truth in Dreams, from melancholy Fumes:
Perhaps the *Martyn* hous'd in holy Ground,
Might think of Ghosts that walk their midnight round,
Till grosser Atoms tumbling in the Stream
Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a Dream.
As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear.
Most Prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each *Nostradamus* can foretel with ease:
Not naming Persons, and confounding Times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying Rhymes.
Th' advice was true, but fear had seiz'd the most,
And all good Counsel is on Cowards lost.
The question crudely put, to shun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to stay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence
His Power, and from a Priest became a Prince.
He order'd all things with a busie Care,
And Cells, and Refectories did prepare,
And large Provisions laid of Winter Fare.

But now and then let fall a Word or two
Of hope, that Heaven ſome Miracle might ſhow,
And, for their ſakes, the Sun ſhou'd backward go;
Againſt the Laws of Nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the Prime:
For which two Proofs in ſacred Story lay,
Of *Ahaz* dial, and of *Joſhuah*'s Day.
In Expectation of ſuch times as theſe
A Chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of eaſe:
For *Martyn* much Devotion did not ask,
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of Wit
Blind Prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That, this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin*'s Art.
Some * *Swifts*, the Giants of the *Swallow* kind,
Large-limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid Mind,
(For *Swiſſes*, or for *Gibeonites* deſign'd,)
Theſe Lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh Air, ſurvey'd the neighbouring Plain;
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their Eyes)
New Bloſſoms flouriſh, and new Flowers ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his Foot-ſteps, and reform'd the Year:
The ſunny Hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering Beams, and in the Meads below flow.
The burniſh'd Brooks appear'd with liquid Gold to
At laſt they heard the fooliſh *Cuckow* ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the Holy-day of Spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial Sky.
The *Prieſt* before 'em did his Wings diſplay;
And, that good Omens might attend their way,
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St. *Martyn*'s day.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,
The Canopy of Heaven is all her own,

* *Otherwiſe call'd* Martlets.

Her youthful Offspring to their Haunts repair;
And glide along in Glades, and skim in Air,
And dip for Insects in the purling Springs,
And stoop on Rivers to refresh their Wings.
Their Mothers think a fair Provision made,
That ev'ry Son can live upon his Trade.
And now the careful Charge is off their Hands,
Look out for Husbands, and new nuptial Bands:
The youthful Widow longs to be supply'd;
But first the Lover is by Lawyers ty'd
To settle Jointure-chimnies on the Bride.
So thick they couple, in so short a space,
That *Martyn*'s Marriage Offsprings rise apace;
Their ancient Houses, running to decay,
Are furbish'd up, and cemented with Clay;
They teem already; store of Eggs are laid,
And brooding Mothers call *Lucina*'s aid.
Fame spreads the News, and foreign Fowls appear
In Flocks to greet the new returning Year,
To bless the Founder, and partake the Cheer.
And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
To plant abroad, and People Colonies;
The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had desir'd,
(For so their cruel Destiny requir'd)
Were sent far off on an ill-fated Day;
The rest wou'd needs conduct 'em on their way,
And *Martyn* went, because he fear'd alone to stay.
So long they flew with inconsiderate haste
That now their Afternoon began to waste;
And, what was ominous that very Morn
The Sun was enter'd into *Capricorn*;
Which, by their bad Astronomers account,
That Week the Virgin Balance shou'd remount;
An infant Moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the small Remainders of his Day:
The Croud amaz'd, pursu'd no certain Mark;
But Birds met Birds, and justled in the Dark;

Few mind the Publick in a panick Fright;
And Fear increas'd the Horror of the Night.
Night came, but unattended with repose,
Alone she came, no sleep their Eyes to close,
Alone, and black she came, no friendly Stars arose.
What shou'd they do, beset with Dangers round,
No neighb'ring Dorp, no Lodging to be found,
But bleaky Plains, and bare unhospitable Ground.
The latter Brood, who just began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the Sky,
For Succour to their helpless Mother call, [crawl,
She spread her Wings; some few beneath 'em
She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
T' augment their Woes, the Winds began to move
Debate in Air, for empty Fields above,
'Till *Boreas* got the Skies, and pour'd amain
His ratling Hail-stones mix'd with Snow and Rain.
The joyless Morning late arose, and found
A dreadful Desolation reign a-round, [Ground.
Some bury'd in the Snow, some frozen to the
The rest were struggling still with Death, and lay
The *Crows* and *Ravens* Rights, an undefended Prey;
Excepting *Martyn*'s Race, for they and he
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow Tree,
But soon discover'd by a sturdy Clown,
He headed all the Rabble of a Town,
And finish'd 'em with Bats, or poll'd 'em down.
Martyn himself was caught a-live, and try'd
For treas'nous Crimes, because the Laws provide
No *Martyn* there in Winter shall abide.
High on an Oak which never Leaf shall bear,
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open Air,
And there his Corps, unbless'd, is hanging still,
To show the change of Winds with his prophetick Bill.
The patience of the *Hind* did almost fail,
For well she mark'd the Malice of the Tale:
Which ribbald Art their Church to *Luther* owes,
In Malice it began, by Malice grows,
He sow'd the *Serpent*'s Teeth, an Iron-harvest rose.

But moſt in *Martyn*'s Character and Fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd Sons, the *Panther*'s hate,
The People's Rage, the perſecuting State:
Then ſaid, I take th' Advice in friendly part,
You clear your Conſcience, or at leaſt your Heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-ſeeing Skill,
For *Swallows* are unlucky Birds to kill:
As for my Sons, the Family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe every Child is equal to the reſt:
No Church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs Line;
Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatick Author lyes,
Who ſumm'd their Scandals up by Centuries.
But, through your Parable I plainly ſee
The bloody Laws, the Crouds barbarity:
The Sun-ſhine that offends the purblind Sight,
Had ſome their Wiſhes, it wou'd ſoon be Night.
Miſtake me not, the Charge concerns not you,
Your Sons are Malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as Non-reſiſtance makes 'em ſo,
But that's a Word of neutral Senſe you know,
A paſſive Term which no Relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a Rebel and a King.
Reſt well aſſur'd, the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My Sons wou'd all ſupport the Regal ſide, [try'd.
Tho' Heaven forbid the Cauſe by Battel ſhou'd be
The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſu'd her Argument again.
If as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your Sons will practiſe what your ſelf profeſs,
What angry Pow'r prevents our preſent Peace?
The *Lion*, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires (and Kings Deſires are ill withſtood,)
To join our Nations in a laſting love;
The Barrs betwixt are eaſie to remove,
For ſanguinary Laws were never made above.
If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny
Whoſe Mandate fore'd your *Gallick* Friends to fly,

Make not a worse Example of your own.
Or cease to rail at causeless Rigour shown,
And let the guiltless Person throw the Stone.
His blunted Sword, your suff'ring Brotherhood
Have seldom felt, he stops it short of Blood:
But you have ground the persecuting Knife,
And set it to a Razor edge on Life.
Curs'd be the Wit which Cruelty refines,
Or to his Father's Rod the *Scorpions* joins; [Loins.
Your Finger is more gross than the great Monarch's
But you perhaps remove that bloody Note,
And stick it on the first Reformers Coat.
Oh let their Crime in long Oblivion sleep,
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the Question now,
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a Rage,
You charge not that on any former Age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand
Arm'd by a Weapon put into your Hand.
Yet still remember that you wield a Sword
Forg'd by your Foes against your Sovereign Lord.
Design'd to hew th' Imperial Cedar down,
Defraud Succession, and dis-heir the Crown.
T' abhor the Makers, and their Laws approve,
Is to hate Traytors, and the Treason love.
What means it else, which now your Children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppose some great Oppressor had by slight
Of Law, disseis'd your Brother of his Right,
Your common Sire surrendring in a Fright;
Would you to that unrighteous Title stand,
Left by the Villain's Will to Heir the Land?
More just was *Judas*, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious Bribe he could not hold, [Gold.
Nor hang in Peace, before he render'd back the
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?

Some ſpecious Reaſons for thoſe Wrongs were found;
Their dire Magicians threw their Miſts around,
And wiſe Men walk'd as on inchanted Ground.
But now when time has made th' Impoſture plain,
(Late tho' he follow'd Truth, and limping held her Train,)
What new Deluſion charms your cheated Eyes again?
The painted Harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with Itch?
The firſt Reformers were a modeſt Race,
Our Peers poſſeſs'd in Peace their native Place:
And when rebellious Arms o'erturn'd the State,
They ſuffer'd only in the common Fate;
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal Chair,
And mitr'd Seats are full, yet *David*'s Bench is bare:
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſt,
They need but rub their Mettle on the Teſt
To prove their Ore: 'Twere well if Gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning Stone;
But that unfaithful Teſt, unſound will paſs
The Droſs of Atheiſts, and ſectarian Braſs:
As if th' Experiment were made to hold
For baſe Production, and reject the Gold:
Thus Men ungodded may to places riſe,
And Sects may be preferr'd without Diſguiſe:
No danger to the Church or State from theſe,
The Papiſt only has his Writ of eaſe.
No gainful Office gives him the Pretence
To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.
Wrong Conſcience, or no Conſcience may deſerve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to ſtarve.
Still thank your ſelves you cry, your noble Race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place.
Our Doors are open: True, but e'er they come,
You toſs your cenſing Teſt, and fume the Room;
As if 'twere *Tobit*'s Rival to expel,
And fright the Fiend who could not bear the ſmell,

To this the *Panther* sharply had reply'd,
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the Loser leave to chide;
Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the Plaintiff's Cause she car'd the less,
Because she su'd in *forma Pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent something shou'd be said,
For secret Guilt by silence is betray'd:
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of Pride.

Methinks such Terms of proffer'd Peace you bring,
As once *Æneas* to th' *Italian* King:
By long Possession all the Land is mine,
You Strangers come with your intruding Line,
To share my Sceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient Pedigree,
And claim a peaceful Seat by Fates Decree.
In ready Pomp your Sacrificer stands,
T' unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* Bands,
And that the League more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your Bride.
Thus plausibly you veil th' intended Wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd Gods along;
And will endeavour in succeeding space,
Those houshold Poppits on our Hearths to place.
Perhaps some barb'rous Laws have been preferr'd,
I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and Peerage to restore,
My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my Vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my Conscience more.

Conscience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,
Which well-inform'd will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the *Camelion* hue,
To change the Die with every different View.
When first the *Lion* sat with awful Sway
Your Conscience taught you Duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Test,
No Conscience but of Subjects was profess'd.

He found your Temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken Reed your Church rely'd.
In vain the Sects assay'd their utmost Art
With offer'd Treasure to espouse their Part, [Heart.
Their Treasures were a Bribe too mean to move his
But when by long Experience you had prov'd,
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;
A Goodness that excell'd his godlike Race,
And only short of Heav'ns unbounded Grace:
A Flood of Mercy that o'erflow'd our Isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the *Nile*,
Forgetting whence your *Ægypt* was supply'd,
You thought your Sov'reign bound to send the Tides
Nor upward look'd on that immortal Spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a King:
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by Fear, began
To stretch her Limits, and extend the Span,
Did his Indulgence as her Gift dispose,
And made a wise Alliance with her Foes.
Can Conscience own th' associating Name,
And raise no Blushes to conceal her Shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful Dame.
But if the Cause by Battel should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O *Proteus* Conscience, never to be ty'd!
What *Phœbus* from the *Tripod* shall disclose,
Which are in last resort, your Friends or Foes?
Homer, who learn'd the Language of the Sky,
The seeming *Gordian* Knot wou'd soon unty;
Immortal Powers the term of Conscience know,
But Interest is her Name with Men below.

Conscience or Int'rest be't, or both in one;
(The *Panther* answer'd in a surly Tone,)
The first commands me to maintain the Crown,
The last forbids to throw my Barriers down.
Our penal Laws no Sons of yours admit,
Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from Benefit.
These are my Banks your Ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the Land;

And once let in, with unresisted Sway
Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their Flocks away.
Think not my Judgment leads me to comply
With Laws unjust, but hard Necessity:
Imperious Need which cannot be withstood
Makes Ill authentick, for a greater Good.
Possess your Soul with Patience, and attend:
A more auspicious Planet may ascend;
Good Fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling Crime;
(Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above)
To mend my Errors and redeem your Love:
That little Space you safely may allow,
Your all-dispensing Power protects you now.
Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to explain;
You wou'd *postpone* me to another Reign:
'Till when you are content to be unjust,
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair Exchange propos'd of future Chance,
For present Profit and Inheritance:
Few Words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will not now repeal, wou'd persecute;
To ripen green Revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend:
For shame let Conscience be your Plea no more,
To will hereafter, prove she might before;
But she's a Bawd to Gain, and holds the Door.
Your care about your Banks, infers a fear
Of threatning Floods, and Inundations near;
If so, a just Reprise would only be
Of what the Land usurp'd upon the Sea;
And all your Jealousies but serve to show
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,
Is to distrust the Justice of your Cause;
And argues that the true Religion lies
In those weak Adversaries you despise.
Tyrannick force is that which least you fear,
The sound is frightful in a Christian's Ear;

Avert it, Heaven; nor let that Plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled Continent.
But Piety commands me to refrain;
Those Pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's Reign.
Behold! how he protects your Friends oppress,
Receives the Banish'd, succours the Distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open Breast.
He stands in Day-light, and disdains to hide
An Act to which, by Honour he is ty'd,
A Generous, laudable, and kingly Pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore,
This when he says he means, he means no more.
Well, said the *Panther*, I believe him just,
And yet----
And yet, 'tis but because you must,
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The *Hind* thus briefly; and disdain'd t' inlarge
On Pow'r of *Kings*, and their superior Charge,
As Heav'ns Trustees before the Peoples choice:
Tho' sure the *Panther* did not much rejoice
To hear those *Echos* giv'n of her once loyal Voice.
The *Matron* woo'd her Kindness to the last,
But cou'd not win; her Hour of Grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the *Wolf*, and to believe her King,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her Joy
Of her late Treaty with her new Ally:
Which well she hop'd wou'd more successful prove,
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* Love.
The *Panther* ask'd, what Concord there cou'd be
Betwixt two Kinds whose Natures disagree?
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis sung in ev'ry Street,
The common chat of Gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome Tale, tho' told in homely Stile.
A Plain good Man, whose Name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of Plain and Good)
Of three fair lineal Lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as Reason was, upon the best;

Inur'd to Hardships from his early Youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his Truth:
At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtful Fight,
Was never known a more advent'rous Knight,
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

As Fortune wou'd (his Fortune came tho' late)
He took Possession of his just Estate:
Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent,
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on Trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkard at a Trick.
For little Souls on little Shifts rely,
And Cowards Arts of mean Expedients try;
The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.
False Friends, (his deadliest Foes) could find no way
But shows of honest Bluntness to betray;
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky Planet sure attends his Birth,
Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth;
For prosp'rous Honesty is seldom seen
To bear so dead a Weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would strive,
To shew Plain-dealing once an Age may thrive:
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
Exceeded her Commission to befriend.

This grateful Man, as Heaven encreas'd his Store,
Gave *God* again, and daily fed his Poor;
His House with all Convenience was purvey'd;
The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd;
And in that sacred Place, his beauteous Wife
Employ'd her happiest Hours of holy Life.

Nor did their Alms extend to those alone
Whom common Faith more strictly made their own;
A sort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,
Who cross the Proverb, and abound with Gall.

Tho' ſome, 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater Part degenerate from their Kind;
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on Salt they feed.
Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws;
Yet, bound by Promiſe, he ſupports their Cauſe,
As Corporations privileg'd by Laws.

That Houſe which harbour to their Kind affords,
Was built, long ſince, God knows, for better Birds;
But flutt'ring there they neſtle near the Throne,
And lodge in Habitations not their own,
By their high Crops, and corny Gizzards known.
Like *Harpies* they could ſcent a plenteous Board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their Lord,
The reſt was Form, and bare Attendance paid,
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more,
They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beerſheba* poor;
All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
The pref'rence was but due to *Levi*'s Kind;
But when ſome Lay-Preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd, they never quit their Claim,
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to Heavens high Name;
And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Conſent
The Gift ſhould be prophan'd by worldly Management.

Their Fleſh was never to the Table ſerv'd,
Tho' 'tis not thence infer'd the Birds were ſtarv'd;
But that their Maſter did not like the Food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy Blood.
Nor did it with his gracious Nature ſuit,
Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to perſecute:
Yet he refus'd, (nor could they take Offence)
Their Glutton Kind ſhould teach him Abſtinence.
Nor conſecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:
But leſt his Hinds, each in his private Pow'r,
That thoſe who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r,

He for himſelf, and not for others choſe,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their Faces his Devotion paid,
And Sacrifice with ſolemn Rites was made,
And ſacred Incenſe on his Altars laid.

Beſides theſe jolly Birds, whoſe Crops impure
Repaid their Commons with their Salt-Manure;
Another Farm he had behind his Houſe,
Not overſtock'd, but barely for his Uſe;
Wherein his poor Domeſtick Poultry fed,
And from his pious Hands receiv'd their Bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes,
Beheld theſe Inmates, and their Nurſeries:
Tho' hard their Fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn
A Cruiſe of Water, and an Ear of Corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought
A Sheaf in ev'ry ſingle Grain was brought;
Fain would they filch that little Food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy Gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their Hall,
The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;
That he ſhould raiſe his miter'd Creſt on high,
And clap his Wings, and call his Family
To ſacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Powers
With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours:
Nay more, his quiet Neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their Morning Reſt.

Beaſt of a Bird, ſupinely when he might
Lye ſnug and ſleep, to riſe before the light:
What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,
Cou'd he not let a bad Example die?
The World was fall'n into an eaſier way;
This Age knew better, than to Faſt and Pray.
Good Senſe in ſacred Worſhip wou'd appear
So to begin, as they might end the Year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyſter'd Walls.

Expell'd for this, and for their Lands they fled;
And Sister Partlet with her hooded head [Bed.
Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-
The way to win the restiff World to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining Rod,
Unnatural Fasts, and foreign Forms of Pray'r;
Religion frights us with a Mein severe.
'Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease,
And put her in undress to make her please:
A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind,
And leave the Luggage of good Works behind.
Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught,
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common Cry was all for these,
Whose Life and Precepts both encourag'd Ease.
Yet fearing those alluring Baits might fail,
And holy Deeds o'er all their Arts prevail:
(For Vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd Face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace)
An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew, [true;
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours
And this Grotesque design, expos'd to publick View.
One would have thought it some *Ægyptian* Piece,
With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,
More thick than *Ptolemey* has stuck the Skies.
All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike,
It was no Libel where it meant to strike:
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small
To view the Monster crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his Knees
Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees,
And by him, a mishapen, ugly Race;
The Curse of God was seen on ev'ry Face:
No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,
But still the worse the Look, the fitter for a Fiend.
The Master of the Farm, displeas'd to find
So much of Rancour in so mild a Kind,

Enquir'd into the Cauſe, and came to know,
The Paſſive Church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow:
With groundleſs Fears, and Jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding Gueſt
Would drive the Birds of *Venus* from their Neſt.
A Deed his inborn Equity abhor'd, [Word.
But Int'reſt will not truſt, tho' God ſhould plight his
A Law, the Source of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the Poultry from the Farms;
With Loſs of Life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.
That Bloody Statute chiefly was deſign'd
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet;
For them, for their Inferiours and Allies,
Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to Truſt, or Profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poiſonous wicked
Weed:
Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curs'd,
Or Henbane-Juice to ſwell 'em till they burſt,
The Patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this Inquiſition in his Yard,
By which the Soveraign was of Subjects uſe debarr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' Effects of ſo unnatural a Law:
But ſtill the Dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:
And which was worſe, (if any worſe could be)
Repented of their boaſted Loyalty:
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cauſe,
And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for Fate, and firſt deſtroys their Mind.
New Doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted Dangers, interpos'd Delays;

And Emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore
Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper Counſels in their Patron's Ear;
And veil'd their falſe Advice with zealous Fear.
The Maſter ſmil'd to ſee 'em work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle Reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their Protractive Arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their Hearts;
But they abus'd that Grace to make Allies,
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies;
For Fools are double Fools, endeav'ring to be wiſe.

After a grave Conſult what courſe were beſt,
One more mature in Folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told 'em, with his Head aſide,
That deſp'rate Cures muſt be to deſp'rate Ills apply'd:
And therefore ſince their main impending Fear
Was from th' encreaſing Race of *Chanticleer*:
Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,
A Foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggard *Hawk*, who had her Eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might truſt, their common Wrongs to wreak:
The *Muſquet*, and the *Coyſtrel* were too weak,
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the reſt,
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me beſt;
Of ſmall Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,
We call him but a *Hawk* by courteſie.
I know he haunts the *Pigeon*-Houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of War, has done us harm;
But all his Hate on trivial Points depends,
Give up our Forms, and we ſhall ſoon be Friends.
For *Pigeons* Fleſh he ſeems not much to care,
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious Fare;
On this high Potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would confer the Sov'reign ſway:
Petition him t' accept the Government,
And let a ſplendid Embaſſy be ſent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old Enmities forgot, the *Buzzard* ſhould ſucceed.

Their welcome Suit was granted soon as heard,
His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,
With *B's* upon their Breast, appointed for his Guard.
He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral Cry.
A Portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height:
Like those whom Stature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter*:
Broad-back'd, and Brawny-built for Love's delight,
A Prophet form'd, to make a female Proselyte.
A Theologue more by need, than genial bent,
By Breeding sharp, by Nature confident.
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than learn'd,
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his Native Clime he fled:
But brought the Virtues of his Heav'n along;
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky Parasite alive.
Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,
And then himself pursu'd his Compliment;
But, by reverse of Fortune chac'd away,
His Gifts no longer than their Author stay:
He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful Race,
And leaves the stench of Ordures in the Place.
Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same,
For in his Rage, he spares no Sov'raign's Name:
The Heroe, and the Tyrant change their Stile
By the same measure that they frown or smile;
When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,
The kindness he returns, is to expose:
For Courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,
No gratitude in Felon-minds beget,
As tribute to his Wit, the Churl receives the treat.
His Praise of Foes is venomously nice,
So touch'd, it turns a Virtue to a Vice:
A Greek, and bountiful forewarns us twice.

Seven Sacraments he wisely does disown,
Because he knows Confession stands for one;
Where Sins to sacred Silence are convey'd:
And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
Divulg'd the secret Whispers of his Soul:
Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his Crimes,
And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.
Prompt to assayle, and careless of defence,
Invulnerable in his Impudence;
He dares the World, and eager of a Name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
Frontless, and Satyr-proof he scow'rs the Streets,
And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud Report, that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known, for what he is.
Such was, and is the Captain of the Test,
Tho' half his Virtues are not here express'd;
The Modesty of Fame conceals the rest,
The spleenful *Pigeons* never could create
A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save;
A King, whom in his Wrath, th' Almighty gave:
For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;
Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce the crowd.
They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthrall,
Their Patrons promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.
False Fears their Leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the *Doves* were to be dispossess'd;
Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want;
For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.
The House of Pray'r is stock'd with large encrease;
Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Press:
For Birds of ev'ry Feather fill th' Abode;
Even Atheists out of envy own a God:

And reeking from the Stews Adult'rers come,
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demolish *Rome*.
That Conscience which to all their Crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to Persecute.
No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
And much the less, because it was their Lord's request:
They thought it great their Sov'raign to controul,
And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect
Were short of Pow'r, their purpose to effect:
But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,
And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their Food:
And much the *Buzzard* in their Cause did stir,
Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer
With all respect, He was a gross Idolater.

But when th' Imperial Owner did espy
That thus they turn'd his Grace to Villany,
Not suff'ring Wrath to discompose his Mind,
He strove a Temper for th' Extreams to find,
So to be just, as he might still be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom
Of sacred Strength for every Age to come.
By this the Doves their Wealth and State possess,
No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppress:
Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long
To Crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no Wrong.
But, since his own Domestick Birds have try'd
The dire Effects of their destructive Pride,
He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest,
Concluding well within his Kingly Breast,
His Fowl of Nature too unjustly were oppress.
He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect
Free of his Farm, with promise to respect
Their several Kinds alike, and equally protect.
His Gracious Edict the same Franchise yields
To all the wild encrease of Woods and Fields,
And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds.

To

To *Crows* the like impartial Grace affords,
And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and such Republick Birds:
Secur'd with ample Privilege to feed,
Each has his District, and his Bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common Int'rest with his own,
But not to pass the Pigeons *Rubicon*.
Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove;
All Prophecies accomplish'd from above,
For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to remove.
Reduc'd from her Imperial high Abode,
Like *Dionysius* to a private Rod:
The Passive Church, that with pretended Grace
Did her distinctive Mark in Duty place,
Now touch'd, Reviles her Maker to his Face.
What after happen'd is not hard to guess;
The small Beginnings had a large Encrease,
And Arts and Wealth succeed (the secret Spoils of Peace.)
'Tis said the Doves repented, tho' too late,
Become the Smiths of their own foolish Fate:
Nor did their Owner hasten their ill Hour:
But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r:
Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the Silence of Decay.
The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race,
To hide the thinness of their Flock from Sight,
And all together make a seeming, goodly Flight:
But each have sep'rate Int'rests of their own,
Two *Czars*, are one too many for a Throne.
Nor can th' Usurper long abstain from Food,
Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood:
And may be tempted to his former Fare,
When this indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting Months may come,
When lagging late, they cannot reach their home:
Or Rent in Schism, (for so their Fate decrees,)
Like the tumultuous College of the Bees;

They fight their Quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt;
The Tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling Feaſt.
Thus did the gentle *Hind* her Fable end,
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected Yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural Repoſe,
For now the ſtreaky Light began to peep;
And ſetting Stars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her Gueſt
The peace of Heav'n, betook her ſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand Angels on her Slumbers wait,
With glorious Viſions of her future State.

F I N I S.

A SONG.

I Grant, a thouſand Oaths I ſwore
I none would love but you:
But not to change would wrong me more,
Than breaking them can do.
Yet you thereby a Truth will learn,
Of much more worth than I;
Which is, That Lovers which do ſwear,
Do alſo uſe to lye.

II.

Chloris does now poſſeſs that Heart
Which to you did belong:
But, though thereof ſhe brags a while,
She ſhall not do ſo long.
She thinks, by being fair and kind,
To hinder my remove,
And ne'er ſo much as dreams that Change,
Above both thoſe, I love.

III.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My Change is a Diſgrace:
For though it robs you of one Slave,
It leaves another's place:

Which your bright Eyes will soon subdue
With him does them first see:
For if they could not conquer more,
They ne'er had conquer'd me.

The VOYAGE.

AS one that's from a tedious Voyage come,
And safe through thousand Storms arriv'd at home,
Resolves to put to Sea no more,
Or boldly tempt the flatt'ring Main,
How smooth soe'er it lye, or plain;
But having drawn his broken Hull on Shore,
To some kind Saint hangs up his consecrated Oar:
I, who a greater Sea had past,
The Ocean of rough Poesie,
Where there so many Shipwrack'd be,
Or on the Rocks, or on the Quicksands cast;
Recounting what my self had seen,
And in how many deaths I'd been,
Where scarce an empty wish or hope could come between;
With almost as confirm'd a Vow,
Resolv'd no less to consecrate
Some Votive Table, which might show
The Labours I did undergo;
And at a far more easie rate,
Give others the delight to view on Land my dangerous Fate.

II.

Already was the sacred Plank design'd,
And in it now I first assay'd the Deep,
When thinking only near the Shores to keep,
There rose a sudden and tempestuous Wind,
Which made me leave the unsaluted Land behind.
The Sea before was calm, and still,
And gentle Airs did with my Streamers play,
Scarce strong enough my half-struck Sail to fill,
And through the yielding Crystal force my way.

Close by did many a Vessel ride,
Whose Pilots all with Bays were gaily crown'd,
And to the murmurs of the Tide,
Voices and Mirth where heard around,
My self made there * *Anacreon's* Lute resound;
Which sprightly seem'd, and wondrous brave,
And its old killing Notes to have; [which I gave.
But from the Waters more, than those rough touches
'Twould still of nothing sound but Love,
Though I the various Stops did often prove:
Wherefore new † Loves I did begin,
And intermixt (as parts) my own;
Which took fresh vigour from the String,
And o'er the dancing Floods were quickly blown.
I ‡ *Venus* sang, and stollen Joys,
And of his Flames who scap'd at *Troy's*.
And as the *Thracian Orpheus* by his skill
To ransom his *Eurydice*, is said,
And from the Shades brought back the dead;
My Song a greater Miracle did tell,
And thither chain'd in Verse alive || *Proserpina* did lead.

III.

Such was my Song: but when the Storm arose,
Voices and Mirth were heard no more,
But every Man fell stoutly to his Oar,
And to the Floods did all their Strength oppose,
Hoping to reach some Harbour, but in vain;
They were with greater Fury hurry'd back into the Main.
Then might one hear, instead of these,
The dying Shrieks of such as Shipwrack'd were;
And those proud Galleys, which before at ease
Plow'd up the Deep, no longer did appear;
But to the Waves became a Prey:
Some downright sank, some broken lay,
And by the Billows were in triumph born away.

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* *Turn'd* Anacreon *into* English *Verse.* † *Made several Love-verses to* Cletia & al. ‡ *Translated the fourth Book of* Virg. || Claudian's *Rapt. Pro.*

My Keel so many Leaks did spring,
That all the Hold with Water was flow'd o'er;
And a Sea no less dangerous rag'd within,
Than that which strove abroad the Tempest to outroar.
* So over-board my lading straight I cast,
With some faint hopes my Barque to save;
But on the Wind away they quickly past,
And my best Safety was no hope to have.
Yet by me still the great *Jessean* Lyre I kept,
Which from my Couch I down did take,
Where it neglected long enough had slept,
And all its numerous Chords I did awake;
Thinking, since I the Waves must try,
Them and the Sea-gods with a Song to pacifie.

IV.

I play'd, and boldly then plung'd down,
Holding my Harp still in my Hand.
My dear Companion through those Paths unknown;
But hopeless with it e'er to reach the Land,
When lo, the chaste *Iarma*, with a Throng
Of Nymphs and Tritons waited on,
As she by chance there pass'd along,
Drave up her Chariot by my side,
And in requital for my humble Song,
Invited me with her to ride, [guide.
And fearless of the way, with them my Course to
And down she reach'd her Snowy hand,
And from the Floods me gently rais'd,
Whilst all the Sea-gods on me gaz'd, [mand.
And waited, e'er they further went, some new Com-

---

* *Having had so many Crosses, or, which is truer, seeing the little profit, I resolved to make no more Verse, except the Argument were Divine or Moral; and so resumed my old design of Paraphrasing the Psalms: Which I began anew,* Jan. 31, 1662, *and finish'd the third of* June, 1665.

Which straight she gave, and at her word the Wind
Backward did scowre: Before, as smooth and plain
The Ocean lay; Storms only rag'd behind:
So to my Harp I turn'd again,
And all its silent Fetters did unbind.
No longer was I of the Deep afraid,
But bolder grown, more Anthems plaid,
And on them put my Chains, who theirs upon the [Waves had laid,
Till having many a Country past,
And coasting the whole Earth around,
The Northwest passage Navigable found,
I on my native Shore was cast,
And safely touch'd the *British* Isle at last.

V.

This Table as in Colours 'twas expreſt,
And which ‡ *Belisa*'s curious Pencil wrought,
With Ivy Garland, and with Bays I dreſt,
And to my Muses sacred Temple brought;
Hoping it would accepted be,
And surely gain my Liberty
From future Service, and declare me free.
But as I waiting in the Court did stand,
Into a sudden Ecstasie I fell;
And led by an immortal Hand,
Which entrance for me did command,
Approach'd the Fane's most private Cell,
By none e'er seen before, where awful dread and reve- [rence dwell,
'Twas not like those strait Lodges here,
Which by that Name we call,
But a magnificent and spacious Hall,
The Roof with Paintings garnish'd all;
And where in Neeches on the Wall,
There did the lively Forms appear
Of such who for their Verse the Laurel Sert did wear.

---

‡ *Mrs.* Mary Beal.

Greece and old *Rome* poſſeſt the chiefeſt place,
And all the upper end their quarter was:
The ſides were into ſeveral Coaſts deſign'd,
And by their Countries you each Name might find;
Th' *Italian*, *French* or *Spaniſh* Band,
As they around did with their Titles ſtand:
Britain as fair a ſpace as any had;
And no leſs Honours were to her, than *Rome* or *Athens* paid.

VI.

Thither I turn'd my Eye, and in the throng
Of crowned Heads tranſlated there,
Whoſe very Names to count would be too long,
The bright * *Orinda* did appear;
And though come thither laſt of all,
Made the moſt beauteous Figure on the ſacred Wall.
Aſide her ſeveral Neeches were prepar'd
For thoſe who ſhall hereafter come,
And with her there obtain a Room,
As with her in the Muſes Service they had ſhar'd.
Already were ſome Names enroll'd,
And in fair Characters enchas'd;
But who they were, muſt ne'er be told,
Till they the fatal Stream have paſt,
And after Death have here their living Statues plac'd.
My Muſe alone theſe Worthies could out-ſhine,
As ſhe approach'd me there in ſhape divine:
Her golden Hair was all unbound
With careleſs Art, and wantonly did play,
Mov'd by her Strings melodious ſound,
As on her Shoulders the looſe Treſſes lay.
A wondrous Mantle o'er her Back was thrown,
And her gay myſtick Veſt below
In Royal State trayl'd all adown;
A Lute was in her hand, and on her Head a Crown.

---

* *Mrs.* Kath. Philips *died* June ---- 64.

VII.

Amaz'd, I at her Feet did fall,
And proſtrate lay, till up ſhe bid me ſtand,
Saying, For this I thee did never call,
But boldly to receive my great Command,
Ariſe, for lo, a better fate
Does on thy tuneful Numbers wait,
Than what thou in the Deep haſt try'd of late.
Not but that all thy Labours there,
To thine own wiſh ſhall amply be repaid.
For I by whom enroll'd they are,
Second to none but Heav'n in that great Care
Which of thy Verſe, and thee I always had,
Will look ſuch large Allowance for them ſhall be made,
That all the damage which thou didſt ſuſtain,
Shall not compare with thy immortal gain.

VIII.

Witneſs thy Votive Table, which I here accept
Within my Archives a fair Room to have,
(Worthy for th' hand that did it to be kept)
And thy mean Name from dark Oblivion ſave,
Till to another Temple, that's above,
Reſerv'd for thoſe, who ſacred Numbers prove,
And there at laſt conclude their Love,
Thy Soul's bright Image I hereafter ſhall remove,
Where ſeveral whom thou here doſt know
(Ambitious at their very Shrines to bow)
Leaving their wanton Lays behind,
Like thee, and from all baſe alloy refin'd,
More to reſemble the eternal Mind;
With ſeveral who were never here,
So God-like all their Meaſures were,
(As *Jeſſe*'s Son, whoſe Harp thou erſt didſt bear)
In glory with the firſt great Maker ſhine,
And have for Mortal Bays, a Ray Divine.

IX.

But firſt, my *Sylvius*, thou again to Sea muſt go,
And many Towns, and Men, and Countries know,

In the * New-world of Christian Poesie,
Part of which long since was design'd to be
The happy Fruits of thy Discovery;
Where none of all thy Nation has been yet,
The way so dangerous, and the task so great.
Nor doubt but it shall recompence thy cost;
And were it more, that Age, they cry, th'ast lost,
When to serve me, thou didst the † Bar forsake,
And for th' long Robe, the Ivy Garland take,
As that which would thy Name immortal make.
For I have Honours to bestow,
And regal Treasures, though I rarely show
The happy Country where they grow.
And though some Wretch the Plague endure
Of miserable Poverty,
The Fault's his own, and not in me;
Not that he is my Votary,
But under that disguise an Enemy:
Nor I, but they alone who count me so, are poor.

X.

Try me, this once, and once more tempt the Main;
Thou shalt not unattended go:
For when thou next put'st out to Sea again,
I'll be thy Pilot, and the Passage show.
Nay wonder not, for 'tis no more
Than what I several times have done before,
When I my *Tasso* through those Straights did guide,
And made my *Bartas* o'er the Surges ride;
Those mighty Admirals which did extend
Their Country-bounds beyond the Worlds wide end:
'Twas I conducted them those Lands to find,
Where each did plant their Nations Colonies;
Both spreading less their Sails than Victories.
And there are yet more Lands for thee behind;

* *To write of the Creation never attempted by any* Englishman *except in Verse.* † *The Study of the Law.*

And all the way, like them, thou shalt rehearse
The Birth of things, how they from nothing rose,
By that Almighty Word which shall inspire thy Verse,
And help thee all its Wonders to disclose.
No Storm upon thy Mast shall rest,
Or any Gales but Vernal blow;
The Sea it self, to my great Service prest,
In Plains of liquid Glass shall lye below, [show.
And its Obedience to my Rule in dancing Billows only
And when thou Home return'd shalt be,
And of thy native Earth once more take hold,
My self thy Bark will consecrated see;
And for this new World thus found out by thee,
Make it a heav'nly Sign, near that which sav'd the old.

CUPID's PASTIME.

By Sidney Godolphin, *Esq*;

I.

IT chanc'd of late a *Shepherd* Swain
That went to seek his wander'd Sheep,
Within a Thicket, on a Plain,
Espy'd a dainty *Nymph* asleep.

II.

Her Golden Hair o'er-spread her Face,
Her careless Arms about her cast:
Her Quiver had her Pillow's Place,
Her Breast lay bare to ev'ry Blast.

III.

The Shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say;
While Chance, or else perhaps his Will,
Guided the God of Love that way.

IV.

The crafty Boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see:
Behind her closely seems to creep,
Before her Knap should ended be.

V.

There come, he steals her Shafts away,
And puts his own into their place:
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, e'er she wakes, hies thence apace.

VI.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes;
And spies the Shepherd gazing by.
Her bended Bow then up she takes,
And at the simple Swain lets fly.

VII.

Forth flew the Shaft and pierc'd his Heart,
That to the Ground he fell, with pain:
Yet soon he up again did start,
And to the Nymph he ran amain.

VIII.

Amaz'd to see so strange a Sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain:
The more his Wounds, the more his Might,
Love yielding Strength amidst his Pain.

IX.

Her angry Eyes were big with Tears;
She blames her Hand, she blames her Skill;
The Bluntness of her Shafts she fears,
And try them on her self she will.

X.

Take heed, fair Nymph, try not thy Shaft;
Each little touch will pierce thy Heart.
Alas! thou know'st not *Cupid*'s Craft,
Revenge is Joy, the end is Smart.

XI.

Yet she will try, and pierce some bare:
Her Hands were glov'd, but next to Hand
Was that fair Breast, that Breast so rare,
That made the Shepherd senseless stand.

XII.

That Breast she pierc'd, and thro' the Breast
Love found an Entry to her Heart:

At feeling of this new-come Gueſt,
Lord, how this Gentle Nymph did ſtart.

XIII.

She runs not now, She ſhoots no more:
Away ſhe throws both Shaft and Bow,
She ſeeks for what ſhe ſhunn'd before,
She thinks the Shepherd's Haſte too ſlow.

XIV.

Tho' Mountains meet not, Lovers may;
What others did, juſt ſo did they.
The God of Love ſat on a Tree,
And laught, the pleaſing Sight to ſee.

A POEM *dedicated to the Bleſſed Memory of her late Gracious Majeſty Queen* MARY.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

ONCE more, my Muſe,--we muſt an Altar raiſe;---
May it prove laſting, as *Maria*'s Praiſe;
And, the Song ended, be the *Swan*'s thy Doom;
Reſt ever ſilent, as *Maria*'s Tomb.

But whence ſhall we begin? or whither ſteer?
Her Virtues like a perfect Round appear,
Where Judgment lies in Admiration loſt,
Not knowing which it ſhould diſtinguiſh moſt.

Some Angel, from your own, deſcribe her Frame,
(For ſure your Godlike Beings are the ſame:)
All that was Charming in the Fairer Kind,
With Manly Senſe, and Reſolution join'd;
A Mein compos'd of Mildneſs and of State,
Not by Conſtraint, or Affectation, Great;
But form'd by Nature for Supream Command;
Like *Eve* juſt moulded by the Maker's Hand;

Yet such her Meekness, as half-vail'd the Throne,
Left being in too great a Lustre shown,
It might debar the Subject of Access,
And make her Mercies, and our Comforts less.
So Gods, of old, descending from their Sphere
To visit Men, like Mortals did appear:
Left their too Awful Presence should affright
Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus to the Noon of her high Glory run,
From her bright Orb, diffusive like the Sun,
She did her healing Influence display,
And cherish'd all our nether World that lay
Within the Circle of her radiant Day:
Reliev'd not only those who Bounty sought,
But gave unask'd, and as she gave, forgot;
Found modest Want in her obscure Retreat,
And courted tim'rous Virtue to be Great.
The Church, which *William* sav'd, was *Mary*'s Care,
Taught by her Life, and guarded by her Prayer;
What her Devotions were, you Cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the Seat of Mercy dwell;
(For here She wou'd not have her Goodness known)
But you beheld how She address'd the Throne,
And wonder'd at a Zeal so like your own.
Since She was *Form'd*, and *Lov'd*, and *Pray'd* like you,
She shou'd, alas! have been *Immortal* too.

A Mind so good, in beauteous Strength aray'd,
Assur'd our Hopes She might be long obey'd,
And we, with heightned Reverence, might have seen
The hoary Grandure of an Aged Queen;
Who might, with *William*, jointly Govern here,
As that bright Pair which Rules the heav'nly Sphere.

Grace and mild Mercy best in her were shown,
In him the rougher Virtues of the Throne;
Of Justice *She* at home the *Ballance* held,
Abroad, Oppression by *His Sword* was quell'd;
The gen'rous Lion, and the peaceful Dove;
The God of Battel, and the Queen of Love,

Did in Their happy Nuptials well agree;
Like *Mars*, He led our Armies out; and She
With Smiles presided o'er Her Native Sea!

Such too Their Meetings, when our Monarch came
With Laurels loaden, and Immortal Fame;
As when the God on *Hæmus* quits his Arms,
Softning his Toils in *Cytherea*'s Charms:
Then with what Joy did She the Victor meet?
And lay the Reins of Empire at his Feet?
With the same Temper as the * *Latian Hind*
Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd;
So *Pallas* from the dusty Field withdrew,
And when Imperial *Jove* appear'd in View,
Resum'd her Female Arts, the Spindle and the Clew:
Forgot the Scepter she so well had sway'd,
And with that Mildness, she had Rul'd, Obey'd;
Pleas'd with the Change, and unconcern'd as *Jove*,
When in Disguise he leaves his Pow'r above,
And drowns all other Attributes in Love:----

Such, mighty Sir, (if yet the sacred Ear
Of Majesty in Grief vouchsafe to hear)
Was the Lov'd Consort of thy Crown and Bed,
Our Joy while living; our Despair now Dead.

Yet tho' with *Mary* one Supporter fall,
Thy Virtue can alone sustain the Ball.
Of *Sibyl*'s Books, that Volume which remain'd
The perfect Value of the whole retain'd.
When in the fiery Carr *Elijah* fled,
His Spirit doubl'd on his Partner's Head:
So will thy Peoples Love, now *Mary*'s gone,
Unite both Streams, and flow on Thee alone.
The grateful Senate with one Voice combine
To breath their Sorrows, and to comfort Thine,
By bringing to thy View how *Europe*'s Fate
Does on thy Counsels, and thy Courage wait:
But when the vastness of thy Grief they see,
They own 'tis just, and melt in Tears with thee.

* *Lucius Quintius.*

Bluſh not, great Soul, thus to reveal thy Woe;
Sighs will have vent, and Eyes too full o'er-flow;
Shed by Degrees, they paſs unfelt away;
But raiſe a Storm and Deluge where they ſtay.
The braveſt Heroes have the ſofteſt Mind,
Their Natures like the Gods, to Love inclin'd.
Homer, who Human Paſſions nicely knew,
When his Illuſtrious *Grecian* Chief he drew,
Left likewiſe in his *Soul* one mortal Part,
Whence Love and Anguiſh too might reach his Heart;
For a loſt Miſtreſs, in Deſpair he ſate,
And let declining *Troy* ſtill ſtruggle with her Fate:
But when the Partner of his Cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd Lion, from his Tent he fled,
Whole Hecatombs of trembling *Trojans* ſlew,
And mangled *Hector* at his Chariot drew.
Still greater is thy Loſs,----Be ſuch thy Rage,
As conquer'd *Gallia* only may aſſwage.
She who on Earth ſecur'd Thee by Her Prayer,
Return'd to Heav'n, ſhall prove thy Guardian Angel there;
And hov'ring round Thee with her Heav'nly Shield,
Unſeen protect Thee in the doubtful Field.
Go then, by different Paths to Glory go,
The Church's both Eſtates with *Mary* ſhow:
And while above ſhe Triumphs, Fight below.----
'Tis done---our Monarch to the Camp returns,---
The *Gallick* Armies fly----Their Navy burns,
And Earth and Seas all bow at his Command,
And *Europe* owns Her Peace from His victorious Hand.

For the NEW YEAR: *To the* SUN.

Intended to be Sung before Their Majesties on New-Years-Day, 169¾.

Written by Mr. PRIOR *at the* Hague.

LIght of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
With happy Speed begin thy great Career;
And as the Radiant Journey's run [is known,
Where-e'er thy Beams are spread, where-e'er thy Power
Through all the distant Nations own,
That in Fair *Albion* thou hast seen
The Greatest Prince, the Brightest Queen,
That ever Sav'd a People, ever Grac'd a Throne.

So may thy God-head be confest,
So the returning Year be Blest,
As its Infant Months bestow
Springing Wreaths for *William*'s Brow;
As its Summer's Youth shall shed
Eternal Sweets round *Mary*'s Head:
From the Blessings they shall know,
Our Times are Dated, and our *Æra's* move,
They Govern, and Enlighten all below,
As thou do'st all above.

Let our Heroe in the War
Active and Fierce like Thee, appear;
Like Thee, Great Son of *Jove*, like Thee,
When clad in rising Majesty
Thou Marchest down o'er *Delos* Hills confest,
With all thy Arrows Arm'd, with all thy Glory Drest.
Like Thee, the Heroe, does his Arms imploy,
The raging *Python* to destroy,
Cho. *And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.*

From Ancient Times Hiſtoric Stores
Gather all the ſmiling Hours,
All that with Friendly Care have guarded
Patriots and Kings in Rightful Wars,
All that with Conqueſt have rewarded
His Great Fore-fathers Pious Cares,
All that Story hath Recorded
Sacred to *Naſſau*'s long Renown,
For Countries Sack'd, and Battels Won.

Cho. *March Them again in fair Array,*
And bid them form the Happy Day,
The Happy Day deſign'd to wait
On William's *Fame, and* Europe's *Fate,*
Let the Happy Day be Crown'd
With great Event and fair Succeſs,
No brighter in the Year be found,
But that which brings the Victor home in Peace.

Again Thy Godhead we implore,
(Great in Wiſdom as in Power)
Again for *Mary*'s ſake and ours,
Chuſe out other ſmiling Hours,
Such as with lucky Wings have fled
When Happy Counſels were adviſing,
Such as have glad Omens ſhed
O'er forming Laws and Empires riſing;
Such as many Luſtres ran
Hand in Hand a goodly Train,
To bleſs the Great *Eliza*'s Reign,
And in the Typic Glory ſhow
The fuller Bliſs which *Mary* ſhould beſtow.

As the Graver Hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the Dance,
Many fraught with all the Treaſures
Which the *Eaſtern* Travel views,
Many wing'd with all the Pleaſures
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuſe.

To eaſe the Cares which for her Subjects ſake
The Pious Queen does with glad Patience take.
Cho. *To let Her all the Bleſſings know*
Which from thoſe Cares upon Her Subjects flow.

For thy own Glory Sing our Sov'raigns Praiſe,
(God of Verſes and of Days)
Let all thy Tuneful Sons adorn
Their laſting Work with *William*'s Name;
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take *Mary*'s Goodneſs for their Theam:
Eternal Structures let Them raiſe
On *William*'s and on *Mary*'s Praiſe,
Nor want new Subjects for the Song,
Nor fear they can exhauſt the Store,
'Till Nature's Muſick lies unſtrung,
'Till thou ſhalt ſhine no more.

The DUEL.

By Henry Savil, *Eſq*; *Written ſoon after the Duel of the* Stags.

IN *Milford-Lane*, near to St. *Clement*'s Steeple,
There liv'd a Nymph, kind to all Chriſtan People.
A Nymph ſhe was, whoſe comely Mien and Feature
Did wound the Heart of every Man-like Creature.
Under her Beauteous Boſom there did lye
A Belly ſmooth as any Ivory.
Yet Nature, to declare her various Art,
Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient part.
No Park, with ſmootheſt *Lawn*, and higheſt *Wood*,
Could e'er compare with this admir'd aboad;
Here all the Youth of *England* did repair,
To take their Pleaſure, and to eaſe their Care.
Here the Diſtreſſed Lover, that had born
His haughty Miſtreſs Anger, or her Scorn,

Came for Relief, and, on this pleasant Shade,
Forgot the former, and this Lass obey'd.
But yet what corner of the World is found,
Where Pain our Pleasure doth not still surround?
One would have thought that in this shady *Grove*,
Nought could have dwelt but quiet Peace, and Love;
But Heav'n directed otherwise, for here
In midst of Plenty bloody Wars appear.
The Gods will frown where-ever they do smile;
The Crocodile infests the fertile *Nile*:
Lions, and Tygers, in the *Lesbian* Plains,
Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swains.
Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,
They fear their ruin, midst of their delight.
Thus, in the Shade of this dark silent Bower,
Strength strives with Strength, and Pow'r does vie with Pow'r.
Two mighty Monsters did the Wood infest,
And struck such awe and terror in the rest,
That no *Sicilian Tyrant* e'er could boast
He e'er with greater rigour rul'd the roast.
Each had his Empire which he kept in awe,
Was by his Will obey'd; allow'd no Law.
Nature so well divided had their States,
Nought but Ambition could have claim'd their Seats;
For 'twixt their Empires stood a Briny Lake,
Deep as the Poets do the Center make.
But here Ambition will admit no Bounds,
There are no Limits to aspiring Crowns.
The *Spaniard*, by his *Europe* Conquests bold,
Sails o'er the Ocean for the *Indian* Gold.
The *Carthaginian Hero* did not stay
Because he met vast Mountains in his way.
He past the *Alps*, like Mole-Hills; such a Mind
As thinks on Conquests will be unconfind.
But with these haughty Thoughts one course they bend,
To try if this vast Lake had any end;
Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
They might by Conquest get eternal Fame:

After long Marches, both their Armies tir'd,
At length they find the Place so much admir'd.
When, in a little time, each doth descry
The glimps of an approaching Enemy:
Each at the sight with equal Pleasure move,
As we should do in well rewarded Love.
Blood-thirsty Souls, whose only perfect Joy
Consists in what their Fury can destroy.
And now both Armies do prepare to Fight,
And each the other unto War incite.
In vain, alas! for all the Force and Strength
Was now consumed by their Marches length;
But the great Chiefs, impatient of delay,
Resolve by single Fight to try the Day.

Translated from SENECA's TROAS. *Act. II. Chorus.*

Verum est? & timidos fabula decipit?

By Mr. *GLANVILL.*

IS't true that Souls their Bodies do survive?
Or does a Flam the timorous World deceive?
When some dear *Friend* our dying *Eyes* has clos'd,
And Life's last Day, Death's endless Night impos'd;
When the eas'd Corps, like an o'er-jaded Slave
At length set free, lies quiet in the Grave;
Were it not wise the Soul too to Entomb!
But must we still endure Life's wretched Doom?
Or happier do we die entire and whole,
Leave no continuing Relict of a Soul?
But when the vital Vapour of our Breath,
Gasp'd into Air, is lost in Clouds and Death,
We're gone, and all that was of us before,
To any thing of Life is then no more?

Yes, thus we Periſh, and thus undergo
Th' approaching Lot of all things here below.
Time flies, and all the Sea or Sun goes round
With ſure and quick Deſtruction ſhall confound.
Swift as above the Stars, and Moon, and Sun,
In hurrying Orbs their haſty Courſes run;
We Poſt to Fate, nor when we diſappear
Are we, or ever ſhall be, any where.
As ſhort-liv'd Smoak aſcending from the Flame,
Hovers, diſſolves, and ne'er ſhall be again.
As gather'd Clouds by ſcattering Blaſts disjoin'd,
Diſperſe and fly before the hoſtile Wind:
So that thin fleeting thing Life paſſes o'er,
So flows our Spirit out, and then's no more.
After Death's nothing; Death it ſelf is nought,
Th' extreameſt Bound of a ſhort Race of Thought.
Let Slaves and Fools their Fears and Hopes give o'er,
Solicit and delude themſelves no more.
Wou'd you know where you ſhall be after Death?
There, where you were before you ſuck'd in Breath.
The Dead and the Unborn are juſt the ſame,
The Dead returning whence the Living came.
Time takes us whole, throws all into the Grave;
Death will no more the Soul than Body ſave.
For Hell and the damn'd Fiend that Lords it there,
With all the Torments we ſo vainly fear,
Are empty Rumours, melancholy Whims,
Fantaſtick Notions, idle, frightful Dreams.

HORACE, Book. I. Ode XIII.

Cum Tu, Lydia, *Telephi*, &c.

By the ſame Hand.

WHen happy *Strephon*'s too prevailing Charms,
His roſie Neck, and his ſoft waxen Arms,

Inhuman *Lydia*, wantonly you praiſe,
How cruelly my Jealous Spleen you raiſe!
Anger boils up in my hot labouring Breaſt,
Not to be hid, and leſs to be ſuppreſt.

II.

Then 'twixt the Rage, the Fondneſs, and the Shame,
Nor Speech, nor Thoughts, nor Looks remain the ſame.
Fickle as my Mind my various Colour ſhews,
And with my Tide of Paſſion Ebbs and Flows:
Tears ſtealing fall diſtill'd by ſoft Deſire,
To ſhew the melting flowneſs of the Fire.

III.

Ah! when I ſee that livid Neck betray
The drunken Youth's too rudely wanton Play;
When on thoſe paſſive Lips the mark I find
Of frantick boiling Kiſſes left behind;
I rave to think theſe cruel Tokens ſhew
Things I cannot miſtake, and wou'd not know.

IV.

How fond's the Hope, how fooliſh and how vain,
Of laſting Love from the ungrateful Swain!
Who that ſoft Lip ſo roughly can invade?
Hurting with cruel Joy the tender Maid.
Quickly they're glutted who ſo fierce devour;
They ſuck the Nectar, and throw by the Flower.

V.

But oh thrice happy they that equal move
In an unbroken Yoak of faithful Love!
Whom no Complaint, no Strife, no Jealouſie,
Sets from their gentle, grateful Bondage free;
But ſtill they dear faſt mutual Slaves remain,
'Till unkind Death breaks the unwilling Chain.

HORACE, Book I. Ode XXIII.

Vitas Hinnuleo me similis Chloe.

By the same Hand.

WHEN, *Chloe*, by your *Slave* pursu'd,
Why shou'd you fly so fast?
So the stray'd Fawn i'th' pathless Wood
To her loft Dam makes haste.

Each Noise alarms, and all things add
New Terror to her Fear;
She starts at ev'ry dancing Shade,
Each Breath of singing Air.

With ev'ry Leaf, each Bush that shakes,
Throughout the murmuring Grove;
Her Sympathetick Heart partakes,
She trembles as they move.

Fond Maid, unlike the Wolf and Boar,
I hunt not to Destroy:
My utmost Prey wou'd be no more
Than you might give with Joy.

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love,
I harmlessly pursue:
Your Flight to me may cruel prove,
But not my Chase to you.

Cease idle Dreams of fancy'd Harms,
To Childish Fears Trapans;
Leave running to thy Mother's Arms
Who now art fit for Man's.

An ACCOUNT *of the Greateſt* Engliſh POETS.

To Mr. *H. S. April* 3, 1694.

By Mr. Jo. ADDISON.

SInce, deareſt Harry, *you will needs requeſt*
A ſhort Account of all the Muſe poſſeſt;
That, down from Chaucer's *days to* Dryden's *Times,*
Have ſpent their noble Rage in Britiſh Rhimes;
Without more Preface, wrote in formal length,
To ſpeak the Undertaker's want of Strength,
I'll try to make their ſev'ral Beauties known,
And ſhow their Verſes worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull Fore-Fathers ſlept Supine,
Nor felt the Raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till *Chaucer* firſt, a merry *Bard*, aroſe;
And many a Story told in Rhime, and Proſe.
But Age has ruſted what the *Poet* writ,
Worn out his Language, and obſcur'd his Wit:
In vain he Jeſts in his unpoliſh'd Strain,
And tries to make his Readers laugh in vain.

Old *Spencer* next, warm'd with Poetick Rage,
In antick Tales amus'd a barb'rous Age;
An Age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the Poet's Fancy led, purſu'd
Thro' pathleſs Fields, and unfrequented Floods,
To Dens of Dragons, and enchanted Woods.
But now the myſtick Tale, that pleas'd of Yore,
Can charm an underſtanding Age no more;
The long-ſpun Allegories fulſom grow,
While the dull Moral lyes too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at diſtance all the Sights
Of *Arms* and *Palfries*, Battels, Fields and Fights,
And Damſels in Diſtreſs, and Courteous Knights.

But

But when we look too near, the Shades decay,
And all the pleasing Lan-skip fades away.
Great *Cowley* then (a mighty Genius) wrote;
O'er-run with Wit, and lavish of his Thought:
His Turns too closely on the Reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glitt'ring Thought no sooner strikes our Eyes
With silent Wonder, but new Wonders rise.
As in the Milky-way a shining White
O'er-flows the Heav'ns, with one continu'd Light;
That not a single Star can shew his Rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the Common-Blaze.
Pardon, Great *Poet*, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd Beauties of thy Verse with blame;
Thy Fault is only Wit in its excess,
But Wit like thine in any Shape will please.
What Muse but thine cou'd equal Hints inspire,
And fit the Deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy Lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd Strain,
And forc'd Expression, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he Soars with new Delight,
And Plays in more unbounded Verse, and takes a nobler Flight.
Blest Man! whose spotless Life and charming Lays
Employ'd the *tuneful Prelate* in thy Praise:
Blest Man! who now shalt be for ever known,
In *Sprat*'s successful Labours and thy own.
But *Milton* next, with high and haughty Stalks,
Unfetter'd in *Majestick Numbers* walks;
No vulgar *Heroe* can his Muse engage;
Nor *Earth*'s wide *Scene* confine his hallow'd Rage.
See! see, he upward Springs, and Tow'ring high
Spurns the dull Province of Mortality;
Shakes Heav'ns eternal Throne with dire Alarms,
And sets the Almighty Thunderer in Arms.
What-e'er his Pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry Verse, array'd in Majesty,

Bold, and sublime, my whole Attention draws,
And seems above the Criticks nicer Laws.
How are you struck with Terror and Delight,
When *Angel* with *Arch-Angel* copes in Fight!
When *Great Messiah*'s out-spread Banner shines,
How does the Chariot rattle in his Lines!
What sounds of Brazen Wheels, what Thunder, scare,
And stun the Reader with the Din of War!
With fear my Spirits and my Blood retire,
To see the *Seraphs* sunk in Clouds of Fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay Scenes of *Paradise*;
What Tongue, what Words of Rapture can express
A Vision so profuse of Pleasantness.
Oh had the *Poet* ne'er prophan'd his Pen,
To varnish o'er the Guilt of faithless Men;
His other Works might have deserv'd Applause!
But now the Language can't support the Cause;
While the clean Current, tho' serene and bright,
Betrays a Bottom odious to the Sight.

But now my *Muse* a softer Strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry Line with Art, and smooth thy Verse;
The *Courtly Waller* next Commands thy Lays,
Muse Tune thy Verse, with Art, to *Waller*'s Praise.
While tender Airs and lovely Dames inspire
Soft melting Thoughts, and propagate Desire;
So long shall *Waller*'s Strains our Passion move,
And *Sacharissa*'s Beauties kindle Love.
Thy Verse, *Harmonious Bard*, and flatt'ring Song,
Can make the Vanquish'd Great, the Coward Strong.
Thy Verse can show ev'n *Cromwell*'s Innocence,
And Complement the Storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy Muse not come an Age too soon,
But seen *Great Nassau* on the *British* Throne!
How had his Triumphs glitter'd in thy Page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted Rage!
What *Scenes* of *Death* and *Horror* had we view'd,
And how had *Boin*'s wide Current reek'd in Blood!

Or if *Maria*'s Charms thou wou'dſt rehearſe,
In ſmoother Numbers and a ſofter Verſe;
Thy Pen had well deſcrib'd her graceful Air,
And *Gloriana* wou'd have ſeem'd more Fair.
Nor muſt *Roſcommon* paſs neglected by,
That makes ev'n Rules a noble Poetry:
Rules whoſe deep Senſe and Heav'nly Numbers ſhow,
The beſt of Criticks, and of Poets too.
Nor, *Denham*, muſt we e'er forget thy Strains,
While *Cooper*'s *Hill* Commands the neighb'ring Plains.
But ſee where artful *Dryden* next appears
Grown old in Rhime, but Charming ev'n in Years.
Great Dryden next! whoſe tuneful Muſe affords
The ſweeteſt Numbers, and the fitteſt Words.
Whether in *Comick* Sounds or *Tragick* Airs
She forms her Voice, ſhe moves our Smiles or Tears.
If *Satire* or *Heroick Strains* ſhe writes,
Her *Heroe* pleaſes, and her *Satire* Bites.
From her no harſh, unartful Numbers fall,
She wears all Dreſſes, and ſhe Charms in all:
How might we fear our *Engliſh* Poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhou'd decay with thee;
Did not the Muſes other Hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our Fear,
Congreve! whoſe Fancy's unexhauſted Store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy Fame alive,
And *Dryden*'s Muſe ſhall in his Friend ſurvive.
I'm tir'd with Rhiming, and wou'd fain give o'er,
But Juſtice ſtill demands one Labour more:
The Noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For Wit, for Humour, and for Judgment fam'd;
To *Dorſet* he directs his artful Muſe,
In Numbers ſuch as *Dorſet*'s ſelf might uſe.
Now negligently Graceful he unreins
His Verſe, and writes in looſe familiar Strains;
How *Naſſau*'s godlike Acts adorn his Lines,
And all the *Heroe* in full Glory Shines.

We see his Army set in just Array,
And *Boin*'s Dy'd Waves run Purple to the Sea.
Nor *Simois* choak'd with Men, and Arms, and Blood;
Nor rapid *Xanthus*'s celebrated Flood,
Shall longer be the *Poet*'s highest Themes, [Streams.
Tho' Gods and Heroes fought, promiscuous in their
But now, to *Nassau*'s secret Councils rais'd,
He Aids the *Heroe*, whom before he Prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, Dear Friend, *receive*
The last poor Present that my Muse can give.
I leave the Arts of Poetry and Verse
To them that practise 'em with more Success.
Of greater Truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, Dear Friend and Muse, Farewell.

On the Happiness of a Retir'd LIFE.

By Mr. Charles Dryden. *Sent to his Father from* Italy.

AS in a Shipwrack some poor Sailor tost,
By the rude Ocean, on a Foreign Coast,
Vows to the Gods, he never more for Gain
Will tempt the Danger of the Faithless Main;
But hugs himself upon the friendly Shoar,
And loves to hear the raging Billows Roar,
That spend their Malice, and can hurt no more.
Just so the Wretch, who can no longer stand
The Shocks of Fortune, and is wreck'd at Land;
Lays down the Burden of his Cares, to find
A Solitary Place, and Quiet Mind:
Chusing Content with Poverty to meet,
Before a Fortune, infamously great.
Thus, in respect of Gold and Silver, Poor,
But Rich in Soul, and Virtue's better Store:

He Digs in Nature's Mines, and from her Soil
He Reaps the noblest Harvest of his Toil;
His Thoughts mount upward to their Mother Sky,
And, purg'd from Dross, exert th' Etherial Energy;
The dusky Prospect of his Life grows clear,
And Golden Scenes of Happiness appear.
Then from the Summit of Philosophy,
Secure himself, Mankind he may descry,
Industrious in the search of their own Misery.
Like moiling Ants, in various Paths they run,
And strive in vain the Rubs of Life to shun.
To different Ends their Actions they Address,
Which meet, and center in Unhappiness.
One toils, and struggles, in Pursuit of Fame,
And grasps, with greediness, an empty Name:
Wing'd with Ambition, others soar so high,
They fall, and cannot bear so thin a Sky:
This Wretch, like *Crœsus*, in the midst of Store
Sits sadly Pineing, and believes he's Poor.
The Wise Man Laughs at all their Pains, secure
From lording Passions, which those Fools endure.
Despair and Hope are banish'd from his Breast;
Agues, and Feavers, that allow no Rest:
And Lust, and Pride, the Mother of Disdain,
And Thirst of Honour, with her anxious Train,
No longer Warring, Peace of Soul deny,
But Exiles of the Mind their once-lov'd Mansions fly.
Nor Love misplac'd, nor Malice, now controul
Right Reason's use, the Guardian of the Soul.
The Thoughts unbiass'd, and no longer tost,
Of Solid Judgment now securely Boast.
His fierce, unruly Race of Passions die,
And the free'd Soul asserts her Liberty.
Instead of inward War, Sweet Peace of Mind,
And silent Ease, with all their quiet Kind,
The noble Regions of his Heart regain;
And with a calm and gentle Empire Reign.

Silence becomes an Amicable Gueſt, [Breaſt:
And *Peace*, with downy Wings, ſits brooding on his
Soft Hours paſs over, void of Noiſe and Strife,
And gently Waft him to the Verge of Life:
While in a ſlow, and regular Decay
Death ſteals, unfelt, upon his ſetting Day:
As Mellow Fruits, ungather'd, drop away.

Bleſt Solitude! O harmleſs, eaſie State!
Entrencht in Wiſdom, from the Storms of Fate.
Thus on a bleaky Cliff, the regal Tree,
Aſſail'd by Winds, and Heav'ns Inclemency,
Expands his Branches o'er the Clouds, above
Their Blaſts, unmov'd as his Immortal *Jove*.
The Gods ſmile on us, and propitious are,
When Prudence does our Actions firſt prepare.
The Stroaks of Fortune Fools alone endure;
The Wiſe, and Virtuous can themſelves ſecure.

This *Charles* of *Spain*, and *Diocletian* knew,
Who timely from the conquer'd World withdrew;
Oppreſt with Fame, they laid the Burthen down,
And wiſely, for Content exchang'd a Crown.
Lords of themſelves, and of their Paſſions grown,
They made new *Realms* and *Conqueſts* of their own:
Nor had they need more Nations to Subdue,
Themſelves were Emperors and Empires too:
Th' exterior Shows of Greatneſs they declin'd,
And for an Eden loſt, gain'd Paradiſe of Mind.

Elyſium juſtly was by Poets feign'd,
A Seat which none but quiet Souls obtain'd.
Sweet *Myrtle* Groves (where Birds for ever Sing)
And Meadows Smiling with Immortal Spring;
Were ſecret Manſions of Eternal Reſt,
And made Retirements for the Pious Bleſt.

O! that kind Heav'n wou'd grant me a Retreat
(Before I die) in ſome ſweet Country Seat:
Or (if my Wiſhes have too large a Bound)
An humble Cottage fenc'd with *Oſiers* round,
Where Silver Streams in Flow'ry Valleys glide,
And rows of Willows deck the Rivers ſide.

O with what Pleasure wou'd my Soul forego
This Riot of a Life! this Pomp of Woe!
Supply'd with Food, which Nature's Bounty gave,
In need of nothing, nothing wou'd I crave:
My future Actions shou'd my past Redeem,
And all my Life be suited to my Theme.

To my Lady DURSLEY, *on her Reading* Milton's Paradise Lost.

By Mr. PRIOR.

HERE reading how fond *Adam* was betray'd,
And how by Sin *Eve*'s blasted Charms decay'd;
Our common Loss unjustly you complain;
Small is that part of it which you sustain.

You still (fair Mother) in your Offspring trace
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for your Race;
Kind Nature, Forming them, the Features took
From Heav'ns own Work, in *Eve*'s original Look.

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's pow'r controul,
Whilst scarce one actual Guilt defiles your Soul:
And Hell does o'er your Mind vain Triumphs boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for Earthly *Eden* lost.

With equal Virtue had frail *Eve* been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, the Serpent charm'd:
Our Bliss by Penitence had ne'er been bought;
Adam had never fain, or *Milton* wrote.

Upon the Poems of the English Ovid, Anacreon, Pindar *and* Virgil, ABRAHAM COWLEY, *in Imitation of his own Pindarick Odes.*

By T. SPRAT.

LET all this meaner rout of Books ſtand by,
The common People of our Library;
Let them make way for *Cowley*'s Leaves to come,
And be hung up within this Sacred Room:
Let no prophane Hands break the Chain,
Or give them unwiſh'd Liberty again.
But let this Holy Relick be laid here,
With the ſame Religious Care,
As *Numa* once the Target kept,
Which down from Heav'n leapt;
Juſt ſuch another is this Book,
Which its Original from Divine Hands took,
And brings as much good too, to thoſe that on it look.
But yet in this they differ, that cou'd be
Eleven times likened by a Mortal Hand,
But this which here doth ſtand
Will never any of its own ſort ſee,
But muſt live ſtill without ſuch Company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned Ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever ſhall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous Monuments of Wit.

II.

Cowley! What God did fill thy Breaſt,
And taught thy Hand t' Indite?
(For God's a Poet too,
He doth create and ſo do you)
Or elſe at leaſt [write?
What Angel ſate upon thy Pen when thou didſt

There he ſate and mov'd thy Hand
As proud of his Command,
As when he makes the dancing Orbs to reel,
And Spins out Poetry from Heaven's Wheel.
Thy Hand too, like a better Sphear, [hear.
Gives us more raviſhing Muſick, made for Men to
Thy Hand too like the Sun which Angels move,
Has the ſame Influence from above,
Produces Gold and Silver of a nobler Kind;
Of greater Price and more refin'd. [Race,
Yet in this it exceeds the Sun, 'tis has no degenerate
Brings forth no Lead, nor any thing ſo baſe.

III.

What holy veſtal Hearth,
What Immortal Breath,
Did give ſo pure Poetick Flame its Birth?
Juſt ſuch a Fire as thine,
Of ſuch an unmixt glorious Shine,
Was *Prometheus*'s Flames,
Which from no leſs than Heav'n came,
Along he brought the ſparkling Coal,
From ſome Cœleſtial Chimney ſtole,
Quickly the plundred Stars he left,
And as he haſtned down
With the robb'd Flames his Hands ſtill ſhone,
And ſeem'd as if they were burnt for the Theft.
Thy Poetry's compounded of the ſame,
Such a Bright Immortal Flame,
Juſt ſo temper'd is thy Rage,
Thy Fires as Light, and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'ſt ſeem to us
A true *Prometheus*, [Fire.
But that thou didſt not ſteal the leaſt Spark of thy

IV.

Such as thine was *Arion*'s Verſe.
Which he did to the lift'ning Fiſh rehearſe;

Which when they heard play'd on his Lute,
They first curst Nature that she made them Mute.
So noble were his Lines, which made the very Waves
Strive to turn his Slaves,
Lay down their boistrous Noise,
And dance to his harmonious Voice,
Which made the *Sirens* lend their Ear,
And from his sweeter Tunes some Treachery fear.
Which made the *Dolphin* proud,
That he was allow'd,
With *Atlas*, the great Porter of the Skies, to take
Such Heav'nly Musick up, and carry't on his Back.
So full and graceful thy Words go,
And with the same Majestick Sweetness flow,
Yet his Verse only carry'd him o'er the Seas,
But there's a very Sea of Wit in these,
As Salt and Boundless as the other Ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great *Amphion*'s Song,
Which brought the wond'ring Stones along;
The wond'ring Stones skipt from their Mother [Earth,
And left their Father Cold, as his first Breath,
They rose, and knew not by what magick Force they
So were his Words, so plac'd his Sounds, [hung.
Which forc'd the Marbles rise from out their [Grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them shine,
A Work which can be out-done by none but thine.
The amazed Poet saw the Building rise,
And knew not how to trust his Eyes:
The willing Mortar came, and all the Trees
Leapt into Beams he sees.
He saw the Streets appear,
Streets, that must needs be Harmonious there:
He saw the Walls dance round t' his Pipe,
The Glorious Temple shew its Head,
He saw the Infant City ripe,
And all like the Creation by a Word was Bred.

So great a Verse is thine, which tho' it will not raise
Marble Monuments to thy Praise;
Yet 'tis no matter, Cities they must fall,
And Houses, by the greatest Glutton Time be Eaten
But thy Verse builds a Fame for thee, [all:
Which Fire cannot devour, nor Putifie,
Which Sword and Thunder doth defie,
As round, and full, as the great Circle of Eternity.

VI.

To thee the *English* Tongue doth owe;
That it need not seek,
For Elegancy from the round-Mouth'd *Greek*;
To thee, that *Roman* Poets now may hide,
In their own *Latium*, their Head:
To thee, that our enlarged Speech can shew,
Far more than the three Western Daughters Born
Out of the Ashes of the *Roman* Urn: [mit,
Daughters Born of a Mother, which did yield to ad-
The adulterate Seed of several Tongues with it:
More than the smooth *Italian*, tho' Nature gave
That Tongue in Poetry a Genius to have.
And that she might the better fit it to't,
Made the very Land a Foot,
More than the *Spanish*, tho' that in one Mass,
The *Morish*, *Jewish*, *Gothish* Treasures has,
And Just as in their Kingdom, in their Tongue,
Most Quarters of the Earth together throng.
More than the Courtly *French*, tho' that doth pace,
And not Trot o'er the Tongue its Race:
That has not any Thing, so elaborate Wit;
Tho' it by its sliding seems to have more Oil in it.
Thy Soul hath gone thro' all the Muses Track;
Where never Poets Feet were seen before,
Hath past'd those Sands where others left their [Wrecks,
And Sailed an Ocean thro' which some thought had [no Shore,

Thy Spirit has discover'd all Poetry;
Thou found'st no Tropicks in the Poets Sky.
More than the Sun can do, hast brought a sacred
[Flower
To mount *Parnassus*; and hast open'd to our Hand,
Apollo's Holy Land,
Which yet hid in the frigid Zone did lye.
Thou hast Sail'd the Muses Globes,
Not as the other *Drake*, or *Ca'ndish* did, to Rob.
Thou hast brought Home the Treasure too,
Which yet no *Spaniard* can claim his due;
Thou hast search'd thro' every Creek,
From the *East-Indies* of the Poets World, the *Greek*,
To the *America* of Wit,
Which was last known, and has most Gold in it.
That Mother-Tongue which we do speak,
This World thy greater Spirit has run through,
And view'd and conquer'd too,
A World as round and large as th' other is,
And yet in it there can be no Antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets 'till now deserv'd Excuse, not Praise,
'Till now the Muses liv'd in Taverns, and the Bays,
That they were truly Trees did shew,
Because by sucking Liquor they did only grow.
Verses were counted Fiction, and a Lie
The very Nature of good Poetry.
He was a Poet that cou'd speak least Truth,
Sober and grave Men scorn'd the Name,
Which once was thought the greatest Fame.
Poets had nought else of *Apollo*, but his Youth:
Few ever spake in Rhime, but that their Feet
The Trencher of some liberal Man might meet,
Or else they did some rotten Mistress paint,
Call her their Goddess, or their Saint.
Tho' contrary in this, they to their Master run,
For the great God of Wit, the Sun,

When he doth shew his Mistress, the white Moon,
He makes her Spots, as well as Beauty, to be shewn.
'Till now the Sisters were too Old, and therefore grew
Extreamly Fabulous too:
'Till you, Sir, came, they were despis'd;
They were all Heathens yet,
Nor ever into the Church could get;
And tho' they had a Font so long, yet never were
VIII. [Baptiz'd.
You, Sir, have rais'd the Price of Wit,
By bringing in more Store of it:
Poetry the Queen of Arts can now,
Reign without dissembling too.
You have shewed a Poet must not needs be bad;
That one may be *Apollo*'s Priest,
And be fill'd with his Oracles without being Mad:
'Till now, Wit was a Curse (as to *Lot*'s Wife,
'Twas to be turn'd to Salt)
Because it made Men lead a Life,
Which was nought else but one continual Fault.
You first the Muses to the *Christians* brought,
And you then first the holy Language taught:
In you good Poetry and Divinity meet,
You are the first Bird of Paradise with Feet.
IX.
Your Miscellanies do appear,
Just such another glorious indigested Heap,
As the first Mass was, where
All Heav'ns and Stars inclosed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great Censor them bestow'd,
According to their Ranks, in several Tribes abroad;
Whilst yet Sun and Moon
Were in perpetual Conjunction;
Whilst all the Stars were but one Milky Way,
And in natural Embraces lay.
Whilst yet none of the Lamps of Heav'n might
Call this their own, and that another's Light.

So glorious a Lump is thine,
Which Chymistry may separate, but not refine:
So mixt, so pure, so united does it shine,
A Chain of Sand, of which each Link is all Divine.

X.

Thy Mistress shews, that *Cupid* is not always Blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muse do find,
Such as may well become a glorified Mind.
Such Songs tune Angels when they Love,
And do make Courtship to some Sister Mind above.
(For Angels need not scorn such soft Desires,
Seeing thy Heart is touch'd with the same Fires.)
So when they cloath themselves in Flesh,
And their Light in some human Shapes do dress,
(For which they fetch'd Stuff from the Neighbouring Air:)
So when they stoop, to like some mortal Fair,
Such Words, such Odes as thine they use,
With such soft Strains, Love into her Heart infuse.
Thy Love is on the Top, if not above Mortality;
Clean, and from Corruption free,
Such as Affections in Eternity shall be;
Which shall remain unspotted there,
Only to shew what once they were:
Thy *Cupid*'s Shafts all Golden are;
Thy *Venus* has the Salt, but not the Froth o'th' Sea.

XI.

Thy high Pindaricks soar
So high, where never any Wing 'till now could get;
And yet thy Wit
Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.
Thou stand'st on *Pindar*'s Back;
And therefore thou a higher Flight dost take:
Only thou art the Eagle, he the Wren,
Thou hast brought him from the Dust,
And made him live again.
Pindar has left his Barbarous *Greece*, and thinks it just
To be led by thee to the *English* Shore,

An Honour to him, *Alexander* did no more,
Nor ſcarce ſo much, when he did ſave his Houſe be-
When his Word did aſſwage, [fore.
A warlike Army's violent Rage:
Thou haſt given to his Name, [er Flame.
Than that great Conqueror ſav'd him from, a bright-
He only left ſome Walls where *Pindar*'s Name might
Which with Time and Age decay: [ſtay,
But thou haſt made him once again to live;
Thou didſt to him new Life and Breathing give.
And as in the laſt Reſurrection,
Thou haſt made him riſe more glorious, and put on
More Majeſty; a greater Soul is given to him, by you,
Than ever he in happy *Thebes* or *Greece* could ſhew.

XII.

Thy *David* too------
But hold thy headlong Pace, my Muſe;
None but the Prieſt himſelf doth uſe
Into the holy'ſt Place to go.
Check thy young *Pindarick* Heat,
Which makes thy Pen too much to Sweat;
'Tis but an Infant yet,
And juſt now left the Teat,
By *Cowley*'s matchleſs Pattern Nurſt:
Therefore it is not fit,
That it ſhould dare to ſpeak ſo much at firſt.
No more, no more for ſhame.
Let not thy Verſe be as his Worth is, Infinite:
It is enough that thou haſt learn'd, and ſpoke thy
[Father's Name.
He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praiſe you,
Had need of brazen Lungs and Forehead too.

News from NEWCASTLE.

England's a perfect World, has *Indies* too;
Correct your Maps, *Newcastle* is *Peru*:
Let haughty *Spaniards* triumph till 'tis cold;
Our sooty Minerals purifie his Gold.
This will sublime and hatch th' abortive Oar,
When the Sun tires, and Stars can do no more.
No Mines are currant, unrefin'd and gross;
Coals make the Sterling, Nature but the Dross.
For Metals, *Bacchus*-like, two Births approve,
Heaven's heats the *Semele*, and ours the *Jove*.
Thus Art does polish Nature, 'tis the Trade;
So every Madam has a Chamber-maid.
Who'd dote on Gold, a thing so strange and odd?
'Tis most contemptible when made a God.
All Sin and Mischiefs it does raise and swell;
One *India* more would make another Hell.
Our Mines are Innocent, nor will the North
Tempt frail Mortality with too much worth.
Their Art so precious, rich enough to fire
A Lover, yet make no Idolater.
The moderate Value of our guiltless Ore,
Makes no Man Atheist, nor no Woman Whore.
Yea, why should hallow'd Vestals sacred Shrine
Deserve more honour than a flaming Mine?
These pregnant Wombs of heat would fitter be,
Than a few Embers for a Deity.
Had he our Pits, the *Persian* would admire
No Sun, but warm's Devotion at our fire:
He'd leave the rambling Traveller, and prefer
Our profound *Vulcan* above *Phœbus* Car.
For, wants he Heat, or Light, or would have store
Of both? 'tis here: What can the Sun give more?
Nay, what's the Sun, but in a different Name,
A nobler Coal-pit, or a Mine of Flame?

Then let this Truth reciprocally run,
The Sun's Heaven's Coalery, and Coals our Sun:
A Sun that ſcorcheth not, lock'd up i'th' deep;
The Lion's chain'd, the Bandog is aſleep.
That Tyrant-fire which uncontroul'd does rage,
Is here confin'd, like *Bajazet* in's Cage:
For in each Coal-pit there does couchant dwell
A muzled *Ætna*, or an harmleſs Hell;
That Cloud but kindled, light you'll ſoon deſcry,
Then will a Day break from the gloomy Sky;
Then you'll unbutton, though *December* blow,
And ſweat i'th' midſt of Icicles and Snow:
The Dog-days then at *Chriſtmas*; thus is all
The Year made *June* and Æquinoctial.
If heat offend, our Pits afford you ſhade;
The Summer's Winter, Winter's Summer made.
A Coal-pit's both a Ventiduct and Stove;
What need we Baths? we need no Bower nor Grove.
Such Pits and Caves were Palaces of old,
Poor Inns, God wot, yet in an Age of Gold;
And what would now be thought a ſtrange Deſign,
To build a Houſe, was then to undermine.
People liv'd under Ground, and happy Dwellers
Whoſe loftieſt Habitations were all Cellars:
Thoſe Primitive times were innocent, for then
Man, who turn'd after Fox, but made his Den.
But, ſee a Sail of-----trim and fine,
To Court the rich *Infanta* of the Mine;
Hundreds of bold *Leanders* do confront,
For this lov'd *Hero*, the rough *Helleſpont*;
'Tis an Armado Royal does engage
For ſome new *Hellen* with this Equipage;
Prepar'd too, ſhould we their Addreſſes bar,
To force their Miſtreſs, with a ten Years War:
But that our Mine's a common Good, a Joy
Made not to ruin, but enrich our *Troy*.
But oh! theſe bring it with 'em, and conſpire
To pawn that Idol for our Smoak and Fire.

Silver's but Ballaſt, this they bring on Shore,
That they may treaſure up our better Ore.
For this they venture Rocks and Storms, defie
All the extremity of Sea and Sky.
For the glad purchaſe of this precious Mold,
Cowards dare Pyrates, Miſers part with Gold.
Hence is it, when the doubtful Ship ſets forth,
The Naving-needle ſtill directs her North:
And Natures ſecret Wonder to atteſt
Our *India*'s Worth, diſcards both Eaſt and Weſt
For *Tyne*; nor only Fire commends this Spring,
A Coal-pit is a Mine of every thing.
We ſink a Jack-of-All-trades Shop, and found
An Inverſe Burſe, an Exchange under Ground.
This *Proteus*-earth converts to what you'll ha't,
Now you may wear't to Silk, now turn't to Plate:
And, what's a Metamorphoſis more dear,
Diſſolve it, and 'twill turn to *London*-Beer.
And whatſoe'er that gaudy City boaſts,
Each Month does drive to our attractive Coaſts;
We ſhall exhauſt their Chamber, and devour
Their Treaſures at *Guild-Hall*, and Mint i'th' *Tower*.
Our Stayth's their Mortgag'd Streets will ſoon divide,
Blazon their *Cornhil-ſtella*, ſhare *Cheap-ſide*.
Thus ſhall our Coal-pits Charity and Pity,
At diſtance undermine and fire the City.
Should we exact, they'd pawn their Wives, and treat
To ſwoop thoſe Coolers for our ſoveraign Heat.
'Bove kiſſes and embraces fire controuls;
No *Venus* heightens like a Peck of Coals.
Medea was the Drug of ſome old Sire;
And *Æſon*'s Bath a luſty Sea-coal-fire.
Chimneys are old Mens Miſtreſſes, their Sins
A modern Dalliance with their meazled Shins.
To all Defects a Coal-pit gives a Cure;
Gives Youth to Age, and Raiment to the Poor.
Pride firſt wore Cloathes, Nature diſdains attire;
She made us naked, 'cauſe ſhe gave us Fire.

Full Wharffs are Ward-robes, and the Taylors charm
Belongs to th' Collier, he muſt keep us warm.
The quilted Alderman in all's Array,
Finds but cold comfort in a Summers-day;
Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet with all this ſtir
Scarce warm, when ſmother'd in his drouſie Fur;
Nor proof againſt keen Winter's batteries,
Should he himſelf wear all's own Liveries;
But Chil-blains under Silver-ſpurs bewails,
And in embroyder'd Buskins blows his Nails.
Rich Meadows and full Crops are elſewhere found;
We can reap Harveſts from our barren Ground.
The bald parch'd Hills that circumſcribe our *Tyne*,
Are no leſs pregnant in our happy Mine.
Their unfledg'd Tops ſo well content our Palats,
We envy none their Noſegays and their Sallets.
A gay Rank Soil, like a young Gallant goes,
And ſpends it ſelf, that it may wear fine Clothes;
Whilſt all its worth is to its back confin'd,
Ours wears plain out-ſide, but is richly lin'd.
Winter's above, 'tis Summer underneath,
A truſty Morglay in a ruſty Sheath.
As precious Sables ſometimes enterlace
A wretched Serge, or Grograin Caſſock caſe:
Rocks own no Spring, are pregnant with no Showers,
Cryſtals and Gems are there inſtead of Flowers.
Inſtead of Roſes, Beds of Rubies ſet,
And Emeralds recompence the Violet.
Dame Nature, not like other Madams, wears,
Though ſhe is bare, Pearls in her Eyes and Ears.
What though our Fields preſent a naked ſight?
A Paradiſe ſhould be an *Adamite*.
The Northern Lad his bonny Laſs throws down,
And gives her a black Bag for a green Gown.

A Hymn to HARMONY, *written in Honour of St.* Cecilia's *Day*, 1701.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Set to Muſick by Mr. John Eccles, *Maſter of Her Majeſty's Muſick.*

O *Harmony*, to thee we ſing,
To thee the grateful Tribute bring
Of Sacred Verſe, and ſweet reſounding Lays;
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praiſe.
All Hail to thee
All-pow'rful *Harmony!*
Wiſe Nature owns thy undiſputed Sway,
Her wond'rous Works reſigning to thy Care;
The Planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.
Chorus. *All Hail to thee*
All-pow'rful Harmony!

II.

Thy Voice, O *Harmony*, with awful Sound
Could penetrate th' Abyſs profound
Explore the Realms of ancient Night,
And ſearch the living Source of unborn Light.
Confuſion heard thy Voice and fled,
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd Head.
Then didſt thou, *Harmony*, give birth
To this fair form of Heav'n and Earth;
Then all thoſe Shining Worlds above
In Myſtick Dance began to move
Around the radiant Sphere of Central Fire,
A never ceaſing, never ſilent Choir.
Chor. *Confuſion heard thy Voice and fled,*
And Chaos *deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd Head.*

III.

Thou only, Goddeſs, firſt could'ſt tell
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;
And didſt to Heav'nly Minds reveal
The ſecret force of tuneful Sound.
When firſt *Cyllenius* form'd the Lyre,
Thou didſt the God inſpire;
When firſt the vocal Shell he ſtrung,
To which the Muſes ſung: [plaid,
Then firſt the Muſes ſung; melodious Strains *Apollo*
And Muſick firſt began by thy auſpicious Aid.
Hark, hark, again *Urania* ſings!
Again *Apollo* ſtrikes the trembling Strings!
And ſee, the liſt'ning Deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the Sound.
Chor. *Hark, hark, again* Urania *ſings!*
Again Apollo *ſtrikes the trembling Strings!*
And ſee, the liſt'ning Deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the Sound.

IV.

Deſcend *Urania*, Heav'nly Fair,
To the relief of this afflicted World repair;
See how with various Woes oppreſt,
The wretched Race of Men is worn;
Conſum'd with cares, with doubts diſtreſt,
Or by conflicting Paſſions torn.
Reaſon in vain employs her Aid,
The furious Will on Fancy waits;
While Reaſon ſtill by Hopes or Fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too ſoon retreats.
Muſick alone with ſudden Charms can bind
The wand'ring Senſe, and calm the troubled Mind.
Chor. *Muſick alone with ſudden Charms can bind*
The wand'ring Senſe, and calm the troubled Mind.

V.

Begin the pow'rful Song, yee Sacred Nine,
Your Inſtruments and Voices join;
Harmony, Peace, and ſweet Deſire
In ev'ry Breaſt inſpire.

Revive the melancholy drooping Heart,
And soft Repose to restless Thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful Mind,
To dire Revenge and Death inclin'd:
With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood asswage,
And melt to mild Remorse his burning Rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;
And all is hush't, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,
By Musick lull'd to pleasing Rest.

Chor. *'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;*
And all is hush't, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Ease is blest,
By Musick lull'd to pleasing Rest.

VI.

Ah, sweet Repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish Man, new Toils requiring!
Curs'd Ambition, Strife pursuing,
Wakes the World to War and Ruin.
See, see, the Battle is prepar'd;
Behold the Hero comes!
Loud Trumpets with shrill Fifes are heard,
And hoarse resounding Drums.
War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,
The Harmony of Peace destroys.

Chor. *War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,*
The Harmony of Peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming Eyes
Her parting Lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong Nights,
Bewailing past Delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O sooth her Cares
With softest, sweetest Airs,
'Till Victory and Peace restore
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,
Within her folding Arms to rest,

Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.
Chor. *Let Victory and Peace restore*
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,
Within her folding Arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No, never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, *Urania*, heav'nly fair,
Now to thy Native Skies repair,
And rule again the Starry Sphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy Rapture fill'd,
To ease the World of Care.
Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her Feet lay down
His Golden Harp and Lawrel Crown;
The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd
In the deep Organ's more majestick Sound.
In peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,
And lasting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Musick never dies.
Grand Chor. Cecilia, *more than all the Muses skill'd!*
Phœbus *himself to her must yield,*
And at her Feet lay down
His Golden Harp and Lawrel Crown;
The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd
In the deep Organ's more majestick Sound.
In peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,
And lasting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Musick never dies.

The HYPOCRITE, *written upon the* L— Shaft—— *in the Year* 1678.

By Mr. *CARRYL.*

THou'rt more inconstant than the Wind or Sea,
Or that still veering Sex, our-done by thee:
Reeling from Vice to Vice, thou hast run through
Legions of Sins more than the Casuists know:
Of whom thy Friends were wont to say, Poor Devil,
At least he was not constant to his Evil.
Dealing so long in Sins of Pomp and Glory,
Who wou'd have thought (to make up *Gusman's* [Story)
Hypocrisie at last shou'd enter in,
And fix this floating Mercury of Sin.
All his old Sins, like Misses out of Date,
Turn Pensioners to this new Miss of State:
His Actions, Looks, and Garb, take a new Frame,
And wear the Liv'ry of this sullen Dame:
Plain Band, and Hair, and Cloaths disguise the Man,
All but his Dealing and his Heart, is plain.
Not *Ovid's* Stories, nor the Wife of *Lot*,
Can boast a Change beyond our State Biggot:
All on the sudden, in one fatal Morn,
Our Courtier did to a stark Quaker turn.
Some think
He does, as Criminals who would defeat
The Course of Justice, Madness counterfeit:
No Godliness, that once much pity'd thing,
Of his new Fiddle is the only String.
For the *poor Church* is all his tender Care,
And *Pop'ry's* growth he sounds in ev'ry Ear:
At which the dirty Rout run grunting in,
As when the old Wifes Kettle rings the Swine.
So the Court Dame, who in her Youthful Pride
No pleasure to her craving Sense deny'd,

But,

But, unreserv'd, with ev'ry fresh Delight,
Did prodigally feast her Appetite.
Age drawing on, when thro' her Youth's decay,
Her Servants with her Beauty drop away:
For Winter Quarters, she Religion takes,
And of Necessity a Virtue makes.
And when the Wrinkles of her Face, no Cure
Will longer from the help of Art endure,
Cov'ring the worn-out Sinner with the Saint,
As once her Face, she now her Soul does Paint.
Since Churches are not, must Religion be
Of guilty Persons still the Sanctuary?
When Great Men fall, or Popular Men wou'd rise,
Both from Religion borrow their Disguise.
Then like *Achilles* in his Fate-proof Arms,
They boldly march, guided with holy Charms,
And Brow-beat *Cæsar*, and defie his Laws;
Who dare resist the Champion of God's Cause?
But when the Place, or Pension is your own,
When the opposing Party is run down,
Religion and God's Cause aside are cast,
Like Actors Habit, when the Play is past.

This Dame *Hypocrisie*, with a sour Face,
Does fit supply old Mother *Mosely*'s place:
She for his Body did Provision find,
This caters for the Letch'ry of his Mind,
And for his vast Ambition, and his Pride,
And his insatiate Avarice does provide;
His Body thus and Soul together vie,
In Vice's Empire, for the Sov'reignty.
In Ulcers that, this does abound in Sin,
Lazar without, and *Lucifer* within,
The Silver Pipe is no sufficient Drain
For the Corruption of this little Man;
Who, tho' he Ulcers have in ev'ry part,
Is no where so corrupt as in his Heart.

PROLOGUE *to the* PROPHETESS.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN, *and Spoken by Mr.* BETTERTON.

WHAT *Noſtradame*, with all his Art, can gueſs
The Fate of our approaching *Propheteſs?*
A Play, which, like a Proſpective ſet right,
Preſents our vaſt Expences cloſe to Sight;
But turn the Tube, and there we ſadly view
Our diſtant Gains; and thoſe uncertain too.
A ſweeping Tax, which on our ſelves we raiſe,
And all, like you, in hopes of better Days.
When will our Loſſes warn us to be Wiſe?
Our Wealth decreaſes, and our Charges riſe.
Mony, the ſweet Allurer of our Hopes,
Ebbs out in Oceans, and comes in by Drops;
We raiſe new Objects to provoke Delight,
But you grow ſated, e'er the ſecond Sight.
Falſe Men, ev'n ſo you ſerve your Miſtreſſes,
They riſe three Stories in their Tow'ring Dreſs:
And after all, you Love not long enough
To pay the Rigging, e'er you leave 'em off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to Change, and *Engliſh* Men all o'er.
Now Honour calls you hence; and all your Care
Is to provide the horrid Pomp of War.
In Plume and Scarf, Jack-Boots and *Bilbo* Blade,
Your Silver goes, that ſhou'd ſupport our Trade.
Go, unkind Hero's, leave our Stage to Mourn;
'Till rich from vanquiſh'd Rebels you return:
And the fat Spoils of *Teague* in Triumph draw,
His Firkin-Butter, and his Uſquebaugh.
Go, Conqu'rors of your Male and Female Foes;
Men without Hearts, and Women without Hoſe.
Each bring his Love a *Bogland* Captive home,
Such proper Pages will long Trains become:

With Copper Collars, and with Brawny Backs,
Quite to put down the Fashion of our Blacks.
Then shall the Pious Muses pay their Vows,
And furnish all their Laurels for your Brows;
Their tuneful Voice shall rise for your Delights;
We want not Poets fit to sing your Flights.
But you bright Beauties, for whose only sake
These Doughty Knights such Dangers undertake,
When they with happy Gales are gone away,
With your propitious Presence grace our Play;
And with a Sigh their Empty Seats survey:
Then think on that bare Bench my Servant sate,
I see him Ogle still; and hear him Chat:
Selling facetious Bargains, and propounding
That witty Recreation, call'd Dum-founding.
Their Loss with Patience we will try to bear;
And wou'd do more, to see you often here!
That our dead Stage, reviv'd by your fair Eyes,
Under a Female Regency may rise.

The VISION *of* BEN. JOHNSON, *on the Muses of his Friend* Michael Drayton, *Esq*;

IT hath been question'd, *Michael*, if I be
A Friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling Visits, pass in Verse, between
Thy *Muse*, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You have not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, tho' I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Hanch against Hanch, or raise a rhyming *Club*
About the Town: This reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring Symbols. This's my Day.
It was no Dream! I was awake, and saw!
Lend me thy Voice, O *Fame*, that I may draw

Wonder to Truth! and have my Vision hurl'd,
Hot from thy Trumpet, round about the World.
I saw a Beauty from the Sea to rise,
That all Earth look'd on; and that Earth, all Eyes!
It cast a Beam as when the chearful Sun
Is fair got up, and Day some Hours begun!
And fill'd an Orb as circular, as Heaven!
The Orb was cut forth into Regions seven,
And those so sweet, and well proportion'd parts,
As it had been the Circle of the Arts!
When, by thy bright *Ideas* standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect *Poesy*.
There read I, streight, thy learned *Legends* three,
Heard the soft Airs, between our Swains and thee,
Which made me think, the old *Theocritus*,
Or Rural *Virgil*, come to pipe to us!
But then, th' epistolar *Heroick* Songs,
Their Loves, their Quarrels, Jealousies, and Wrongs,
Did also strike me, as I cry'd, who can
With us be call'd, the *Naso*, but this Man?
And looking up, I saw *Minerva*'s Fowl,
Pearch'd over Head, the wise *Athenian* Owl:
I thought thee then our *Orpheus*, that wouldst try
Like him, to make the Air, one Volary:
And I had still'd thee *Orpheus*, but before
My Lips could form the Voice, I heard that roar,
And rouze, the marching of a mighty Force,
Drums against Drums, the neighing of the Horse,
The Fights, the Cries, and wondring at the Jars
I saw, and read, it was thy *Barons Wars*!
O, how in those, dost thou instruct these Times,
That Rebels Actions, are but valiant Crimes!
And carried, tho' with Shout, and Noise, confess
A wild, and an authoriz'd Wickedness!
Say'st thou so, *Lucan?* But thou scorn'st to stay
Under one Title. Thou hast made thy way
And flight about the Isle, well near, by this,
In thy admired *Periégesis*,

Or universal Circumduction
Of all that read thy *Poly-Olbion*.
That read it? that are ravish'd! such was I
With every Song, I swear, and so would die:
But that I hear, again, thy Drum to beat
A better Cause, and strike the bravest Heat
That ever yet did fire the *English* Blood!
Our Right in *France*! if rightly understood.
There, thou art *Homer*! Pray thee, use the Stile
Thou hast deserv'd: And let me read the while
Thy Catalogue of Ships, exceeding his,
Thy List of Aids, and Force, for so it is;
The Poet's act! and for his Country's sake
Brave are the Musters, that the Muse will make.
And when he Ships them where to use their Arms,
How do his Trumpets breath! What loud Alarms!
Look, how we read the *Spartans* were inflam'd
With bold *Tyrtæus* Verse, when thou art nam'd,
So shall our *English* Youth urge on, and cry
An *Agincourt*, an *Agincourt*, or die.
This Book! it is a *Catechism* to fight,
And will be bought of every Lord, and Knight,
That can but read; who cannot, may in Prose
Get broken Pieces, and fight well by those.
The Miseries of *Margaret* the Queen
Of tender Eyes will more be wept, than seen:
I feel it by mine own, that overflow,
And stop my sight, in every Line I go.
But then refreshed, with thy *Fairy Court*,
I look on *Cynthia*, and *Sirenas* Sport,
As on two flowry Carpets, that did rise,
And with their grassie green restor'd mine Eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the Birth
Of thy strange *Moon-Calf*, both thy strain of Mirth,
And Gossip-got Acquaintance, as, to us
Thou hadst brought *Lapland*, or old *Cobalus*,
Empusa, *Lamia*, or some Monster, more
Than *Africk* knew, or the full *Grecian* store!

I gratulate it to thee, and thy *Ends*,
To all thy virtuous, and well choſen Friends,
Only my Loſs is, that I am not there:
And, 'till I worthy am to wiſh I were,
I call the World, that envies me, to ſee
If I can be a Friend, and Friend to thee.

To my Honoured Friend Sir ROBERT HOWARD, *on his Excellent Poems.*

By Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

AS there is Muſick uninform'd by Art
In thoſe wild Notes, which with a merry Heart
The Birds in unfrequented Shades expreſs,
Who better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:
So in your Verſe, a native Sweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames Compoſure, and its Art excells.
Singing, no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than Paint adds Charms unto a Beauteous Face.
Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
Their even Calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
Such is your Muſe: No Metaphor ſwell'd high
With dangerous boldneſs lifts her to the Sky;
Thoſe mounting Fancies, when they fall again,
Shew Sand and Dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a Strength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in *Sampſon*'s Riddle meet.
'Tis ſtrange each Line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of Toil, no Sweat appear.
Either your Art hides Art, as *Stoicks* feign
Then leaſt to feel, when moſt they ſuffer Pain;
And we, dull Souls, admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden Springs within the Engine be:
Or, 'tis ſome Happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each Act and Motion of your Graceful Muſe.

Or is it Fortune's Work, that in your Head
The curious * Net that is for Fancies spread,
Lets thro' its Meshes every meaner Thought,
While rich *Idea's* there are only caught.
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the Child of Chance, and not of Care.
No Atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a World.
Nor dare I such a Doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the Providence of Wit.
'Tis your strong *Genius* then which does not feel
Those Weights wou'd make a weaker Spirit reel:
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your *Pegasus* can do.
Great *Hercules* himself cou'd ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those Heav'ns and Gods he bore.
Your easier Odes, which for Delight were penn'd,
Yet our Instruction make their second End:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that Wooe,
At once a Beauty, and a Fortune too.
Of Moral Knowledge Poesie was Queen,
And still she might, had wanton Wits not been;
Who like ill Guardians liv'd themselves at large,
And not content with that, debauch'd their Charge:
Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen
Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again;
And gives us hope, that having seen the Days
When nothing flourish'd but Phanatick Bays,
All will at length in this Opinion rest,
" A Sober Prince's Government is best.
This is not all; your Art the way has found
To make the Improvement of the richest Ground,
That Soil which those Immortal Laurels bore,
That once the Sacred *Maro's* Temples wore.

---

* Rete Mirabile.

Elisa's Griefs are so expreſt by you,
They are too Eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, *Æneas* had obey'd
What *Dido*, rather than what *Jove* had said.
If Funeral Rites can give a Ghost Repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's Shade may now its wandring cease,
And claim a Title to the Fields of Peace.
But if *Æneas* be oblig'd, no less
Your Kindness great *Achilles* doth confess;
Who dress'd by *Statius* in too bold a Look,
Did ill become those Virgin Robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your Numbers, with your Author's view;
Then we shall see his Work was lamely rough,
Each Figure stiff, as if design'd in Buff;
His Colours laid so thick on every place,
As only shew'd the Paint, but hid the Face.
But as in Perspective we Beauties see,
Which in the Glass, not in the Picture be;
So here our Sight obligingly mistakes
That Wealth which his your Bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar Dishes are by Cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.
Your curious * Notes to search into that Age,
When all was Fable but the Sacred Page,
That since in that dark Night we needs must stray,
We are at least mis-led in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your Verse no less
The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.
E'er our weak Eyes discern'd the doubtful Streak
Of Light, you saw Great *Charles* his Morning break.
So skilful Seamen ken the Land from far,
Which shews like Mists to the dull Passenger.
To *Charles* your Muse first pays her duteous Love,
As still the Antients did begin from *Jove*.

---

* *Annotations on* Statius.

With *Monk* you end, whose Name preserv'd shall be,
As *Rome* Recorded † *Rufus* Memory,
Who thought it greater Honour to obey
His Country's Interest, than the World to sway.
But to Write worthy things of worthy Men,
Is the peculiar Talent of your Pen:
Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I
Will venture in your Right to Prophesie.
" This Work, by Merit first of Fame secure,
" Is likewise happy in its Geniture:
" For since 'tis Born, when *Charles* ascends the Throne,
" It shares, at once, his Fortune and its own,

To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, *upon her incouraging his first Play.*

By the same Hand.

AS *Seamen*, Shipwrack'd on some happy Shore,
Discover Wealth in Lands unknown before;
And, what their *Art* had labour'd long in vain,
By their Misfortunes happily obtain;
So my much envy'd Muse, by Storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable Coast,
And finds more favour by her ill Success,
Than she cou'd hope for by her Happiness.
Once *Cato*'s Virtue did the Gods oppose;
While they the Victor, he the Vanquish'd chose:
But you have done what *Cato* cou'd not do,
To chuse the Vanquish'd, and restore him too.
Let others still Triumph, and gain their Cause
By their Deserts, or by the *World's Applause*;
Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Lawrels give,
But let me happy by your Pity live.

---

† *Hic situs est* Rufus, *qui pulso vindice quondam*
Imperium asseruit non sibi sed Patriæ.

True Poets empty Fame and Praise despise,
Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smile the Prize:
You sit above, and see vain Men below
Contend, for what you only can bestow:
But those great Actions, others do by chance,
Are, like your *Beauty*, your *Inheritance:*
So great a Soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
Cou'd only spring from noble *Grandison:*
You, like the Stars, not by Reflection bright,
Are born to your own Heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a *nobler* Cause,
From your own Knowledge, not from *Nature*'s Laws.
Your Pow'r your never use, but for Defence,
To guard your own, or others Innocence:
Your Foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade.
Such Courage did the *antient Heroes* show,
Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait the Blow:
With such assurance as they meant to say,
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my Success,
I had the *Grecian* Poet's Happiness,
Who, waving Plots, found out a better way,
Some God descended, and preserv'd the Play.
When first the Triumphs of your Sex were sung
By those old Poets, *Beauty* was but young,
And few admir'd the native Red and White,
Till Poets drest them up, to charm the sight;
So *Beauty* took on trust, and did engage
For Sums of Praises, till she came to *Age.*
But this long growing Debt to Poetry
You justly (Madam) have discharg'd to me,
When your *Applause* and *Favour* did infuse
New Life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

A

POEM

TO HIS

MAJESTY,

Presented to the

LORD KEEPER,

In the YEAR 1695.

By Mr. *ADDISON*, of *Mag.* Coll. *Oxon.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

To the Right Honourable Sir JOHN SOMMERS, *Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.*

IF yet your Thoughts are loose from State Affairs,
Nor feel the Burden of a Kingdom's Cares;
If yet your Time and Actions are your own:
Receive the Present of a Muse unknown.
A Muse that, in Advent'rous Numbers, Sings
The Rout of Armies, and the Fall of Kings,
Britain *advanc'd, and* Europe's *Peace restor'd,*
By Sommer's *Counsels, and by* Nassau's *Sword.*
To you, my Lord, these daring Thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the Subject of my Song;
To you the Heroe *of my Verse reveals*
His great Designs, to you in Council tells
His inmost Thoughts, determining the Doom
Of Towns unstorm'd, and Battels yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal Strains,
Describe his Conduct, and reward his Pains:
But since the State has all your Cares engross,
And Poetry in higher Thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her Faults, and countenance her Flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious Fear I wait,
And from your Judgment must expect my Fate,
Who, free from vulgar Passions, are above
Degrading Envy, or misguided Love:
If you, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my Lays,
Secure of Fame, my Voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you Write, is what you Praise.

To the K I N G.

WHEN now the Buſineſs of the Field is o'er,
The Trumpets ſleep, and Cannons ceaſe to Roar,
When ev'ry diſmal Eccho is decay'd,
And all the Thunder of the Battel laid;
Attend, auſpicious *Prince*, and let the Muſe,
In humble Accents, milder Thoughts infuſe.

Others, in bold prophetick Numbers skill'd,
Set thee in Arms, and led thee to the Field,
My Muſe expecting on the *Britiſh* Strand,
Waits thy Return, and welcomes thee to Land:
She oft has ſeen thee preſſing on the Foe,
When *Europe* was concern'd in ev'ry Blow;
But durſt not in Heroick Strains rejoice; [Voice:
The Trumpets, Drums, and Cannons drown'd her
She ſaw the *Boyn* run thick with human Gore,
And floating Corps lye beating on the Shore;
She ſaw thee climb the Banks, but try'd in vain
To Trace her *Heroe* through the duſty Plain,
When thro' the thick embattel'd Lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the Foes, now loſt in Clouds of Smoke.

O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for lofty Verſe,
In daring Numbers wou'd thy Toils rehearſe!
Draw thee belov'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
Inur'd to Noon-day Sweats, and Mid-night Cares!
But ſtill the God-like Man by ſome hard Fate,
Receives the Glory of his Toils too late;
Too late the Verſe the mighty Act ſucceeds,
One Age the Heroe, one the Poet breeds.

A thouſand Years in full Succeſſion ran,
E'er *Virgil* rais'd his Voice, and ſung the Man
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of Fate, ſuch Dangers bore
On ſtormy Seas, and a diſaſtrous Shore,
Before he ſettl'd in the promis'd Earth,
And gave the Empire of the World its Birth,

Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
E'er *Homer* muſter'd up their Troops in Verſe;
Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans* Luſt,
And laid the Labour of the Gods in Duſt,
Before the tow'ring Muſe began her Flight,
And drew the Heroe raging in the Fight;
Engag'd in tented Fields, and rolling Floods,
Or ſlaughr'ring Mortals, or a Match for Gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring Doom,
Some mighty Bard lyes hid in Years to come,
That ſhall in *William*'s God-like Acts engage,
And, with his Battels, warm a future Age:
Hibernian Fields ſhall here thy Conqueſts ſhow,
And *Boyn* be ſung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here *Gallick* Labours ſhall advance thy Fame,
And here *Seneff* ſhall wear another Name.
Our late Poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy Battels, and with Pleaſure read
How, in the bloody Field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltleſs Bullet on thy Shoulder glanc'd.

The Race of *Naſſaus* was by Heav'n deſign'd,
To curb the proud Oppreſſors of Mankind,
To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with Laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd Nation's Cauſe;
The World's great Patriots; they for Juſtice call,
And as they Favour, Kingdoms riſe or fall.
Our *Britiſh* Youth, unus'd to rough Alarms,
Careleſs of Fame, and negligent of Arms,
Had long forgot to Meditate the Foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial Trumpet blow;
But now, inſpir'd by thee, with freſh Delight,
Their Swords they brandiſh, and require the Fight,
Renew their antient Conqueſts on the Main,
And act their Fathers Triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how *Agincourt* was ſtrow'd
With *Gallic* Corps, and *Creſſy* ſwam in Blood.
With eager Warmth they Fight, ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the Breach, or mount the Wall;

In vain the thronging Enemy by force
Would clear the Ramparts, and repel their Course;
They break through all, for *William* leads the way,
Where Fires rage most, and loudest Engines play.
Namure's late Terrours and Destruction show,
What *William*, warm with just Revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand Turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded Spires, and glitter'd in the Sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of Dust is found,
And all the Pile lyes smoaking on the Ground.

His Toils for no ignoble Ends design'd,
Promote the common Welfare of Mankind;
No wild Ambition moves, but *Europe*'s Fears,
The Cries of Orphans, and the Widows Tears;
Oppress Religion gives the first Alarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his Arms;
His Conquests Freedom to the World afford,
And Nations bless the Labours of his Sword.

Thus when the forming Muse wou'd Copy forth
A perfect Pattern of Heroick Worth,
She sets a Man Triumphant in the Field,
O'er Giants cloven down, and Monsters kill'd,
Reeking in Blood, and smeer'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry Gods conspire to make him Great.

Thy Navy Rides on Seas before unprest,
And strikes a Terror through the haughty *East*;
Algiers and *Tunis* from their sultry Shore
With horrour hear the *British* Engines Roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the Sun.
The *Gallick* Ships are in their Ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of Sea and Wind,
Nor dare again the *British* Strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive Rage
Which lately made their trembling Host retire,
Stunn'd with the Noise, and wrapt in Smoak and Fire;
The Waves with wide unnumber'd Wrecks were strow'd,
And Planks, and Arms, and Men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous Fleet that periſh'd on our Coaſt,
Cou'd ſcarce a longer Line of Battel boaſt,
The Winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their Fate,
And all the Ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where-e'er the Waves in reſtleſs Errors roll,
The Sea lyes open now to either Pole:
Now may we ſafely uſe the *Northern* Gales,
And in the *Polar Circle* ſpread our Sails;
Or deep in *Southern* Climes, ſecure from Wars,
New Lands explore, and ſail by other Stars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each Labour of the Sun,
And make the Product of the World our own.
At length, proud Prince, ambitious *Lewis*, ceaſe
To plague Mankind, and trouble *Europe*'s Peace;
Think on the Structures which thy Pride has raſe'd,
On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of Corps, and ſtreams of Blood,
On every guilty Plain, and purple Flood
Thy Arms have made, and ceaſe an impious War,
Nor waſte the Lives entruſted to thy Care:
Or if no milder Thought can calm thy Mind,
Behold the great Avenger of Mankind,
See mighty *Naſſau* through the Battel ride,
And ſee thy Subjects gaſping by his ſide:
Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuſe th' Allarm,
Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his Arm;
But when thy Cruelties his Thoughts engage,
The Heroe kindles with becoming Rage,
Then Countries ſtoln, and Captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to ev'ry Blow, and edge his Sword;
Behold with what reſiſtleſs Force he falls
On Towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy Walls!
Ask *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
The Town ſurrender'd, and the Treaty ſeal'd;
With what amazing ſtrength the Forts were won,
Whilſt the whole Pow'r of *France* ſtood looking on.
But ſtop not here, behold where *Berkley* ſtands,
And executes his injur'd King's Commands;

Around thy Coast his bursting Bombs he pours
On flaming Cittadels, and falling Tow'rs;
With hizzing Streams of Fire the Air they streak,
And hurl Destruction round 'em where they break;
The Skies with long ascending Flames are bright,
And all the Sea reflects a quivering Light.
Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce Eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with Ashes, and the Earth with Smoke;
Here Crags of broken Rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten Stones and scatter'd Cinders fly,
Its Fury reaches the remotest Coast,
And strows the *Asiatick* Shore with Dust.
Now does the Sailor from the neighbouring Main
Look after *Gallick* Towns and Forts in vain,
No more his wonted Marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd Ruin lye;
Whilst, pointing to the naked Coast, he shows
His wondring Mates where Towns and Steeples rose,
Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. *Maloes* stood.
Here *Russel*'s Actions should my Muse require;
And wou'd my Strength but second my Desire,
I'd all his boundless Bravery rehearse,
And draw his Cannons thundring in my Verse:
High on the Deck shou'd the great Leader stand,
Wrath in his Look, and Lightning in his Hand;
Like *Homer*'s *Hector* when he flung his Fire
Amidst a thousand Ships, and made all *Greece* retire.
But who can run the *British* Triumphs o'er,
And count the Flames dispersed on ev'ry Shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd Victory,
And draw the Reader on from Sea to Sea?
Else who cou'd *Ormond*'s God-like Acts refuse,
Ormond the Theme of ev'ry *Oxford* Muse?
Fain wou'd I here his mighty Worth proclaim;
Attend him in the noble Chace of Fame,
Through all the Noise and Hurry of the Fight;
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.

Oh, did our *British* Peers thus Court Renown,
And Grace the Coats, their great Fore-Fathers won!
Our Arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
Nor *Henry* be the laſt that conquer'd *France.*
What might not *England* hope if ſuch abroad,
Purchas'd their Country's Honour with their Blood:
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our State
In *William*'s ſtead, and bear a Kingdom's Weight,
The Schemes of *Gallick* Policy o'er-throw,
And blaſt the Councils of the common Foe;
Direct our Armies, and diſtribute Right,
And render our *Maria*'s loſs more light.

But ſtop, my Muſe, th' ungrateful Sound forbear,
Maria's Name ſtill wounds each *Britiſh* Ear:
Each *Britiſh* Heart *Maria* ſtill does wound,
And Tears burſt out unbidden at the Sound;
Maria ſtill our riſing Mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our Triumphs, and forbids our Joys.

But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Ships appear!
Our *Naſſau* comes! And as his Fleet draws near,
The riſing Maſts advance, the Sails grow white,
And all the pompous Navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince, deſir'd of *Britain*, come!
May Heav'n's propitious Gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing Crowds behold that look,
Which ſuch Confuſion and Amazement ſtrook
Through *Gallick* Hoſts: But, Oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy Brow, and Pleaſure in thy Eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy Face be found,
But for a while forget the Trumpet's ſound;
Well-pleas'd, thy Peoples Loyalty approve,
Accept their Duty, and enjoy their Love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce Delight,
You plung'd amidſt the Tumult of the Fight,
Whole heaps of Death encompas'd you around,
And Steeds o'er-turn'd lay Foaming on the Ground:
So crown'd with Laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming Joys, and peaceful Bleſſings flow.

A Song for St. CECILIA's *Day*, 1687.

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

FROM Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony
This Universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Musick's Power obey.
From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony
This Universal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!
When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,
His list'ning Brethren stood around,
And wondring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that Shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

III.

The Trumpet's loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms,
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundring Drum
Cries, hearke the Foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining Flute
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

V.

Sharp Violins proclaim
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

VI.

But oh! what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The sacred Organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their Heavenly ways
To mend the Choires above.

VII.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race;
And Trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the Lyre:
But bright *Cecilia* rais'd the wonder higher;
When to her Organ vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

Grand CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,
The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And Musick shall untune the Sky.

LETTERS

AND

POEMS,

AMOROUS

AND

GALLANT.

By *WILLIAM WALCH*, Esq;

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

PREFACE.

IT has been so usual among modern Authors to write Prefaces, that a Man is thought rude to his Reader, who does not give him some Account before hand of what he is to expect in the Book. That which may make somewhat of this kind more necessary in my Case, than others is, That a great part of this Collection consists of familiar Letters, which sort of Writings some Learned Persons among us have thought unfit to be publish'd. It must be confess'd indeed, that a great Beauty of Letters does often consist in little Passages of private Conversation, and references to particular Mattters, that can be understood by none but those to whom they are written: But to draw a general Conclusion from thence, That familiar Letters can please none, but those very Persons, is to conclude against the common Experience of all the World; since besides the great applauses have been given the Letters of Cicero *and* Pliny *among the* Romans; *we see no Book has been better received among the* Spaniards, *than the Letters of* Guevara; *or among the* French, *than those of* Voiture *and* Balsac: *Not to mention the* Italians, *among whom there has been hardly any considerable Man, who has not publish'd Letters with good Success. What may have contributed very much to the kind Reception these things have met, is, that there is no sort of*

Writing so necessary for People to understand as this. A Man may have a great deal of Wit without being able to write Verses or make Harangues; and may live in very good repute, without having occasion of doing either. But a Man can hardly live in the World, without being able to write Letters. There is no state of Life in which a Faculty of that kind is not requisite; and there are few Days pass in which a Man has not occasion to make use of it.

The Stile of Letters ought to be free, easie and natural: As near approaching to familiar Conversation as possible The two best Qualities in Conversation, are good Humour and good Breeding; those Letters are therefore certainly the best that shew the most of those two Qualities. There are some Men so surly so ill-natur'd, and so ill bred that tho' we can hardly deny 'em to have Wit; yet we can say at least that we are sorry they have it. And indeed as their Wit is troublesome to other People so I can hardly imagine of what great use it can be to themselves. For if the end of Wit be not to render one's self agreeable. I shall scarce envy 'em any other use they can make of it.

The second Part of this Collection consists of Amorous Verses. Those who are conversant with the Writings of the Ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the Moderns have publish'd upon this Subject. The occasions upon which the Poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every Man almost that is in Love; and the Thoughts such as are natural for every Man in love to think The Moderns on the other hand have sought out for Occasions, that none meet with. but themselves; and fill their Verses with Thoughts that are surprizing and glittering but not tender, puffonate, or natural to a Man in Love.

To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the end that People propose in writing Love-Verses: And that I take, not to be the getting Fame or Admiration from the World, but the obtaining the Love of their Mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forc'd Conceits, far fetch'd Similes, and shining Points; but by a true and lively Representation of the Pains and Thoughts attending such a Passion.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.

I would as soon believe a Widow in great Grief for her Husband, because I saw her dance a Corant *about his Coffin, as believe a Man in Love with his Mistress for his writing such Verses, as some great Modern Wits have done upon theirs.*

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, *and* Ovid, *were in love with their Mistresses, while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them, but I confess I cannot believe* Petrarch *in Love with his, when he writes Conceits upon her Name, her Gloves, and the Place of her Birth. I know it is natural for a Lover in Transports of Jealousie to treat his Mistress with all the Violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a Man, who is much in Love to amuse himself with such Trifles as the other. I am pleas'd with* Tibullus, *when he says he could live in a Desart with his Mistress where never any Human Foot steps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when* Petrarch *tells us, he could live without any other Sustenance than his Mistresses Looks. I can very*

eaſily believe a Man may love a Woman ſo well, as to deſire no Company but hers; but I can never believe a Man can love a Woman ſo well, as to have no need of Meat and Drink if he may look upon her. The firſt is a Thought ſo natural for a Lover, that there is no Man really in Love, but thinks the ſame thing; the other is not the thought of a Man in Love, but of a Man who would impoſe upon us with a pretended Love (and that indeed very groſly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endleſs to purſue this Point; and any Man who will but give himſelf the trouble to compare what the Ancients and Moderns have ſaid upon the ſame Occaſions, will ſoon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have choſen to mention Petrarch *only, as being by much the moſt famous of all the Moderns who have written Love-Verſes: And it is, indeed, the great Reputation which he has gotten, that has given Encouragement to this falſe ſort of Wit in the World: For People ſeeing the great Credit he had and has, indeed, to this day, not only in* Italy, *but over all* Europe; *have ſatisfied themſelves with the Imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.*

There are no Modern Writers, perhaps, who have ſucceeded better in Love Verſes than the Engliſh; *and it is indeed juſt that the faireſt Ladies ſhould inſpire the beſt Poets. Never was there a more copious Fancy or greater reach of Wit, than what appears in Dr.* Donne; *nothing can be more gallant or gentile than the Poems of Mr.* Waller; *nothing more gay or ſprightly than thoſe of Sir* John Suckling; *and nothing fuller of Variety and Learning than Mr.* Cowley's. *However, it may be obſerv'd, that among all theſe, that Softneſs, Tenderneſs, and Vio-*

lence of Paſſion, which the Ancients thought moſt proper for Love-Verſes is wanting; and at the ſame time that we muſt allow Dr. Donne *to have been a very great Wit; Mr.* Waller *a very gallant Writer; Sir* John Suckling *a very gay one and Mr.* Cowley *a great Genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great Lover. And it grieves me that the Ancients, who could never have handſomer Women than we have ſhould nevertheleſs be ſo much more in Love than we are. But it is probable the great Reaſon of this may be the Cruelty of our Ladies; for a Man muſt be imprudent indeed to let his Paſſion take very deep root, when he has no reaſon to expect any ſort of return to it. And if it be ſo, there ought to be a Petition made to the Fair that they would be pleas'd ſometimes to abate a little of their Rigour for the propagation of good Verſe. I do not mean, that they ſhould confer their Favours upon none but Men of Wit: That would be too great a Confinement indeed: But that they would admit them upon the ſame foot with other People; and if they pleaſe now and then to make the Experiment, I fancy they will find Entertainment enough from the very Variety of it.*

There are three ſorts of Poems that are proper for Love: Paſtorals, Elegies, *and* Lyrick *Verſes, under which laſt I comprehend all* Songs, Odes, Sonnets, Madrigals, *and* Stanza's. *Of all theſe,* Paſtoral *is the loweſt, and, upon that account, perhaps moſt proper for Love; ſince it is the Nature of that Paſſion to render the Soul ſoft and humble. Theſe three ſorts of Poems ought to differ, not only in their Numbers, but in the Deſigns, and in every Thought of them. Though we have no Difference between the Verſes of* Paſtoral *and* Elegy *in the Modern Lan-*

guages; yet the Numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the Thoughts more simple, more easie, and more humble. The Design ought to be the representing the Life of a Shepherd, not only by talking of Sheep and Fields but by shewing us the Truth, Sincerity and Innocence that accompanies that sort of Life. For tho' I know our Masters, Theocritus *and* Virgil, *have not always conform'd in this Point of Innocence;* Theocritus, *in his* Daphnis, *having made his Love too wanton and* Virgil *in his* Alexis, *plac'd his Passion upon a Boy; yet (if we may be allow'd to censure those whom we must always reverence) I take both those things to be Faults in their Poems, and should have been better pleas'd with the* Alexis, *if it had been made to a Woman; and with the* Daphnis, *if he had made his Shepherds more modest. When I give Humility and Modesty as the Character of* Pastoral, *it is not, however, but that a Shepherd may be allow'd to boast of his Pipe, his Songs, his Flocks, and to shew a Contempt of his Rival, as we see both* Theocritus *and* Virgil *do. But this must be still in such a manner, as if the Occasion offer'd it self, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the Violence of the Shepherd's Passion, than any natural Pride or Malice in him.*

There ought to be the same difference observ'd between Pastorals *and* Elegies, *as between the Life of the Country and the Court. In the first, Love ought to be represented as among Shepherds, in the other as among Gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender and passionate. The Thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated than in* Pastoral. *The Passions they represent, either more Gallant or more Violent, and less innocent than the others. The Sub-*

jects of them Prayers, Praises, Expostulations Quarrels, Reconcilements, Threatnings, Jealousies, and, in fine, all the natural Effects of Love.

Lyricks *may be allow'd to handle all the same Subjects with Elegy; but to do it however in a different manner. An Elegy ought to be so entirely one thing and every Verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone: Or, to make use of the Words of a* * *great Modern Critick, there must be*

——a just Coherence made
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid
So right, that every step may higher rise,
Like goodly Mountains, 'till they reach the Skies.

Lyricks *on the other hand, tho' they ought to make one Body as well as the other, yet may consist of Parts that are entire of themselves. It being a Rule in Modern Languages, that every* Stanza *ought to make up a compleat Sense, without running into the other. Frequent Sentences, which are accounted Faults in* Elegies, *are Beauties here. Besides this.* Malherb, *and the* French *Poets after him, have made a it Rule in the* Stanzas *of six Lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of ten Lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confest that this exactness renders them much more Musical and Harmonious; tho' they have not always been so Religious in observing the latter Rule as the former.*

But I am engag'd in a very vain, or a very foolish Design: Those who are Criticks it wou'd be a presumption in me to pretend I cou'd instruct; and to

* *My Lord* Mulgrave.

inſtruct thoſe who are not, at the ſame time I write my ſelf. is (if I may be allow'd to apply another Man's Simile) like ſelling Arms to an Enemy in time of War. Tho' there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence ſhewn to things of Love and Gallantry, than any others; becauſe they are generally written when People are young, and intended for Ladies who are not ſuppoſed to be very old; and all young People, eſpecially of the fair Sex, are more taken with the livelineſs of Fancy, than the correctneſs of Judgment. It may be alſo obſerv'd, that to write of Love well, a Man muſt be really in Love; and to correct his Writings well, he muſt be out of Love again. I am well enough ſatisfied, I may be in Circumſtances of writing of Love; but I am almoſt in deſpair of ever being in Circumſtances of correcting it. This I hope may be a Reaſon for the Fair and the Young, to paſs over ſome of the Faults; and as for the Grave and Wiſe, all the Favour I ſhall beg of them is, that they wou'd not read 'em. Things of this Nature, are calculated only for the former. If Love-Verſes work upon the Ladies, a Man will not trouble himſelf with what the Criticks ſay of them; and if they do not, all the Commendations the Criticks can give him, will make but very little amends. All I ſhall ſay for theſe trifles is, That I pretend not to vie with any Man whatſoever. I doubt not but there are ſeveral now living, who are able to write better upon all Subjects, than I am upon any one: But I will take the boldneſs to ſay, That there is no one Man among them all, who ſhall be readier to acknowledge his own Faults, or to do Juſtice to the Merits of other People.

LETTERS

Gallant and *Amorous.*

LETTER I.

To two Maſques.

THO' I cannot boaſt much of Particularity to the Perſon I love, yet as to the Love it ſelf, I may ſafely ſay, It is one of the moſt particular under the Sun. Others think it enough to fall in Love with a Lady after having ſeen her. I am in love with two, without having ever ſeen either: Not that I would willingly admit two Tyrants into my Heart; but though one of you may perhaps be Monarch there, yet neither you nor I knowing which it is, the matter muſt reſt in doubt 'till another opportunity. For he who condemned *Paris* as too bold a Man, in daring to judge of the three Goddeſſes Beauties, when he ſaw 'em naked, would have thought me a bold one indeed, if I ſhou'd pretend to make a Judgment between two Ladies in Maſques. Conſider a little under what difficulty you make me

labour: If I shou'd commend the Colour of your Hair, and it was all the while deep red; the smoothness and delicacy of your Skins, when they were rough and tawney; the fineness of your Shapes, while you were stuck up within Iron Bodice; the brightness of your Eyes, and they shou'd prove blear'd and squinting: Do but imagine when I had done this, what sort of an Effect it wou'd have upon you. Whatever Inconveniences of this Nature happen, it is your own Faults; for my part I leave this encountring with Helmets over their Faces, to Sir *Amadis* and his Knights Errant; the way of Duelling is alter'd, People do not only encounter barefac'd, but strip when they go to it. As for this way, I can assure you, I find it not in the least fair; and had rather be in love with the most hard-hearted Beauty living, than continue in this uncertain State, and neither know what I love, why I love, nor whether I love, or no. Take pity, Ladies, upon a Lover in distress; clear the Business to me, and let me know if I am in good earnest, when I profess my self

Your most passionate Admirer.

LETTER II.

To one of the former.

IT is by Faith alone that I fancy you the most Charming, but I find by Experience you are one of the most unreasonable Ladies under the Sun. I concluded I had done the boldest Action in the World, to declare a Passion to two Masques; but you, Madam, set up a Title of your own, and are not satisfied without Particularity, and Constan-

cy. Your Charms, I confeſs, Madam, as far as I ſaw of them, are very great: The Maſque was very good *Genoa* Velvet; the Gloves very good *Blois* Gloves, and the Hackney-Coach, for ought I know, lin'd with very good green Plush. Now, Madam, though ſo far I do ſtedfaſtly believe, yet to fall conſtantly and particularly in love with Maſques, Gloves, or Hackney-Coaches, is what I do not find a Precedent for, in any of the *French* Romances; and being naturally diffident of my ſelf, I ſhou'd be loth to begin a new ſort of Gallantry, without knowing how it wou'd take. Conſider, Madam, a little better upon the reaſonableneſs of your Requeſt; for Particularity and Conſtancy are very hardly to be anſwer'd for, at our Years. It is, I doubt not, Madam, in your Power to blow my Love up to that height whenever you pleaſe; and to confeſs a Truth to you, I have a very great Stock of Particularity and Conſtancy lying upon my Hands at this time, and know not how to apply it. I have all the reaſon in the World to imagine it is kept for you; but however, Madam, it wou'd be neceſſary to have one view of you, before I can be poſitive in that point. I am ſatisfied in my Conſcience that I have done all my Duty in the thing; let it lye at your Door if the Humour break off; for my Part I cannot imagine how you will be able to anſwer it to all the World, if you ſhou'd, for want of diſcovering your ſelf, loſe the moſt conſtant and moſt faithful Lover under the Sun.

LETTER III.

To the same.

CONstancy and Fidelity are, without doubt, great Virtues, tho' not always great Charms in a Mistress; but as to your Invisibility, it is a Quality that does not please me at all. I grant you, Madam, it is a pretty aëreal sort of Beauty, and may do very well for spiritual Lovers; but for me, Madam, who am a little embarass'd with matter, and who generally carry a Body of six Foot long about with me, it wou'd be convenient to have some more corporeal Accomplishments. Descend, Madam, in this case, to your Lover's Capacity, and make use of his Senses to represent you as Charming, as without doubt you are, to his Imagination. For though I must confess Fancy has been very kind to you in this point, yet it wou'd be convenient to call in the Help of the Eyes to strengthen the Evidence: I expect therefore from your next Letter, an appointment where I may meet you in a visible manner. These are the only Terms upon which I can treat any further with you; for though you write the most agreeably in the World, yet you must certainly own, that after having been monstrously in love for a whole Week together, it is very reasonable a Man shou'd know at last with whom it is.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

YES really, Madam, I think you are in the right of it; Hanging and Drowning are such vulgar ways of dying, that for my Part I wou'd rather live a thousand Years, than make use of either. Then, Madam, they are the most inconvenient Methods in the World; Drowning will spoil your Cloathes, and Hanging your Complexion; besides several other things that might be said to dissuade you from it, but that I know a word to the Wise is enough. I am of Opinion you had better defer all sort of dying 'till another Opportunity; though you are positive in it, I wou'd rather recommend Mr. *Boyle*'s Air-Pump as a newer Invention; or being poisoned in Perfumes, as somewhat that looks pleasant enough. But to be less serious, Madam, make no doubt of your own Perfections, and reckon that in having me, you have the most reasonable Lover, of an unreasonable Lover, in the World. I confess were I to form a Beauty to my self, she shou'd be------let me consider a little upon it; she shou'd be------I protest, Madam, I know not what she shou'd be: Monstrously in love with me, that is certain; for the rest, I shou'd trust the Stars. I think I may say, without Flattery, I love my self so well, that I can love any body else that does so too; and shou'd prefer that single Beauty, of an immoderate Passion for me in a Mistress, to all the other Charms in the World, as *Bayes* does the single beating of Armies in his Heroe, to all the Moral Virtues put together. If you can answer for

the Charm, Madam, take no care for any other; he muſt be unreaſonable indeed, who is not ſatisfied with that, in a Lady of Sixteen.

LETTER V.

To the Fair Unbeliever.

ST. *Jerome* ſays, (St. *Jerom*, I muſt confeſs, is a very odd beginning of a Billet *doux*) That a Man who can with patience ſuffer himſelf to be call'd Heretick, ought not to be eſteem'd a good Chriſtian: And in common Account you ſee, one who is called Coward, if he does not reſent the Affront, ſhall always be thought ſuch. As my Provocations are much greater than either of theſe, ſo if my Indignation were anſwerable to 'em, you could not expect to be forgiven by me, even in the Article of Death: For after all People can ſay of Hereticks and Cowards, they will allow 'em to be Men; but by your Reflections upon me, you wou'd degrade me from that Rank, without allowing me any place among the inferiour Creatures. Had you call'd me Brute, or Beaſt, I had not been ſo zealous in my own Juſtification: Daily Experience convinces us, That Men who have no more Underſtanding than Horſes, or Mules, provided they have all the other Qualifications of thoſe noble Animals, may be acceptable enough to ſome or other of the Fair Sex; but want of Virility is an Imputation that will cut a Man off from all ſort of Communication with 'em. Had the Husbands or old Women had this Opinion of me, I ſhou'd not have been ſo violent in my own Defence. Scandals, as well as Oaths, ought to be taken in the Senſe of thoſe that impoſe 'em: I

ſhou'd not be angry at a *Turk*, or a *Jew*, for thinking me of their Religion; becauſe, whatever I thought, it was what made them like me the better; but this wou'd be no Reaſon to make me forgive a Chriſtian for calling me ſo. In like manner, Madam, though I cou'd have pardon'd the Husbands and old Women for ſaying ſuch a thing of me, yet I can very hardly pardon you for it. It were in vain to call Witneſſes in this caſe, or turn you over to another Hand for Satisfaction in that point, which can only properly be reſolv'd by my ſelf; and it were as vain to think to clear my ſelf by Words from an Imputation that ought to be done by Actions; I ſhall therefore only challenge you to meet me at your own Place and Time; where I doubt not to give you full Satisfaction in this point, and convince you that I am not the Man (or rather indeed the no Man) that you take me to be. In the mean time I ſhall remain your moſt Humble, (a Curſe on that Humble) but I mean,

Madam,

Your moſt affectionate and paſſionate Lover and Servant.

LETTER VI.

I Have been waiting theſe three Months to tell you a thing that may be ſaid in three Words; it is, *I love you.* I will grant you, Madam, that this is no neceſſary Reaſon why you ſhou'd love me again; but you muſt grant me in Recompence, That it is a very ſufficient Reaſon why I ſhou'd tell you of it. I do not expect you ſhou'd write me a Letter in return to this, and therefore venture it with-

out a Name: It is from your Eyes alone, I shall attend my Answer. But, Madam, that we may not mistake one another in this point, and that I may not take for an Encouragement of my Passion, what you intend for a Discouragement of it; I must tell you, That if you do not look upon me after this, I shall believe you are in love, and that makes you bashful: If you look angrily, I shall think it is to give me occasion to come and justifie my self; and if you look negligently, I shall conclude 'tis management to disguise the Amour from the World: In fine, Madam, I shall take nothing for a Refusal of my Heart, but looking very kindly upon me. But that you may not be mistaken in the Person who sends this, and imagine it to come from some Lord with a blue Garter, or white Staff, that comes from a Commoner without either: I will describe my self so, as you may know me well enough to encourage my Passion, if you like it, but not so as to make a Trophy of me, if you do not. My Stature is somewhat above the ordinary; my Body neither very big, nor very small; my Hair light; my Eyes dark; and Love has not as yet made me either very lean, or very pale: My Humour is the most commodious for a Lover in the World, not so much enclin'd to Hanging or Drowning, perhaps, as some others; but for Passion and Constancy, no Man goes beyond me. If you will accept of a Heart with all these Qualifications, I offer you mine; if not, send it me back by the Penny-Post, if you know me by any other Title than that of

Your most humble Servant,

LETTER VII.

To the same.

I Grant you, Madam, there are others who will love you as much as I; but are there any who will love you as little? Yes, Madam, I understand very well what I say, Will they love you as little? for that is the only difficulty you have to apprehend. There is no question but a Man who is possess'd of the most charming Creature in the Universe, will be constant to her as long as she pleases; but it is a great Question, if he will part with her as soon as she pleases. This is the Rock upon which those Ladies split, who will admit of none but constant Lovers; not considering that the Women are as changeable as the Men can be for the Lives of them; and consider, pray, into what pretty Circumstances a Lady brings her self, who is plagu'd with an obstinate old Lover, when she is passionately in love with a new one. I know not what those Crimes are the Lady you tell me lays to my Charge, but I fancy an importunate Perseverance in Love of the same Woman, is not one of the Number: And whenever you please to make the Experiment, as the least sign in the World is sufficient after these Preliminaries, to make me a most passionate Lover; so the least sign you give me afterwards of any new Amour, shall make me lay aside that Title, for the less ambitious one of

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER VIII.

To a Lady who had ſpoken againſt him.

THERE may have been other Men, perhaps, beſides my ſelf, who have fallen in love with a Woman they did not know; but for a Man to do it for no other reaſon than her declaring againſt him, is, I believe, an Honour that has been reſerved for your humble Servant. They tell me, Madam, you are ſo far from liking me your ſelf, that you will not believe any body elſe can: That you find nothing agreeable in my Perſon, from the Crown of my Head, to the Soal of my Foot: That for my Wit, (for every body, Madam, carries ſomewhat about them which they call Wit) it is all Affectation: That I am an Abſtract of Vanity: That I am ſo much in love with my ſelf, that it is impoſſible for me to be ſo with any body elſe. Theſe things, Madam, that might have put ſome People into Anger, have put me into Love: For as thoſe who are naturally peeviſh, will be angry at People, let them endeavour never ſo much to pleaſe 'em; ſo we who are naturally amorous, cannot avoid being in love with a Lady, let her take never ſo much pains to anger us. And indeed, Madam, did People ground their Paſſions upon Reaſon, you have given me one of the moſt reaſonable Cauſes to love you in the World: For as there is no Man of Wit but knows himſelf to be a Fool, ſo he ought to have an Opinion of their Judgments, who find it out as well as himſelf. It is reported as an Inſtance of the Bravery of the *Amazons*, That they wou'd never marry a Man, 'till they had fought with him firſt; and if he beat 'em very much, he might expect to be loved very much by them, Now I, Madam,

who profeſs as great a Veneration for Wit, as the *Amazons* had for Courage, cannot have ſo good a Reaſon for Love, as your having exercis'd your Wit upon me: Tho' it is poſſible you may attribute my Paſſion to another Cauſe, and as you think I love nothing beſides my ſelf, may have ſome kindneſs for you, becauſe you are never like to be my Rival: however, aſſure your ſelf, Madam, it is no ſuch thing, but knowing the worſt you can ſay of me to be true, and having a natural Affection for Truth, Wit, and Women, (you will think a Man a very general Lover, that can love Truth, Wit, and Women, at the ſame time) I muſt needs be infinitely in love with you, in whom I find 'em all together. Be not however deluded into a better Opinion of me, by what any body can ſay; for as it is only your hating me that makes me love you, as ſoon as that ceaſes, I am afraid my Love will do ſo too. As you therefore value my Kindneſs, take heed of having any for me; and ſatisfie your ſelf, That as long as you continue to think me a ſilly, idle, conceited Fop, I ſhall continue to be, with all the Paſſion imaginable,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

To a Maſqu'd Lady.

THO' I doubt not, Madam, but you have made the moſt conſiderable Conqueſts under the Sun, yet give me leave to ſay, You never made any ſo extraordinary as this before: You have ſubdu'd, without the Conqueror's common Vanity, of ma-

king your self known, and have gain'd the most absolute Victory in the World, without so much as unsheathing your Face. I, who never knew a Woman cou'd overcome me, am now overcome by I know not who: And can both boast of the greatest Passion, and greatest Faith in Nature together: The seeing you, which is the reason of other People's Love, might, for ought I know, destroy mine; for I have rais'd Idea's of you, to which it is very difficult for any thing in Nature to arrive. I imagine you the most charming Creature in the Universe, and at the same time fancy you to be somewhat more than I imagine. I have dress'd you up in all the different shapes of Nature. In whatever you appear, it has been always the most amiable: And after having supposed you Maid, Wife, and Widow by turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any one of them. Did I know in which state you were, I wou'd certainly make love to all of it, 'till I arriv'd at you; and for want of that, I am forc'd to confine my self to Womankind. I leave it to your own Conscience, Madam, whether you can leave the most constant Lover in Nature, in this Condition; tho' if it feel no remorse for the last Disappointment, I shall very hardly ever trust it more: Yet however extravagant my Passion is, do not apprehend that I shou'd make any malicious Reflections on you to the World; let my other Virtues be what they will, my Fidelity is unquestionable: And assure your self, there is no Man breathing less apt to tell a Secret that he does not know, than,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

To a Friend.

SIR,

FOR Friend I can hardly call you, since under that disguise you have done me one of the greatest Injuries in the World; and it is vain for me to guard my Territories against the malicious Designs of Enemies and Rivals; when you, whom I never took for either, have more prejudiced me in an Amour, than they cou'd with all their Forces together. But that I may not condemn you without a Cause, nor conclude you guilty 'till I hear what you can say in your own Justification, I will give you a plain account of the Business. Meeting one of the Ladies last Night, with whom I am in love, she began a Discourse of Lovers, wherein she shew'd the many inconveniences that attended the having a Man of Wit in that Capacity. I, who do not naturally love to dispute with a fair Lady (especially in a Cause where I thought my self no more concern'd than if she had talk'd of *Jews* or *Mahometans*) agreed with her in all she said; when she turn'd briskly upon me, and told me, For that Reason a Woman must have a care of having any thing to do with me. I told her that was acting after the manner of some late Judges; call a thing Treason without Law, and then hang a Man for it without Proof: That I appeal'd to all the World for my Innocence in the matter, and defied my greatest Enemies to bring any Evidence of my Guilt. She told me she had it from such a one, who had it from another; and that, in fine, the original Author of this Calumny was your self. Now tho' I grant you that some People might have said such a thing as this, out of Inadvertency; yet I can

hardly believe a Man of your Prudence to have done it upon that account. You who very well know, That to commend a Man for a Wit to the Women, is like commending him for a good Proteſtant to the Fathers of the Inquiſition; and he that reported me an Eunuch among 'em, cou'd not do it upon a more malicious account. They love a tame, eaſie, governable Fool, and fancy all Wits ill-natur'd and proud: Have not you often told me ſo? And after that to put me upon 'em for one! Well, Sir, I am a Gentleman, nor ſhall I paſs by ſuch a thing as this, without Satisfaction. I expect therefore you ſhou'd either give it me under your Hand, That you never ſaid any ſuch thing of me; or if you really ſaid it, That you ſhou'd go immediately to the Perſon to whom you did it; and aſſure 'em you were miſinform'd in the thing, and that to your Knowledge, *Ireland* it ſelf never bred a more tame, eaſie Fool than I am: For here lyes the greateſt danger; I have gotten a Rival of that Country, and you know how difficult it is to ſucceed in a Conteſt with one of them, when want of Wit to give is the preference. After all, methinks if you won'd be hearty in the thing, you may bring me out of theſe Difficulties: I know you have Wit enough to convince 'em that I have none; and if the worſt come to the worſt, it is but carrying you to 'em, to ſhew the difference. In that hopes, I reſume the Title of

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

To a Lady in the Country, who was going to be Married.

AFter having written you a Letter upon your first going down, I have never dar'd to venture one since, lest I shou'd be mistaken in my Address; and for ought I know, to write to you now by the Title of Mrs.------, may be as uncivil as to treat the King with the Title of Prince of *Orange*. However, Madam, blame not me for it, since we are here in perfect Ignorance of the Matter. We had very positive news one while of your being married; and as positive after, that it was not yet done; which some here took, I can assure you, for a great Act of Mercy. Half a dozen Sparks of your Acquaintance have provided themselves either with Love-Songs, or Epithalamiums, to send you, as occasion shall require, without being yet able to know which wou'd be most proper: And here are half a dozen more, who have had Halters about their Necks, ever since the Report of your going to be married; for they are resolv'd to be ready upon the first Notice, That the same Post which brings the News of your Wedding, may carry back that of their Deaths. 'Tis true, Madam, I took the boldness to advise 'em not to be over-hasty in the Affair, since they might do it afterwards at their own Convenience; and Experiments of this Nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could say was in vain; they are positive in the matter, and half a dozen of the handsomest Trees in the Park are mark'd out for the Execution. I must confess, I endeavour'd to divert 'em as much as I cou'd from

chuſing that place, for the Benefit of the Company that walks there; I told 'em it was contrary to all precedent, to make uſe of Elms, or Lime-Trees, ſince the Willow had time out of mind been reſerv'd for that uſe; and that a Lover who did not hang himſelf according to form, had as good never hang himſelf at all. They anſwer'd me very ſurlily, (tho' very truly too I muſt own) That it was not my Buſineſs: That it was a very hard caſe People might not hang themſelves without asking my leave; and as they wou'd not hinder me whenever I was going about ſuch a thing, ſo they took it very ill that I ſhou'd pretend to hinder them. I muſt confeſs, Madam, I cou'd ſay very little in the caſe; and you may believe I had no great Mind to enter upon a Quarrel with People in their Circumſtances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a Duty that became

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

To a Lady that ask'd him for his Heart.

THO' to tell a Man that you will diſpoſe of his Heart to one who ſhall uſe it ill, is but a very ſmall Encouragement for him to part with it; yet ſince you ſay you have a particular Fancy for mine, I cannot refuſe you ſuch a Trifle as that, upon whatever Terms you demand it. I have encloſed it therefore in this Letter, and truſted it to the Penny-Poſt, leaſt your Generoſity ſhou'd have made you give a Meſſenger more for the bringing it, than the thing it ſelf is really worth. I wiſh, Madam, it were better for your ſake; and can aſſure you, That were it the moſt modiſh one in the World, it

Shou'd be at your Service. As it is, Madam, I am afraid you will think it very old-fashion'd, and too much given to those antiquated Qualities, Constancy and Fidelity. It is probable the Lady for whom you intend it, may despise those Things, and think a Heart of that sort as ridiculous as a Lover in a short Cloak, slash Sleeves, pinck'd Doublet, and trunk Hose. But let her not be prejudic'd against things for their first Appearances; I have seen a very awkward Beginner, come to Dance very well at last; and it is not impossible but by good Management the Heart may be brought quite off those disagreeable Qualities. You may please to tell her, That it having been bred up very tenderly 'till now, it wou'd be convenient to treat it a little kindlier than ordinary at first, lest it shou'd be apt to run away: She should encourage his Sighs now and then with a kind of Whisper; and when she sees the Fire grow a little faint, let her give but one or two kind Looks, and it will blaze out afresh. Having been troubled with an extraordinary Fever, since it was in the presence of a certain Lady, it ought not to be exposed to the open Air, for fear of catching Cold; she may conveniently enough confine it to her Bed-Chamber, where it may be of great use rightly manag'd, and wake her in a Morning with half a dozen deep-fetch'd Sighs, better than any Larum-Clock. You see, Madam, what Confidence I have in your Conduct, since I trust you to dispose of a Heart for me, that I have never been able to dispose of my self. You will think, perhaps, it is but making a Virtue of Necessity, and surrendring up a Fort which I am not able to hold out against you. However, Madam, the fiercest Conquerors are kind to Garrisons that yield upon the first Summons; and as I know your Power to be greater than any of theirs; so I doubt not but your Virtues are answerable to 'em. All the

Favour I shall beg for my Heart, is, That it may be treated as a Prisoner of War, and that I may have the liberty of keeping a Correspondence with it, during its Confinement. To show you I intend nothing but what is fair, I am satisfied you shou'd read all the Letters I write; and that none shou'd come to me, but by your Approbation. And indeed you need not fear this making any escape; for if I can guess at all at his Humour, he will prefer such a Captivity to all the Liberty in the World; and will not be so proud of the Titles of Prince, or Conqueror, as that of your *Prisoner and Slave.*

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

If streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain,
Imagine, e'er you read, the Writer slain:
One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,
And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.

Ovid's *Epist.*

I Have been these six Hours in debate, Whether I shou'd stab my self, or write to you first: At last, Madam, I have determin'd on the latter: For I consider that if you should hear a Fellow mounted upon a Cricket, singing some doleful Ballad of my Death, you wou'd be at a loss to know the cause of so sad an Accident; and, in an Age so inquisitive as ours, wou'd take it much better to have a relation of the thing from the first hand, than to be put to the trouble of stopping to enquire of it in the Street, or trusting it to the Fidelity of a *Grub-street* Historian. The Business then in short, Madam, is this: Coming home about Twelve a Clock

Clock at Night, I found a Letter, to tell me, That I shou'd meet you in------at Five a Clock in the Afternoon. Now, Madam, I am really so sensible of my Guilt of disappointing you in this manner, that after having arraign'd, judg'd, and condemn'd my self for it, I am just now upon the point of Execution. I must confess, some People have advis'd me to the contrary, and tell me you cannot take it ill that I did not meet you, when you know how late it was before I receiv'd the Letter. But I told them, That after having written to you, I ought never to have stirr'd from home, but staid in expectation of an Answer. For tho' it was urg'd in my Defence, that I had some great Business which call'd me out; and that I had little hopes you shou'd have granted me the Honour of meeting you so soon; yet this Excuse does not satisfie me in the least: For why a Devil shou'd a Man pretend to make Love, when he has great Business, and little Hope? This Consideration has absolutely determined me for a sudden Execution; and whatever you may think upon the first sight of this Letter, yet before you can have read it out, you may assure your self I shall be no more

Your, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have a thing just now come into my Head, that may possibly make me defer my Execution, 'till I hear farther from you. Different People having different Tastes; and there being as many ways of killing Lovers, as there are of dressing Eggs, it wou'd anger me very much if I shou'd stab my self for your sake, when you wou'd rather have me hang'd or drown'd.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

IT is well, Madam, you prepared me for a Disappointment in your Letter, otherwise, I confess, I am very impatient under those Circumstances. I hope it was not in revenge for my missing the other Assignation; if it be, reckon we are upon the square now. You will certainly grant, you have all the reason in the World to make me amends for this; and it is with a great deal of impatience I expect a more favourable Opportunity. In recompence, you shall dispose of me, in whatever manner you please; and I am sure you must allow, That if I am not the most passionate Lover in the World, I am at least the most convenient: For whenever you have a mind to give Sir------, or Mr.------ opportunities of saying soft things, you shall see that I manage the other Party to your advantage, as naturally as can be. Then, Madam, if after this, you have any occasion to make 'em jealous again, there is no Man in the World fitter for such an Employment than my self. You may make use of me, Madam, in any of these Capacities, (but still make use of me) and you will not only oblige your self, but

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

CErtainly the Lady who accus'd me of Indifference last Night, has the least reason in the World to do so. Is it Indifference to be always fol-

lowing her up and down? Is it Indifference to ſhun all Company for hers? Is it Indifference to gaze upon her with all the tenderneſs in Nature? Theſe are but the outward Signs; but, oh! cou'd ſhe look within, and accuſe of Indifference a Heart that burns with the moſt violent Paſſion that ever was! It is true, Madam, the reſt of the World may, with juſtice enough, tax me with it: For as there is but one Perſon living, who can make me otherwiſe; ſo Prudence obliges me to manage things ſo, as to diſguiſe my Paſſion from all the World beſide. And is there no return due to this, but a Reſolution to deceive me? Well, Madam; it is ſome comfort to me however, That if you can but for one half hour delude me into an Opinion that I am belov'd by you, that ſhort Cheat will be a greater Satisfaction, than all Womankind can grant me beſide.

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame.

I See I am deſtin'd to deſtruction! Why, O Heaven! did I ever ſee her? Or ſince I did, why did any Body elſe? Had I never, I cou'd never have been happy; and by having ſeen you, I am the moſt miſerable Wretch breathing. Theſe will appear Myſteries, perhaps, to you; and if you think me diſtracted when I writ this, you will think right: Love, Rage, Jealouſie, and Deſpair, are tearing my Soul in pieces. If you have any Compaſſion for a Man whom you have rendred the moſt miſerable in the World, give me an Opportunity of meeting you to Day, though it be but for one half Hour. I wou'd not have you come to the Walks after this Rain, for fear you ſhou'd catch cold; and a meet-

ing at Shops or *Indian* Houſes, may make People ſuſpicious. Though I die if I ſee you not, yet I wou'd rather do ſo, than bring your Health or Reputation in any danger. Think, oh think upon ſome way of ſatisfying my Requeſt; and do not apprehend that this Diſtraction which I ſhow you, ſhou'd appear to any body elſe, to your prejudice. I wiſh every one were as careful of you as I am; yet I lie, I do not wiſh it; for to be ſo, they muſt love you at the ſame rate; and I had rather allow 'em all the Favours you can grant, than that. Adieu---- I am-----alas I know not what I am, but that I am miſerable, and that I am

Yours.

LETTER XVII.

To the ſame.

I Think I have taken all the ways imaginable to convince you that I love you above the World; however, Madam, you ſhall ſee I will yet do more, which is, never to ſee you again. It is true, Mrs.---- told me, I might come to you to day; but ſhe told me at the ſame time, That you thought it improper for me to come ſo often. Had you any kindneſs for me, you cou'd not have refus'd my Viſits upon ſo cold a Reaſon as their being improper; and if you have not, you cannot be pleas'd that I make 'em at all. You ſhall ſee therefore, Madam, how much I value your Quiet above my own, ſince I engage my Word to you (and I am ſure, Madam, neither you nor any Woman in the World, can ſay I have ever broken my Word with 'em) that I will never make you another Viſit, or come into any place where you are, except you give me very good

assurance that my Company will be more acceptable to you, than I have reason to believe it has been of late.

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

THAT this Parting has not been sought of my side, Heav'n can be my Witness; and how little Satisfaction I take in it, every Vein in my Heart can testifie. No; I tremble, I am all confusion, and I die when I think upon it; and it is only in complaisance to you, that I have resolv'd it. I see you are picking little Occasions of quarrelling with me; I see you are uneasie when I am with you, and I see you do not make a return that is suitable to a Passion so violent and so sincere as mine is. Heavens! Madam, what wou'd you have me do! Shou'd I come to put you out of Humour? Or wou'd you have me appear as a Spectacle of your Rigour to your more-favour'd Servants? No, Madam, I had too much tenderness for you, to give you any disturbance; and give me leave to say, I have not so mean a Spirit as to follow any Woman, when I have reason to believe she thinks me troublesome, how difficult soever it may be to quit her.

Since you command it, I shall not fail of waiting upon you once more, before we part for ever.

LETTER XIX.

To a Friend.

Written from the Country.

THE Dialogues of *Plato*, with your laſt Letter, have quite turn'd my Head. What delicacy of Invention! What ſublimity of Thought! I talk no more of Women, of Gallantry; I think of nothing but Philoſophy and Seraphick Love. Oh Vanity of Pomp, of Glory, of Trifles, falſly called Pleaſures! They appear beautiful to the ſight, but once taſted, they leave nothing but Shame, Sorrow, and Repentance. Let us give others leave to play the Fool, while we enjoy the ſweetneſs of Philoſophy. O charming Quiet! Oh dear Repoſe! Oh Life truly celeſtial! Mounted upon the lofty tops of Philoſophy, we regard at our eaſe the Vanity, the Folly, the Madneſs of the World: The greateſt Cities appear nothing but great Herds of Madmen; ſo many Men, ſo many Follies.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem.
Sed nil dulcius eſt bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ ſapientum templa ſerena;
Deſpicere, unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque vias palantes quærere vitæ.

The Soul of Man, according to *Plato*, has two Wings; the one cœleſtial, with which ſhe flies up to the Empyreal Heav'n; the other terreſtrial, which pulls her down to the Earth again. It is the firſt of theſe that raiſes you to thoſe lofty divine Paths, reach'd by none but the greateſt Wits, the nobleſt Souls; The other brings Men down to the

the things of this World; to Vanity, to Sin, to Marriage! Poor Husbands! you have truly obſerv'd how ſoon Beauty flies away; but, alas! Love flies away much ſooner: Uncomplaiſant Companion that he is, who tho' he comes with Beauty, will not ſtay with it. Great Politicians without doubt theſe Husbands! who ſuffer an eternal Slavery for a thing of ſo little Duration. But what ſignifies that to us? Let us leave 'em in peace (if there be any ſuch thing as Peace in Marriage) and love me as I love you.

LETTER XX.

To the ſame.

From London.

IT is ſo long ſince I wrote to you, that I am almoſt aſham'd of doing it now: But, to ſay the truth, I have too juſt an Excuſe for my Neglect, being relaps'd into a former Malady, and notwithſtanding all the Aſſiſtance of Philoſophy, fallen in love ten times more than ever. I am aſham'd to tell you how long I have been ſo; but I am ten times more aſham'd to tell you, I do not yet find the leaſt decay in my Paſſion, though I have reaſon enough to believe the Lady did not care though ſhe ſaw me hanging up at her Gate. Well; we may put as good a Face upon the Matter as we will; but firſt or laſt I ſee Conſtancy comes upon us all. In the humour I am at preſent, I had a good Mind to forſwear ever being in love again. And yet upon better Thoughts, I think I had as good try it once more: For of three Amours I have had in my Life-time, (as for Amourettes, thoſe are not worth mentioning) I valu'd the one Miſtreſs after

I left loving her; I loved another, after I left valuing her; I love and value the third, after having loſt all hopes of her: So that methinks, according to the Courſe of my Paſſions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtain'd her. However, from this time forward, upon what Follies ſoever you fall, be pleaſed for my ſake to ſpare thoſe of Love; being very well ſatisfied, there is not one Folly of that kind (except Marriage) which I have not already committed. I have been, without raillery, in love with the Beauty of a Woman whom I have never ſeen; with the Wit of one whom I have never heard ſpeak, nor ſeen any thing that ſhe has written; and with the Heroick Virtues of a Woman, without knowing any one Action of her Life, that cou'd make me think ſhe had any. Conſidering how very common theſe Qualities are, I ſuppoſe you will not ask me if I have ever been miſtaken. I know not what you think in the Country; but, for my Part, I am of Opinion a Man muſt reſolve to abandon Women or Philoſophy entirely, for they will never agree well together. After an abſence of five or ſix Months from Town, I find the Ladies ſtill the ſame; that is to ſay, ſtill various. Thoſe who were in love when I went from hence, are in love ſtill; but they are in love with other Men. They are conſtant to Love, but inconſtant to the Lovers: And in this point, to ſpeak the Truth among Friends, I think there is no great Difference between the two Sexes. The Men complain of the Women's Inconſtancy, and the Women of the Men's; for my Part, being unwilling to diſoblige either, I am very apt to agree with both. But *Cupid* will have it ſo; and what can weak Mortals do againſt ſo potent a God? Adieu; live pleaſantly, that is, Philoſophically; and guard your Heart from the Pains of Love.

POEMS.

To his Book.

GO, little Book, and to the World impart
The faithful Image of an am'rous Heart:
Thoſe who Love's dear, deluding Pains have known,
May in my fatal Stories read their own.
Thoſe who have liv'd from all its Torments free,
May find the Thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps advis'd, avoid the gilded Bait,
And, warn'd by my Example, ſhun my Fate.
While with calm Joy, ſafe landed on the Coaſt,
I view the Waves on which I once was toſt.
Love is a medly of Endearments, Jars,
Suſpicions, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Wars;
Then Peace again. Oh! wou'd it not be beſt,
To chaſe the fatal Poiſon from our Breaſt?
But ſince ſo few can live from Paſſion free,
Happy the Man, and only Happy he,
Who with ſuch lucky Stars begins his Love,
That his cool Judgment does his Choice approve.
Ill-grounded Paſſions quickly wear away;
What's built upon Eſteem, can ne'er decay.

ELEGY.

The unrewarded Lover.

LET the dull Merchant curse his angry Fate,
And from the Winds and Waves his Fortune wait;
Let the loud Lawyer break his Brains, and be
A Slave to wrangling Coxcombs for a Fee:
Let the rough Soldier fight his Prince's Foes,
And for a Livelihood his Life expose:
I wage no War, I plead no Cause but Love's,
I fear no Storms, but what *Celinda* moves.
And what grave Censor can my Choice despise?
But here, fair Charmer, here the diff'rence lies:
The Merchant, after all his Hazards past,
Enjoys the Fruit of his long Toils at last;
The Soldier high in his King's Favour stands,
And after having long obey'd, commands:
The Lawyer, to reward his tedious Care,
Roars on the Bench, that babled at the Bar;
While I take Pains to meet a Fate more hard,
And reap no Fruit, no Favour, no Reward.

EPIGRAM.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WITH what strange Raptures wou'd my Soul be [Blest,
Were but her Book an Emblem of her Breast?
As I from that all former Marks efface,
And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their Place;
So might I chase all others from her Heart,
And my own Image in the stead impart.
But, ah! how short the Bliss wou'd prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me.

ELEGY.

The Power of VERSE.

To his Mistress.

WHile those bright Eyes subdue where-e'er you [will,
And, as you please, can either save, or kill;
What Youth so bold the Conquest to design?
What Wealth so great to purchase Hearts like thine?
None but the Muse that Privilege can claim,
And what you give in Love, return in Fame.
Riches and Titles with your Life must end;
Nay, cannot even in Life your Fame defend:
Verse can give Fame, can fading Beauties save,
And, after Death, redeem 'em from the Grave;
Embalm'd in Verse, thro' distant Times they come;
Preserv'd, like Bees, within an Amber Tomb.
Poets, (like Monarchs, on an Eastern Throne,
Restrain'd by nothing but their Will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they please, give Infamy or Fame.
In vain the * *Tyrian* Queen resigns her Life,
For the bright Glory of a spotless Wife,
If lying Bards may false Amours rehearse,
And blast her Name with arbitrary Verse.
While ‡ one who all the absence of her Lord,
Had her wide Courts with pressing Lovers stor'd;
Yet by a Poet grac'd, in deathless Rhymes,
Stands a chaste Pattern to succeeding Times.
With pity then the Muses Friends survey,
Nor think your Favours there are thrown away;
Wisely like Seed on fruitful Soil they're thrown,
To bring large Crops of Glory and Renown.
For as the Sun that in the Marshes breeds
Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome Weeds;

* *Dido.* ‡ *Penelope.*

With the same Rays on rich and pregnant Earth,
To pleasant Flowers, and useful Fruits gives birth:
So Favours cast on Fools, get only Shame;
On Poets shed, produce eternal Fame:
Their gen'rous Breasts warm with a genial Fire,
And more than all the Muses can inspire.

JEALOUSIE.

WHO cou'd more Happy, who more Blest
cou'd live, [move?
Than they whom kind, whom am'rous Passions
What Crowns, what Empires greater Joys cou'd
Than the soft Chains, the slavery of Love? [give,
Were not the Bliss too often crost,
By that unhappy, vile Distrust;
That gnawing Doubt, that anxious Fear, that dange-
rous Malady, [lousie.
That terrible tormenting Rage, that Madness Jea-

II.

In vain *Celinda* boasts she has been true;
In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her Charms;
Dire Jealousie does all my Pains renew,
And represents her in my Rival's Arms.
His Sighs I hear, his Looks I view,
I see her damn'd Advances too;
I see her smile, I see her kiss; and, oh! methinks I
see [for me.
Her give up all those Joys to him, she shou'd reserve

III.

Ingrateful fair One, canst thou hear my Groans?
Canst thou behold these Tears that fill my Eyes?
And yet, unmov'd by all my Pains, my Moans,
Into another's Arms resign my Prize?
If Merit cou'd not gain your Love,
My Sufferings might your Pity move:

Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous
Frenzies, more [too much before.
New Pangs, to one whom hopeleſs Love had plagu'd

IV.

Think not, falſe Nymph, my Fury to out-ſtorm,
I ſcorn your Anger, and deſpiſe your Frown:
Dreſs up your Rage in its moſt hideous Form,
It will not move my Heart when Love is flown;
No, tho' you from my Kindneſs fly,
My Vengeance you ſhall ſatisfie;
The Muſe that wou'd have ſung your Praiſe, ſhall
now aloud proclaim [Shame.
To the malicious, ſpiteful World, your Infamy and

V.

Ye Gods! ſhe weeps; behold that falling Show'r!
See how her Eyes are quite diſſolv'd in Tears!
Can ſhe in vain that precious Torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my Doubts and Fears.
'Twas Pity ſure that made it flow;
For the ſame Pity ſtop it now:
For every charming, heav'nly Drop, that from thoſe
Eyes does part, [o'er-flowing Heart.
Is paid with Streams of Blood, that guſh from my

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raiſe my Paſſions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you falſe, yet love you too,
Let the leaſt ſign of Penitence appear.
I'll frame Excuſes for your Fault,
Think you ſurpriz'd, or meanly caught;
Nay, in the Fury, in the height of that abhorr'd Em-
brace, [in the place.
Believe you thought; believe at leaſt, you wiſh'd me

VII.

Oh let me lye whole Ages in thoſe Arms,
And on that Boſom lull aſleep my Cares:
Forgive thoſe fooliſh Fears of fancy'd Harms,
That ſtab my Soul, while they but move thy Tears:

And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill;
For these rude Pangs of Jealousie, are much more
certain signs [Fancy coins.
Of Love, than all the tender Words an amorous

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;
Oh! smile, and grant one reconciling Kiss!
Ye Gods, she's kind, I'm Ecstasie all o'er!
My Soul's too narrow to contain the Bliss.
Thou pleasing Torture of my Breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my Rest,
Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my Peace
destroy; [of Joy.
That kills me with excess of Grief, This with excess

Cure of JEALOUSIE.

WHAT Tortures can there be in Hell,
Compar'd to what fond Lovers feel,
When doating on some fair One's Charms,
They think she yields 'em to their Rivals Arms?

As Lions tho' they once were tame,
Yet if sharp Wounds their Rage enflame,
Lift up their stormy Voices, roar,
And tear the Keepers they obey'd before:

So fares the Lover, when his Breast
By jealous Frenzy is possest,
Forswears the Nymph for whom he burns;
Yet strait to her whom he forswears, returns.

But when the Fair resolves his Doubt,
The Love comes in, the Fear goes out;
The Cloud of Jealousie's dispell'd,
And the bright Sun of Inocence reveal'd,

With what ſtrange Raptures is he bleſt!
Raptures too great to be expreſt.
Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,
Who wou'd not have the Sickneſs, for the Cure?

SONNET.

DEATH.

WHAT has this Bugbear Death that's worth our Care?
After a Life in Pain and Sorrow paſt,
After deluding Hope and dire Deſpair,
Death only gives us Quiet at the laſt.

How ſtrangely are our Love and Hate miſplac'd!
Freedom we ſeek, and yet from Freedom flee;
Courting thoſe Tyrant-Sins that chain us faſt,
And ſhunning Death, that only ſets us free.

'Tis not a fooliſh Fear of future Pains, [Stains?)
(Why ſhou'd they fear who keep their Souls from
That makes me dread thy Terrors, Death, to ſee:
'Tis not the Loſs of Riches, or of Fame,
Or the vain Toys the Vulgar Pleaſures name;
'Tis nothing, *Celia*, but the loſing thee.

ELEGY.

To his Miſtreſs.

CÆlia, your Tricks will now no longer paſs,
And I'm no more the Fool that once I was.
I know my happier Rival does obtain
All the vaſt Bliſs for which I ſigh in vain.

Him, him you love; to me you use your Art:
I had your Looks, another had your Heart.
To me you're sick, to me of Spies afraid:
He finds your Sickness gone, your Spies betray'd.
I sigh beneath your Window all the Night;
He in your Arms possesses the Delight.
I know you treat me thus, false Fair, I do;
And, oh! what plagues me worse, he knows it too:
To him my Sighs are told, my Letters shown;
And all my Pains are his Diversion grown.
Yet since you cou'd such horrid Treasons act,
I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the Fact:
His Vanity does for my Wrongs attone;
And 'tis by that I have your Falshood known.
What shall I do? for treated at this rate,
I must not love; and yet I cannot hate.
I hate the Actions, but I love the Face;
Oh, were thy Virtue more, or Beauty less!
I'm all Confusion, and my Soul's on Fire,
Torn by contending Reason and Desire:
This bids me love, that bids me Love give o'er;
One counsels best, the other pleases more.
I know I ought to hate you for your Fault;
But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought. [prove,
Canst thou, mean Wretch! canst thou contented
With the cold Relicks of a Rival's Love?
Why did I see that Face to charm my Breast?
Or having seen, why did I know the rest?
Gods! if I have obey'd your just Commands,
If I've deserv'd some Favour of your Hands,
Make me that tame, that easie Fool again,
And rid me of my Knowledge, and my Pain.
And you, false Fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
Pity a Wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forswear your self for one who dies for you,
Vow not a Word of the whole Charge was true;
But Scandals all, and Forgeries, devis'd
By a vain Wretch, neglected and despis'd.

I too will help to forward the Deceit,
And, to my Power, contribute to the Cheat.
And thou, bold Man, who think'ſt to rival me,
For thy Preſumption I cou'd pardon thee;
I cou'd forgive thy lying in her Arms,
I cou'd forgive thy rifling all her Charms;
But, oh! I never can forgive the Tongue,
That boaſts her Favours, and proclaims my Wrong.

Upon the ſame Occaſion.

WHAT Fury does diſturb my Reſt?
What Hell is this within my Breaſt?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal Torment prove.
I ſee *Celinda*'s Cruelty,
I ſee ſhe loves all Men but me;
I ſee her Falſhood, ſee her Pride,
I ſee ten thouſand Faults beſide;
I ſee ſhe ſticks at nought that's *ill*;
Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her ſtill.
Others on Precipices run,
Which, blind with Love, they cannot ſhun.
I ſee my Danger, ſee my Ruin,
Yet ſeek, yet court my own undoing:
And each new Reaſon I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

The ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I ſee the bright Nymph who my Heart does enthral,
When I view her ſoft Eyes, and her languiſhing Air,
Her Merit ſo great, my own Merit ſo ſmall,
It makes me Adore, and it makes me Deſpair.

But when I consider that she squanders on Fools
All those Treasures of Beauty with which she is stor'd;
My Fancy it damps, my Passion it cools,
And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise;
I love, and I hate, but I never esteem,
The Passion grows up, when I view her bright Eyes,
Which my Rivals destroy, when I look upon them.

How wisely does Nature things so diff'rent unite!
In such odd Compositions our Safety is found;
As the Blood of the Scorpion is a Cure for the Bite;
So her Folly makes whole, whom her Beauty does Wound.

Upon a FAVOUR *offer'd.*

CÆlia, too late you wou'd repent:
The off'ring all your Store,
Is now but like a Pardon sent
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the Bliss too late;
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,
When first my Court I made;
But when your Falshoods plain appear,
My Love no longer stay'd.

Your Bounty of those Favours shown,
Whose Worth your first deface;
Is melting valu'd Medals down,
And giving us the Brass.

Oh, since the thing we beg's a Toy,
That's priz'd by Love alone,
Why cannot Women grant the Joy,
Before our Love is gone?

The RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye Sighs! be gone, ye Tears!
Be gone, ye Jealousies and Fears.
Celinda swears she never lov'd,
Celinda swears none ever mov'd
Her Heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep Company with you?
What tho' a senseless Rival swore,
She said as much to him before?
What tho' I saw him in her Bed?
I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
Curse on the Prudent and the Wise,
Who ne'er believe such pleasing Lies:
I grant she only does deceive;
I grant 'tis Folly to believe;
But by this Folly I vast Pleasures gain,
While you with all your Wisdom live in Pain.

DIALOGUE, *between a Lover and his Friend.*

(Irregular VERSES.)

FRIEND.

VAlue thy self, fond Youth, no more
On Favours *Malus* had before;
He had her first, her Virgin Flame;
You like a bold Intruder came

To the cold Relicks of a Feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull Sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the Second Course;
'Tis Chance that first makes People love,
Judgment their riper Fancies move.
Mules, you say, first charm'd her Eyes;
First, she lov'd Babies and Dirt Pies;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the Folly of those Toys, and him.

FRIEND

If Wisdom change in Love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous Wits.
But Wisdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you no Man can foresee his Doom;
But shall I grieve because an Ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her Change, when she can see
A Man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own Eyes see our Desert,
No Woman e'er cou'd from her Lover part.
But oh! they see not with their own,
All things to them are through false Opticks shown.
Love at the first does all your Charms encrease,
When the Tube's turn'd, Hate represents 'em less.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve,
For Dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
'Tis ten to one I cease to Love her too.

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

GO, said old *Lyce*, senseless Lover, go,
And with soft Verses court the Fair; but know,
With all thy Verses, thou canst get no more
Than Fools without one Verse have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the Bawd I flew;
And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

The Fair MOURNER.

IN what sad Pomp the mournful Charmer lyes!
Does she lament the Victim of her Eyes?
Or wou'd she Hearts with soft Compassion move,
To make 'em take the deeper stamp of Love?
What Youth so wise, so wary to escape,
When Rigour comes, drest up in Pity's shape?
Let not in vain those precious Tears be shed,
Pity the dying fair One, not the Dead;
While you unjustly of the Fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentless Judges make their moan,
Blame not Death's Cruelty, but cease your own.
While raging Passion both our Souls does wound,
A Soveraign Balm might sure for both be found;
Wou'd you but wipe your fruitless Tears away,
And with a just Compassion mine survey.

EPIGRAM.

To his false Mistress.

THOU saidst that I alone thy Heart cou'd move,
And that for me thou wou'dst abandon *Jove.*
I lov'd thee then, not with a Love defil'd,
But as a Father loves his only Child.
I know thee now, and tho' I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.
See what thy Falshood gets; I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

EPIGRAM.

Love and Jealousie.

HOW much are they deceiv'd, who vainly strive,
By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive?
Love's like a Torch, which if secur'd from Blasts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts.
Expos'd to Storms of Jealousie and Doubt,
The Blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

ELEGY.

The Petition.

(In Imitation of *Catullus.*)

IS there a pious Pleasure, that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous Deeds?
That all mean, sordid Actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a Throne by Cheats and Lies?

Thyrsis, thou hast sure Blessings laid in Store,
From thy just dealing in this curst Amour.
What Honour can in Words or Deeds be shown,
Which to the Fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false Heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many Vows she broke,
Free my just Soul from this unequal Yoke!
My Love boils up, and, like a raging Flood,
Runs through my Veins, and taints my Vital Blood.
I do not vainly beg she may grow Chaste,
Or with an equal Passion burn at last;
The one she cannot practise, tho' she wou'd,
And I contemn the other, tho' she shou'd.
Nor ask I Vengeance on the perjur'd Jilt:
'Tis Punishment enough to have her Guilt.
I beg but Balsam for my bleeding Breast,
Cure for my Wounds, and from my Labours Rest.

ELEGY.

Upon quitting his Mistress.

I Know, *Celinda*, I have born too long,
And, by forgiving, have encreas'd my Wrong:
Yet if there be a Power in Verse to slack
Thy Course in Vice, or bring fled Virtue back,
I'll undertake the Task; howe'er so hard,
A gen'rous Action is its own Reward.
Oh! were thy Virtues equal to thy Charms,
I'd fly from Crowns to live within those Arms:
But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just, [Trust?
When such known Falshoods have destroy'd all
Farewell, false Fair! nor shall I longer stay;
Since we must part, why should we thus delay?

Your Love alone, was what my Soul cou'd prize;
And missing that, can all the rest despise.
Yet shou'd I not repent my Follies past,
Cou'd you take up, and grow reserv'd at last;
'Twould please me, parted from your fatal Charms,
To see you happy in another's Arms.
Whatever Threat'nings Fury might extort,
Oh! fear not I shou'd ever do you hurt:
For tho' my former Passion is remov'd,
I wou'd not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! While thus I waste my time in vain,
Sure there are Maids I might intirely gain:
I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
Resign the Heart so hardly freed from you.

To his MISTRESS.

Against Marriage.

YES, all the World must sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest;
But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My Queen, my Slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
That were for publick Good design'd;
Cou'd we in foolish Pride,
Make the Sun always with us stay,
'Twou'd burn our Corn and Grass away,
To starve the World beside.

Let not the Thoughts of Parting fright,
Two Souls which Passion does unite;

For

For while our Love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the Devil shou'd we stay,
When once that Love is past?

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

Chloe new-married looks on Men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

Cornus proclaims aloud, his Wife's a Whore;
Alas, good *Cornus*, what can we do more?
Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

Thraso picks Quarrels when he's drunk at Night;
When sober in the Morning, dares not fight.
Thraso, to shun those Ills that may ensue,
Drink not at Night, or drink at Morning too.

EPIGRAM.

GRIPE *and* SIHFTER.

RICH *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunning bend,
T' encreaſe that Wealth he wants the Soul to ſpend,
Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance ſet
To ſpend that Wealth, he wants the Senſe to get.
How happy wou'd appear to each his Fate,
Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe*'s Eſtate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em if you can,
And of two Wretches, make one happy Man.

To CÆLIA, *upon ſome Alterations in her Face.*

AH, *Cælia!* where are now the Charms,
That did ſuch wondrous Paſſions move?
Time, cruel Time, thoſe Eyes diſarms,
And blunts the feeble Darts of Love.

What Malice does the Tyrant bear
To Womens Int'reſt, and to ours?
Beauties in which the Publick ſhare,
The greedy Villain firſt devours.

Who, without Tears, can ſee a Prince,
That Trains of fawning Courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without Defence?
Nor is thy helpleſs Fate leſs ſad.

Thou who ſo many Fools haſt known,
And all the Fools wou'd hardly do,
Shou'dſt now confine thy ſelf to one!
And he, alas! a Husband too,

See the ungrateful Slaves, how fast
They from thy setting Glories run;
And in what mighty Crowds they haste,
To worship *Flavia*'s rising Sun!

In vain are all the practis'd Wiles,
In vain those Eyes wou'd Love impart;
Not all th' Advances, all the Smiles,
Can move one unrelenting Heart.

While *Flavia*, charming *Flavia* still,
By Cruelty, her Cause maintains;
And scarce vouchsafes a careless Smile
To the Poor Slaves that wear her Chains.

Well, *Celia*, let them waste their Tears,
But sure they will in time Repine,
That thou hast not a Face like hers,
Or she has not a Heart like thine.

The RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye Fields, where constant Peace attends!
All hail, ye sacred, solitary Groves!
All hail, ye Books, my true, my real Friends,
Whose Conversation pleases, and improves!

Cou'd one who study'd your sublimer Rules,
Become so mad to search for Joys abroad?
To run to Towns, to herd with Knaves and Fools,
And undistinguish'd pass'd among the Crowd?

One to ambitious Fancy's made a Prey,
Thinks Happiness in great Preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his Country to betray,
Curst by the Fools, and laught at by the Wise.

Others whom avaricious Thoughts bewitch,
Conſume their Time, to multiply their Gains;
And fancying Wretched all that are not Rich,
Neglect the End of Life to get the Means.

Others the Name of Pleaſure does invite,
All their dull Time in ſenſual Joys they live;
And hope to gain that ſolid firm Delight
By Vice, which Innocence alone can give.

But how perplext, alas! is human Fate?
I whom nor Avarice, nor Pleaſures move;
Who view with ſcorn the Trophies of the Great,
Yet muſt my ſelf be made a Slave to Love.

If this dire Paſſion never will be gone,
If Beauty always muſt my Heart enthral;
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a Prey to all!

One who has early known the Pomps of State;
(For things unknown 'tis Ign'rance to condemn)
And after having view'd the gawdy Bait,
Can boldly ſay, The Trifle I contemn.

In her bleſt Arms contented cou'd I live,
Contented cou'd I die: But, oh! my Mind
I feed with Fancies, and my Thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impoſſible to find.

In Women how ſhou'd Senſe and Beauty meet?
The wiſeſt Men their Youth in Follies ſpend;
The beſt is he that earlieſt finds the Cheat,
And ſees his Errors while there's time to mend.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SIcilian Muse, my humble Voice inspire
To sing of *Daphne*'s Charms and *Damon*'s Fire.
Long had the faithful Swain suppreſt his Grief,
And since he durſt not hope, ne'er ask'd Relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal Day
That took the Nymph and all his Joys away;
With dying Looks he gaz'd upon the Fair,
And what his Tongue could not, his Eyes declare:
'Till with deep Sighs, as if his Heart-ſtrings broke,
Preſſing her Hand, theſe tender Things he ſpoke:

DAMON.

Ah lovely Nymph! behold your Lover burn,
And view the Paſſion which you'll not return.
As no Nymph's Charms did ever equal thine;
So no Swain's Love did ever equal mine.
How happy, Fair, how happy ſhould I be,
Might I but ſacrifice my ſelf for thee?
Cou'd I but pleaſe thee with my dying Verſe,
And make thee ſhed one Tear upon my Herſe?

DAPHNE.

Too free an Offer of that Love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not Pow'r to take:
Your Wounds I cannot, tho' I wou'd, relieve:
Phaon has all the Love that I can give.
Had you among the reſt at firſt aſſail'd
My Heart, when free, you had perhaps prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming Fair,
I could not hope, and now I muſt deſpair.

Rul'd by your Friends, you quit the Lovers Flame,
For Flocks, for Paſtures, for an empty Name.
Yet tho' the bleſt Poſſeſſion Fate denies;
Oh let me gaze for ever on thoſe Eyes.
So juſt, ſo true, ſo innocent's my Flame,
That *Phaon*, did he ſee it, cou'd not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous Ends I know you ſtill purſue,
What I can do, be ſure I will for you.
If on Eſteem, or Pity you can live,
Or Hopes of more, if I had more to give;
Thoſe you may have, but cannot have my Heart:
And ſince we now perhaps for ever part;
Such noble Thoughts through all your Life expreſs,
May make the Value more, the Pity leſs.

DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part
(Ye Gods! what ſhivering Pains ſurround my Heart!)
And have one Thought to make your Pity leſs?
Ah *Daphne*, cou'd I half my Pangs expreſs,
You cou'd not think, tho' hard as Rocks you were,
Your Pity ever cou'd too great appear.
I ne'er ſhall be one Moment free from Pain,
'Till I behold thoſe charming Eyes again.
When gay Diverſions do your Thoughts employ,
I wou'd not come to interrupt the Joy:
But when from them you ſome ſpare Moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what Heart I ſhall behold the Green,
Where I ſo oft thoſe charming Eyes have ſeen!
Think with what Grief I walk the Groves alone,
When you, the Glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little Time you have to ſtay,
Let me ſtill ſpeak, and gaze my Soul away!
But ſee, my Paſſion that ſmall Aid denies;
Grief ſtops my Tongue, and Tears o'erflow my Eyes.

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

Thyrsis, the gayeſt one of all the Swains,
Who fed their Flocks upon th' *Arcadian* Plains;
While Love's mad Paſſion quite devour'd his Heart,
And the coy Nymph that caus'd, neglects his Smart;
Strives in low Numbers, ſuch as Shepherds uſe,
If not to move her Breaſt, his own t' amuſe.
You, *Chloris*, who with ſcorn refuſe to ſee
The mighty Wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot ſure with equal Pride diſdain,
To hear an humble Hind of his complain.
Now while the Flocks and Herds to Shades retire,
While the fierce Sun ſets all the World on fire;
Thro' burning Fields, thro' rugged Brakes I rove,
And to the Hills and Woods declare my Love.
How ſmall's the Heat? how eaſie is the Pain
I feel without, to that I feel within?
Yet ſcornful *Galatea* will not hear,
But from my Songs and Pipe ſtill turns her Ear.
Not ſo the ſage *Coriſca*, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich *Ægon*'s only Care:
From them my Songs a juſt Compaſſion drew,
And they ſhall have them, ſince contemn'd by you.
Why name I them, when ev'n chaſte *Cynthia* ſtays,
And *Pan* himſelf, to liſten to my Lays?
Pan, whoſe ſweet Pipe has been admir'd ſo long,
Has not diſdain'd ſometimes to hear my Song.
Yet *Galatea* ſcorns whate'er I ſay;
And *Galatea*'s wiſer ſure than they.
Relentleſs Nymph! can nothing move your Mind?
Muſt you be deaf, becauſe you are unkind?
Tho' you diſlike the Subject of my Lays,
Yet ſure the Sweetneſs of my Voice might pleaſe,

It is not thus that you dull *Mopsus* uſe,
His Songs divert you, tho' you mine refuſe.
Yet I cou'd tell you, fair One, if I wou'd,
(And ſince you treat me thus, methinks I ſhou'd)
What the wiſe *Lycon* ſaid, when in yon Plain,
He ſaw him Court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond Youth, to chaſe a heedleſs Fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd Verſe to pleaſe her Ear;
Seek out ſome other Nymph, nor e'er repine,
That one who likes his Songs, ſhou'd fly from thine.

Ah, *Lycon*! ah! your Rage falſe Dangers forms;
'Tis not his Songs, but 'tis his Fortune Charms:
Yet, ſcornful Maid, in time you'll find thoſe Toys
Can yield no real, no ſubſtantial Joys;
In vain his Wealth, his Titles, gain Eſteem,
If for all that you are aſham'd of him.

Ah, *Galatea*, wou'dſt thou turn thoſe Eyes,
Wou'dſt thou but once vouchſafe to hear my Cries:
In ſuch ſoft Notes I wou'd my Pains impart,
As cou'd not fail to move thy rocky Heart;
With ſuch ſweet Songs I wou'd thy Fame make known,
As *Pan* himſelf might not diſdain to own.
Oh cou'd'ſt thou, fair One, but contented be
To tend the Sheep, and chaſe the Hares with me;
To have thy Praiſes eccho'd thro' the Groves,
And paſs thy Days with one who truly Loves;
Nor let thoſe gaudy Toys thy Heart ſurprize,
Which the Fools envy, and the Sage deſpiſe.

But *Galatea* ſcorns my humble Flame,
And neither asks my Fortune, nor my Name.
Of the beſt Cheeſe my well-ſtor'd Dairy's full,
And my ſoft Sheep produce the fineſt Wool;
The richeſt Wines of *Greece* my Vineyards yield,
And ſmiling Crops of Grain adorn my Field.

Ah, fooliſh Youth! in vain thou boaſt'ſt thy Store,
Have what thou wilt, if *Mopſus* ſtill has more.
See whilſt thou ſing'ſt, behold her haughty Pride,
With what diſdain ſhe turns her Head aſide!

Oh, why wou'd Nature, to our Ruin, place
A Tyger's Heart, with such an Angel's Face?
Cease, Shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless Moan;
Nor hope to gain a Heart already gone.
While Rocks and Caves thy tuneful Notes resound,
See how thy Corn lyes wither'd on the Ground!
The hungry Wolves devour thy fatten'd Lambs;
And bleating for the Young, makes lean the Dams.
Take, Shepherd, take thy Hook, thy Flocks pursue,
And when one Nymph proves cruel, find a New.

ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

(*Taken from the Eighth* Eclogue *of* Virgil.)

ARise, O *Phosphorus*! and bring the Day,
While I in Sighs and Tears consume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering Hopes of *Nisa*'s Love;
And to the Gods my vain Petitions move:
Tho' they've done nothing to prevent my Death,
I'll yet invoke 'em with my dying Breath.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*
Arcadia's famous for its spacious Plains,
Its whistling Pine-Trees, and its shady Groves,
And often hears the Swains lament their Loves.
Great *Pan* upon its Mountains feeds his Goats,
Who first taught Reeds to warble rural Notes.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*
Mopsus weds *Nisa!* Oh, well-suited Pair!
When he succeeds, what Lover can despair?
After this Match, let Mares and Griffins breed;
And Hounds with Hares in friendly Consort feed.
Go, *Mopsus*, go; provide the Bridal Cake;
And to thy Bed the blooming Virgin take:

In her ſoft Arms thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt.
Behold, the Evening comes to make thee bleſt!
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Oh! *Niſa*, happy in a lovely Choice!
While you with Scorn neglect my Pipe and Voice;
While you deſpiſe my humble Songs, my Herd,
My ſhaggy Eye-brows, and my rugged Beard;
While through the Plains diſdainfully you move,
And think no Shepherd can deſerve your Love;
Mopſus alone can the nice Virgin win,
With charming Perſon, and with graceful Mien.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

When firſt I ſaw you on thoſe fatal Plains,
I reach'd you Fruit; your Mother too was there;
Scarce had you ſeen the thirteenth Spring appear:
Yet Beauty's Buds were opening in your Face;
I gaz'd, and Bluſhes did your Charms encreaſe.
'Tis Love, thought I, that's riſing in her Breaſt,
Alas, your Paſſion, by my own, I gueſt;
Then upon Truſt I fed the raging Pains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Oh Love! I know thee now; thou ow'ſt thy Birth
To Rocks; ſome craggy Mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it Human Blood that fills thy Veins.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Relentleſs Love to bold *Medea* ſhow'd,
To ſtain her Hands in her own Childrens Blood.
Was ſhe more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked Counſellor, a cruel Mother ſhe.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Now let the Screech-Owls vie with warbling Swans;
Upon hard Oaks let bluſhing Peaches grow,
And from the Brambles, liquid Amber flow.
The harmleſs Wolves, the rav'nous Sheep ſhall ſhun;
And valiant Deer, at fearful Grey-hounds run:
Let the Sea riſe, and overflow the Plains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Adieu, ye Flocks, no more shall I pursue!
Adieu, ye Groves, a long, a long Adieu!
And you, coy Nymph, who all my Vows disdain,
Take this last Present from a dying Swain.
Since you dislike whate'er in Life I said,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This Leap shall put an end to all my Pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian *Strains.*
Thus *Damon* sung while on the Cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging Flood.
All with united Grief the Loss bemoan,
Except the Authress of his Fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting Breast.
Ah, cruel Nymph! forbear your Scorns at least.
How much soe'er you may the Love despise,
'Tis barb'rous to insult on one that dies.

The End of the FOURTH PART.

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